

FEATURE

COMICS

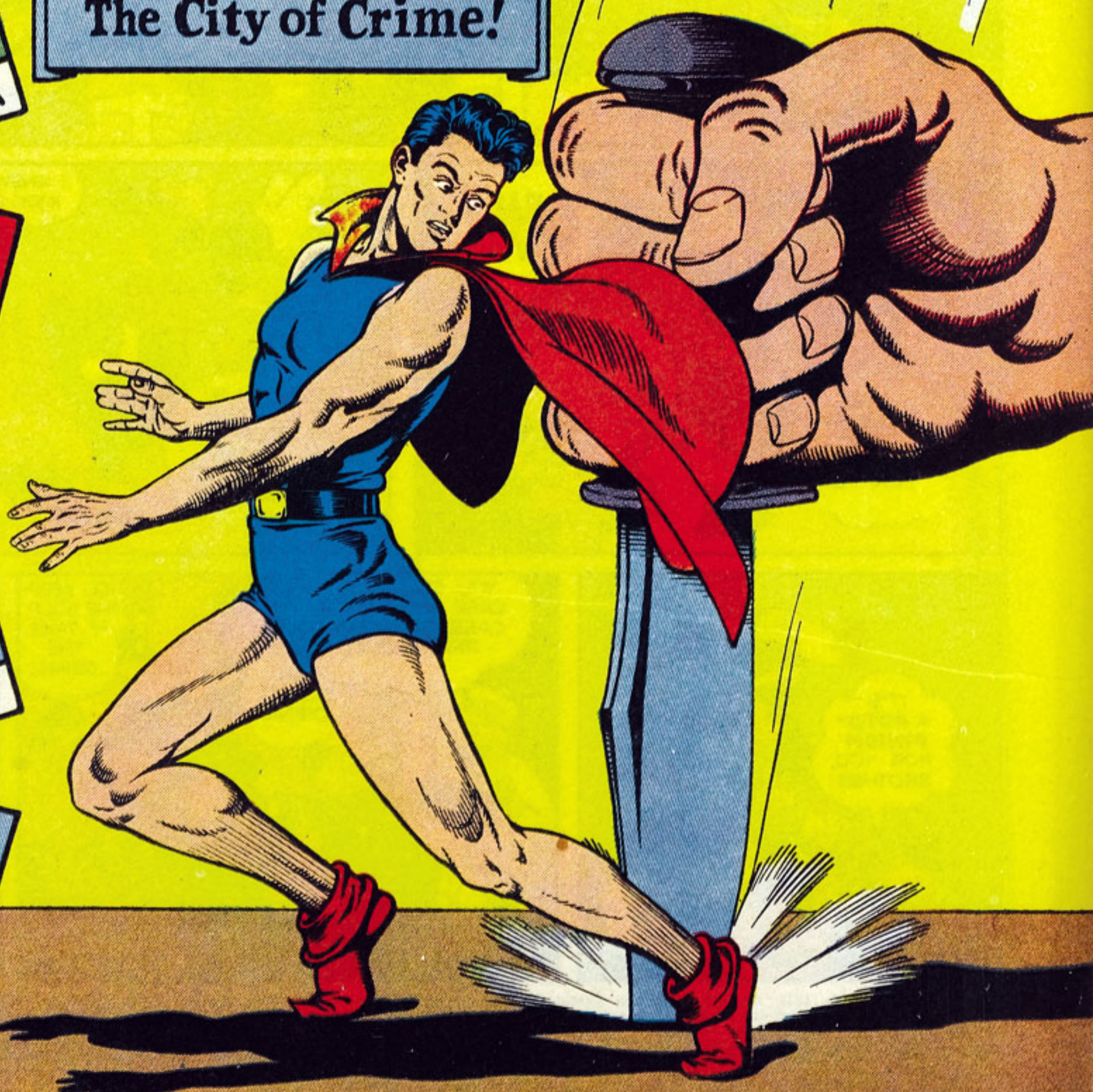
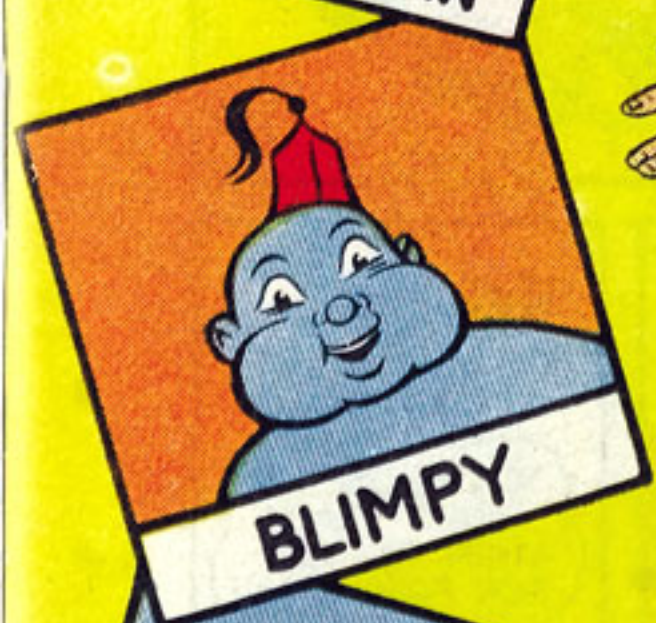
SM
★
7



JULY No. 100

THE **DOLL MAN**
CRASHES
The City of Crime!

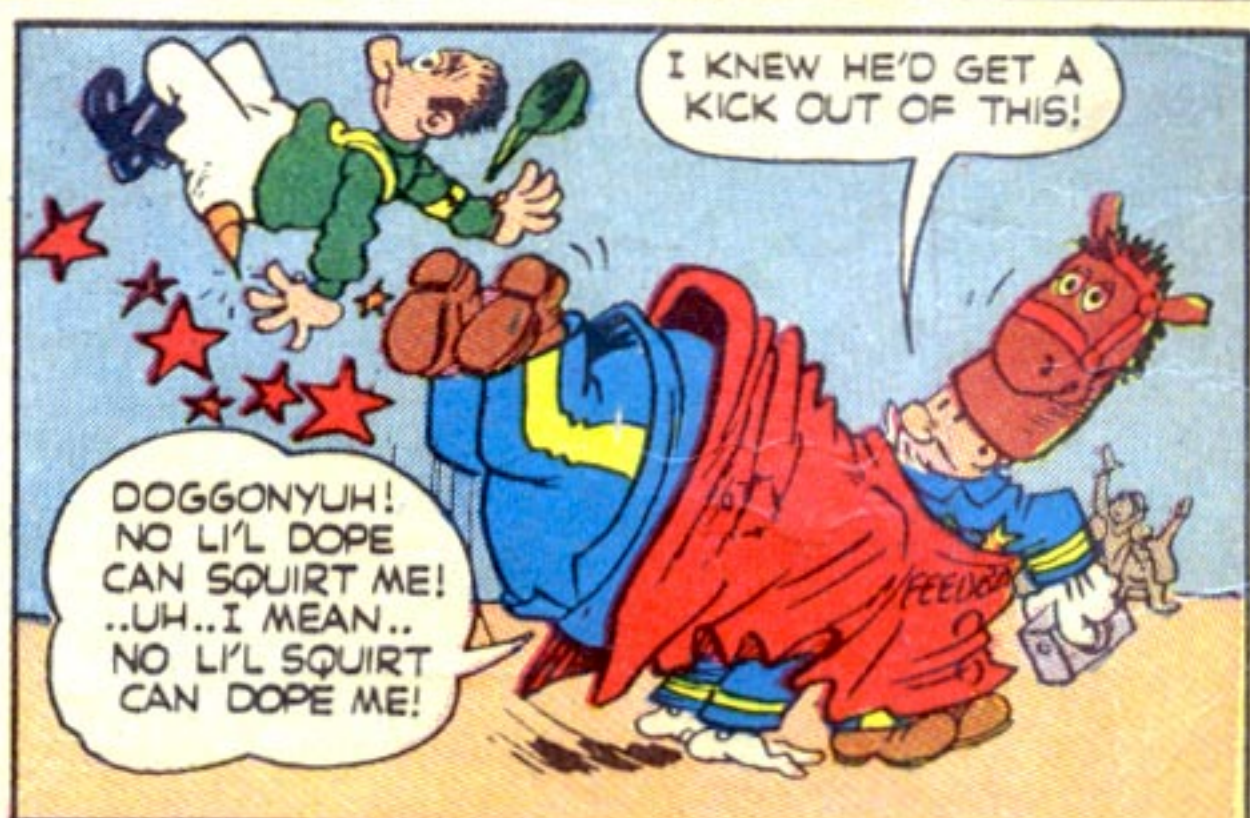
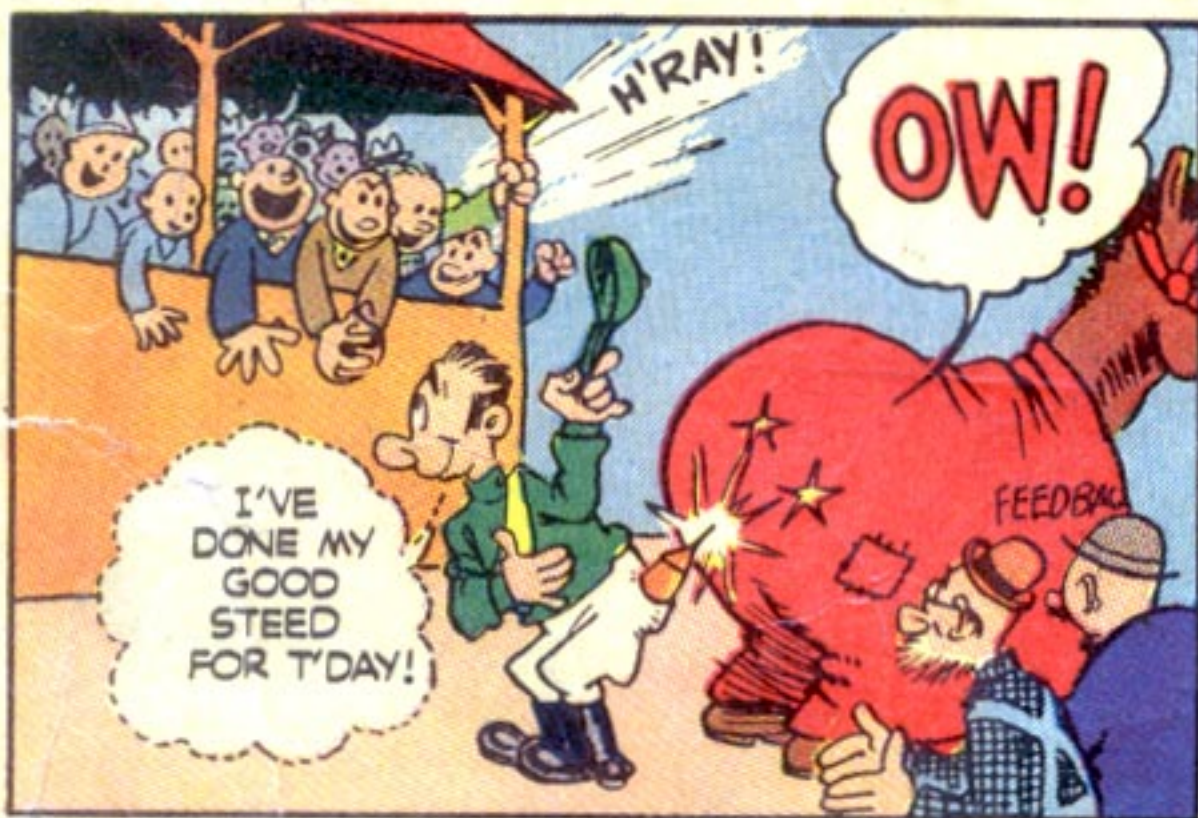
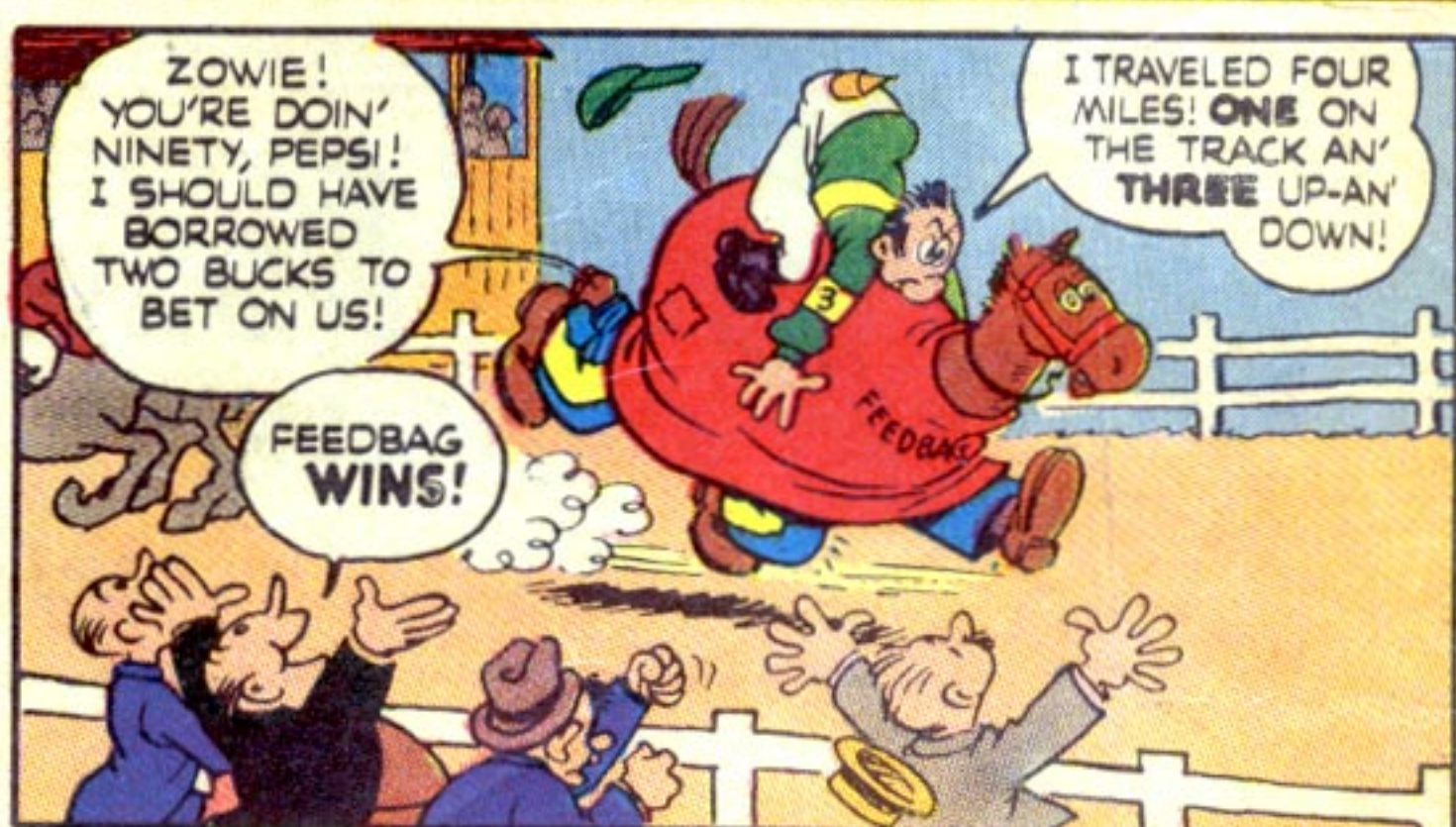
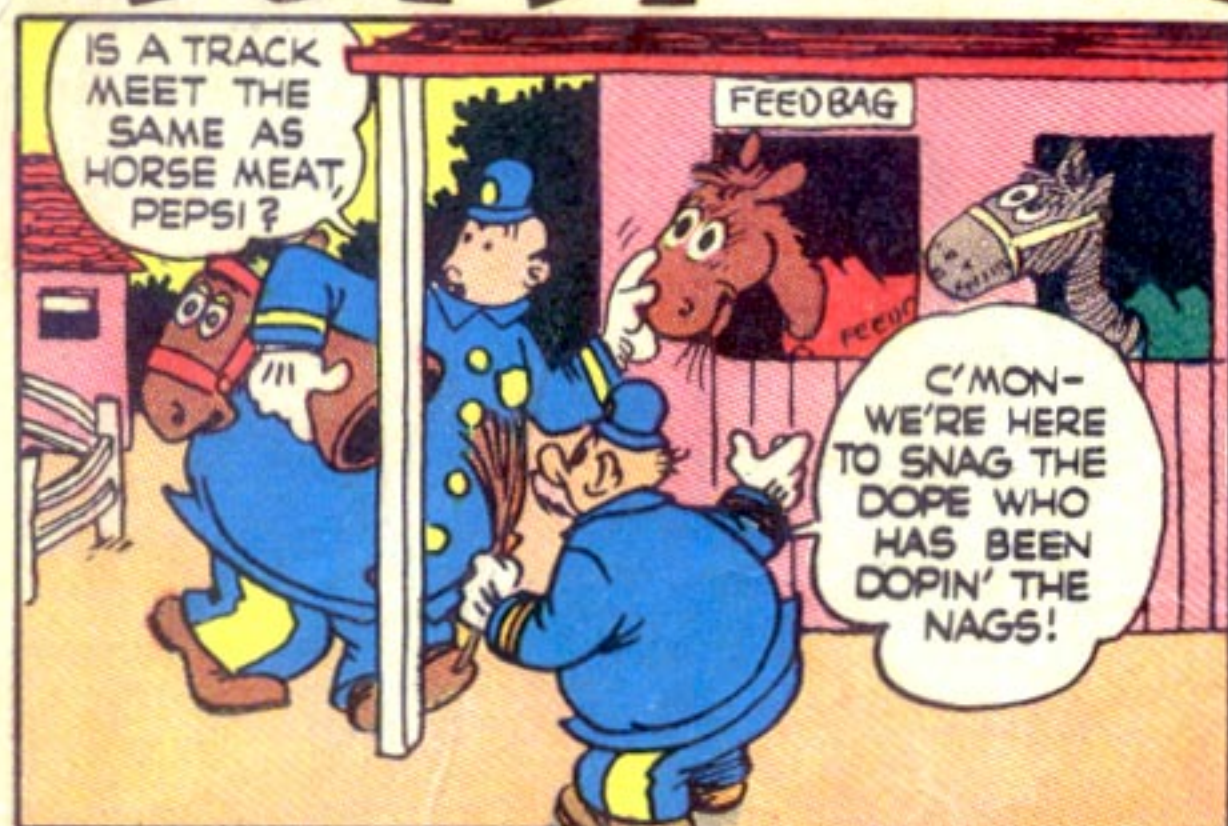
10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



MURDER!

No longer did crooks need to skulk in the byways of civilized life, hunted, by the law, forsaken by decent men! Here was their own city, where the password was "plunder!" ... where crime was the law, and justice was a crime!

The DOLL MAN follows the highway to strange adventure when he takes the sky road to a bizarre metropolis of menace and meets unusual danger in **THE CITY OF CRIME!**

The DOLL MAN follows the highway to strange adventure when he takes the sky road to a bizarre metropolis of menace and meets unusual danger in **THE CITY OF CRIME!**

Darrel Dane and his fiancée, Martha Roberts, visit their friend, Lieutenant Kean, at police headquarters ---

WE'D LIKE TO REPORT A STOLEN BRACELET! MARTHA WORE IT TO A PARTY LAST NIGHT! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE TAKEN IT FROM HER THERE....

I'M PRETTY BUSY, DARREL! BUT I'LL TURN THE CASE OVER TO ONE OF MY MEN!



THANKS SO MUCH, LIEUTENANT KEAN! I'LL HURRY ALONG! I'VE GOT SOME IMPORTANT SHOPPING TO DO!

GOODBYE, MARTHA!



WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, JIM? YOU LOOK WORRIED!

I AM! FOR WEEKS NOW, CROOKS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING FROM THEIR USUAL HAUNTS! ORDINARILY I'D BE GLAD TO SEE THEM FLEEING OUR CITY...



...BUT CRIMES HAVEN'T DECREASED! MORE ROBBERIES AND MURDERS ARE REPORTED THAN EVER BEFORE! I ASSIGNED ONE OF MY BEST MEN TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THE MYSTERY! NOW HE'S DISAPPEARED, TOO!



BEFORE HE VANISHED, HE SENT ME THIS! IT'S A DIAGRAM OR MAP OF A CITY! HIS NOTE SAID HE FOUND IT ON A SAFECRACKER NAMED HOLLY JONES!

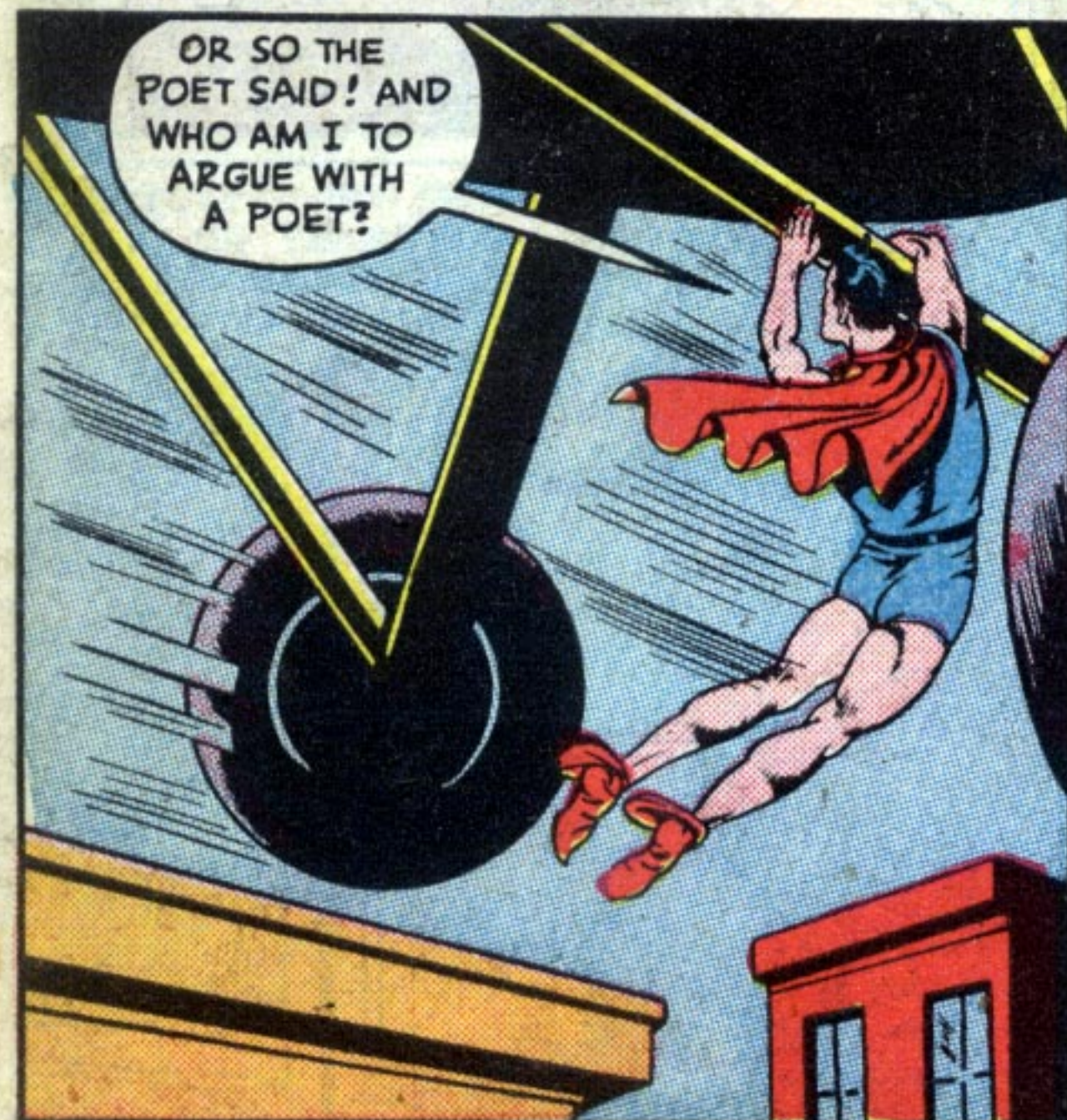
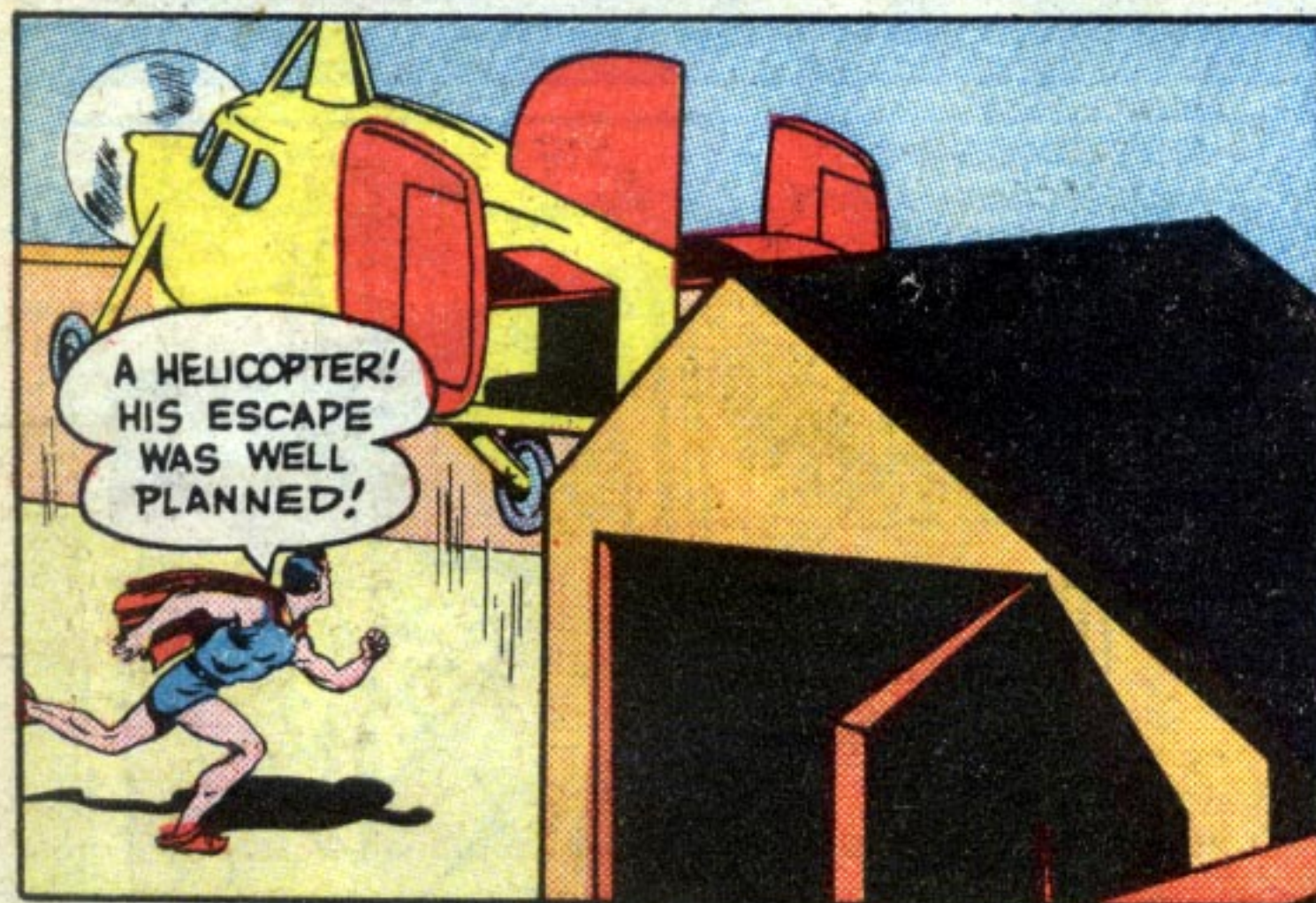
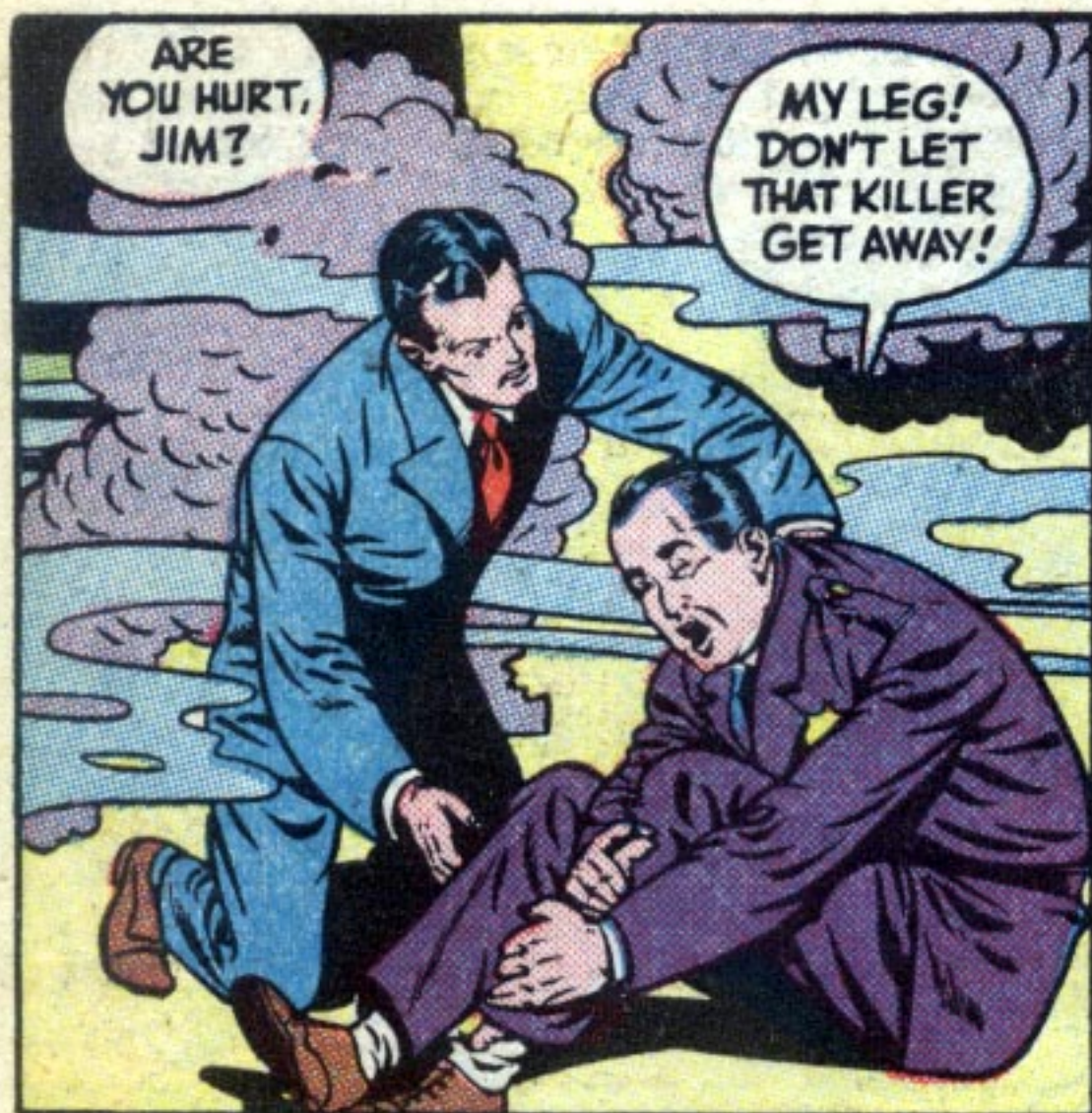
HMMM! I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT PLACE BEFORE---

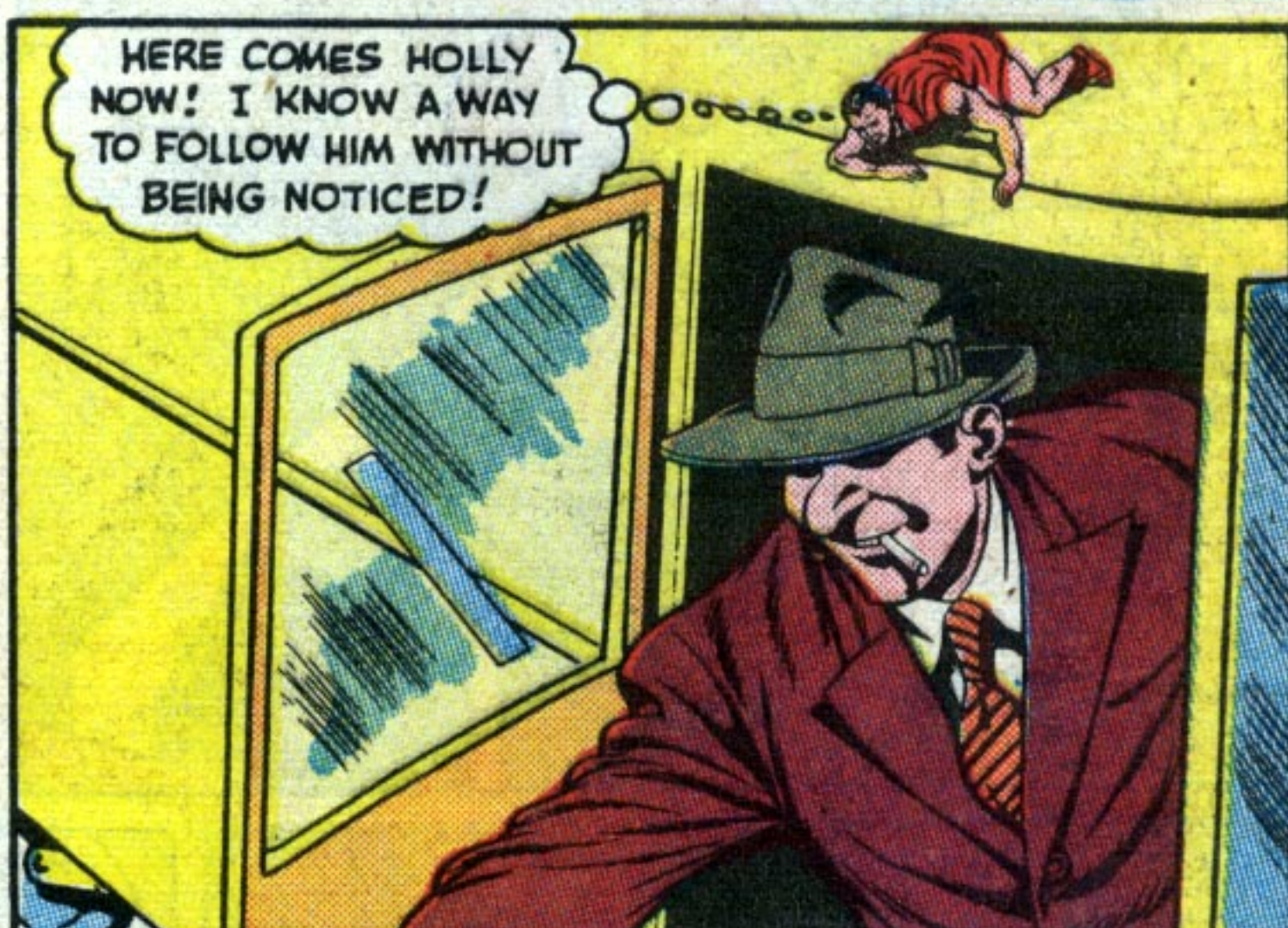
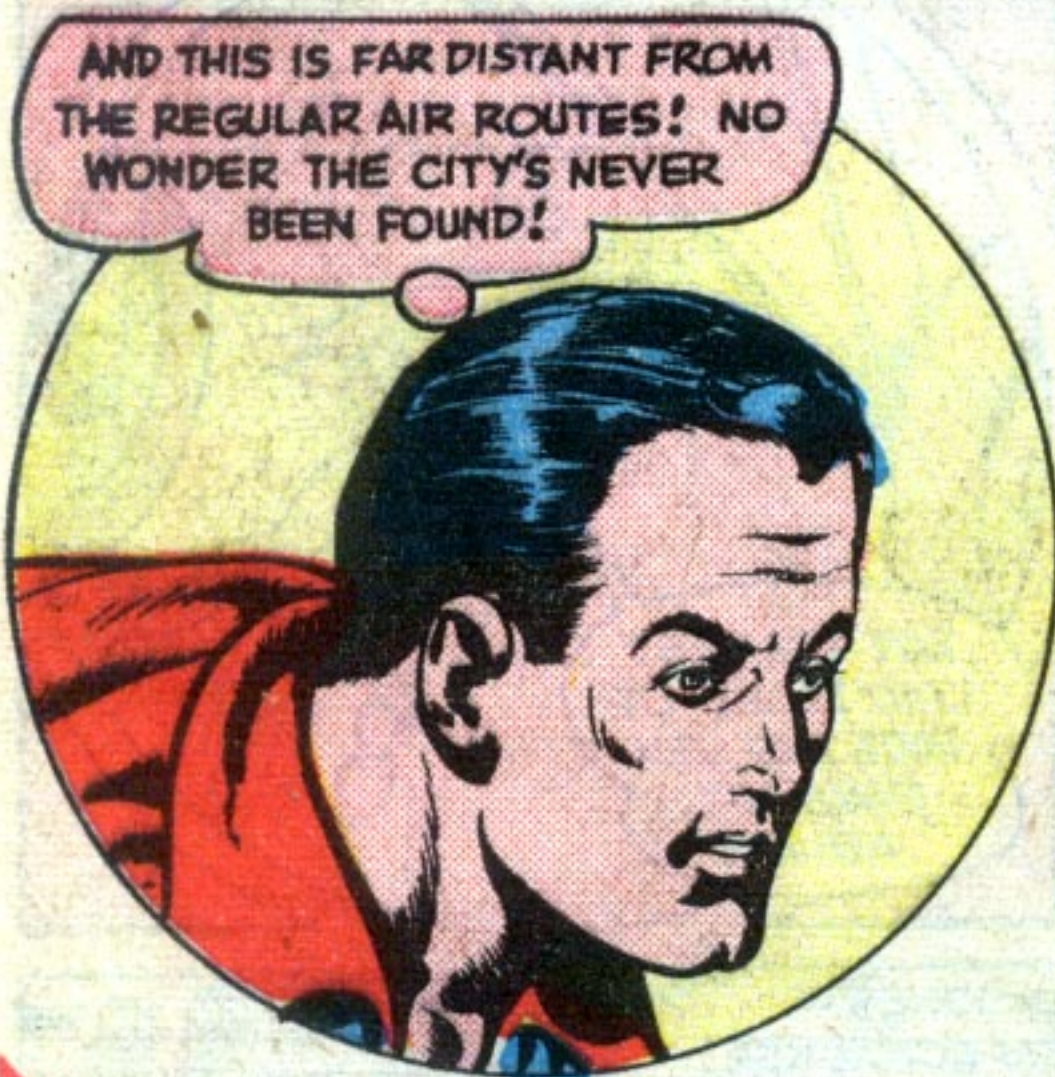
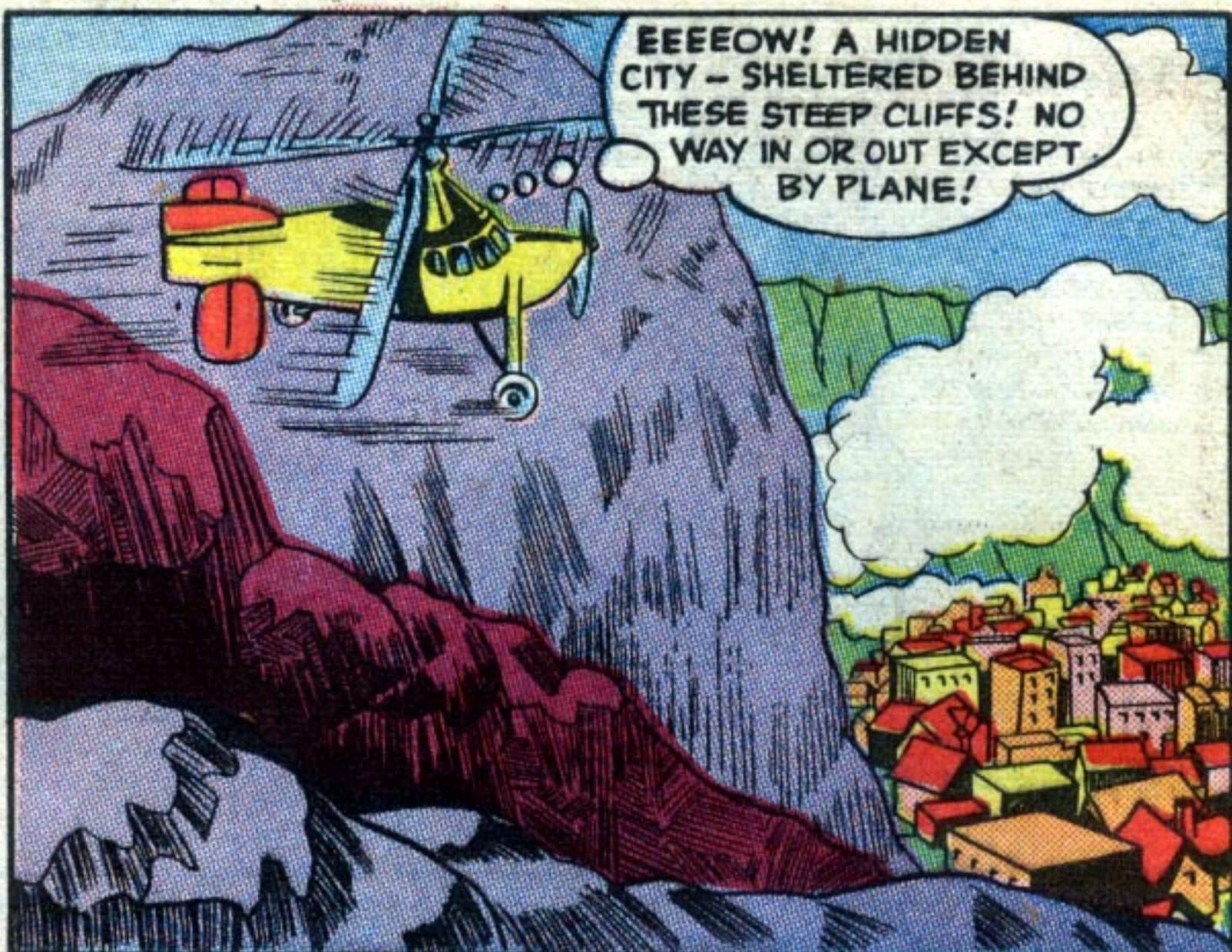


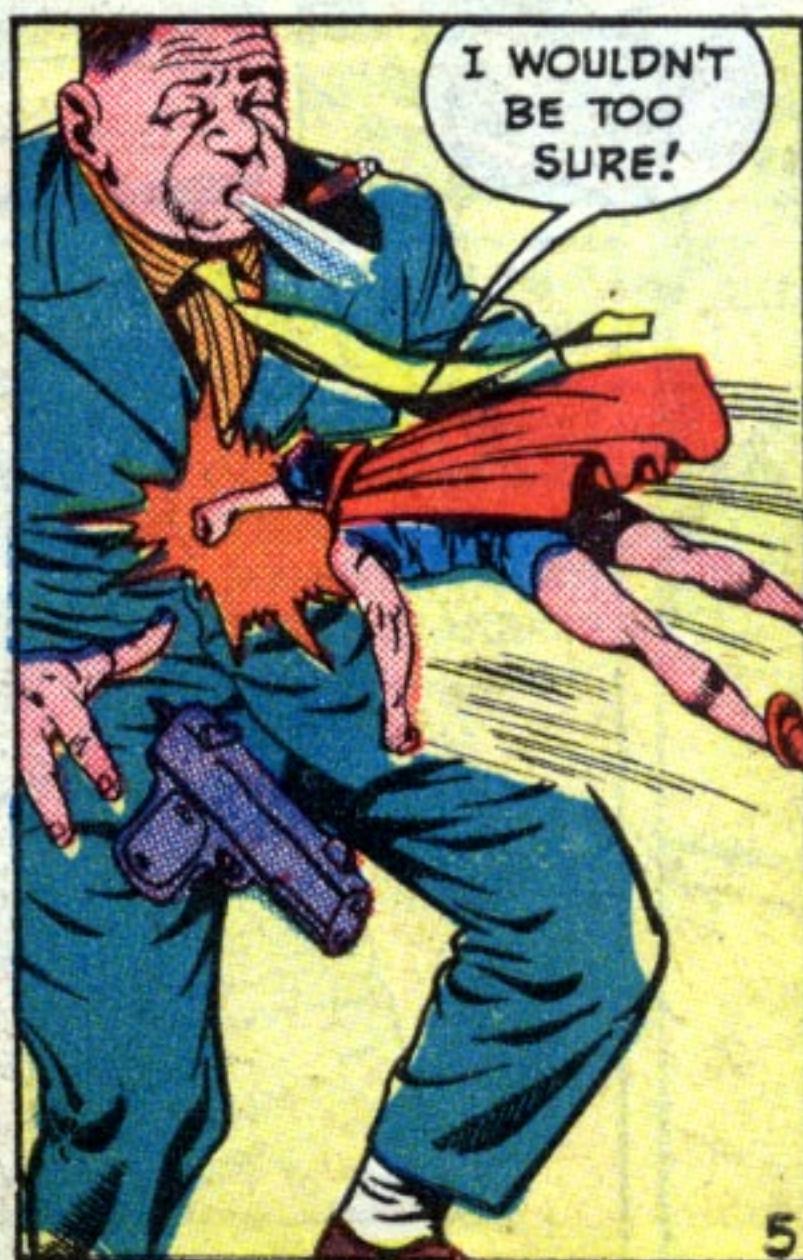
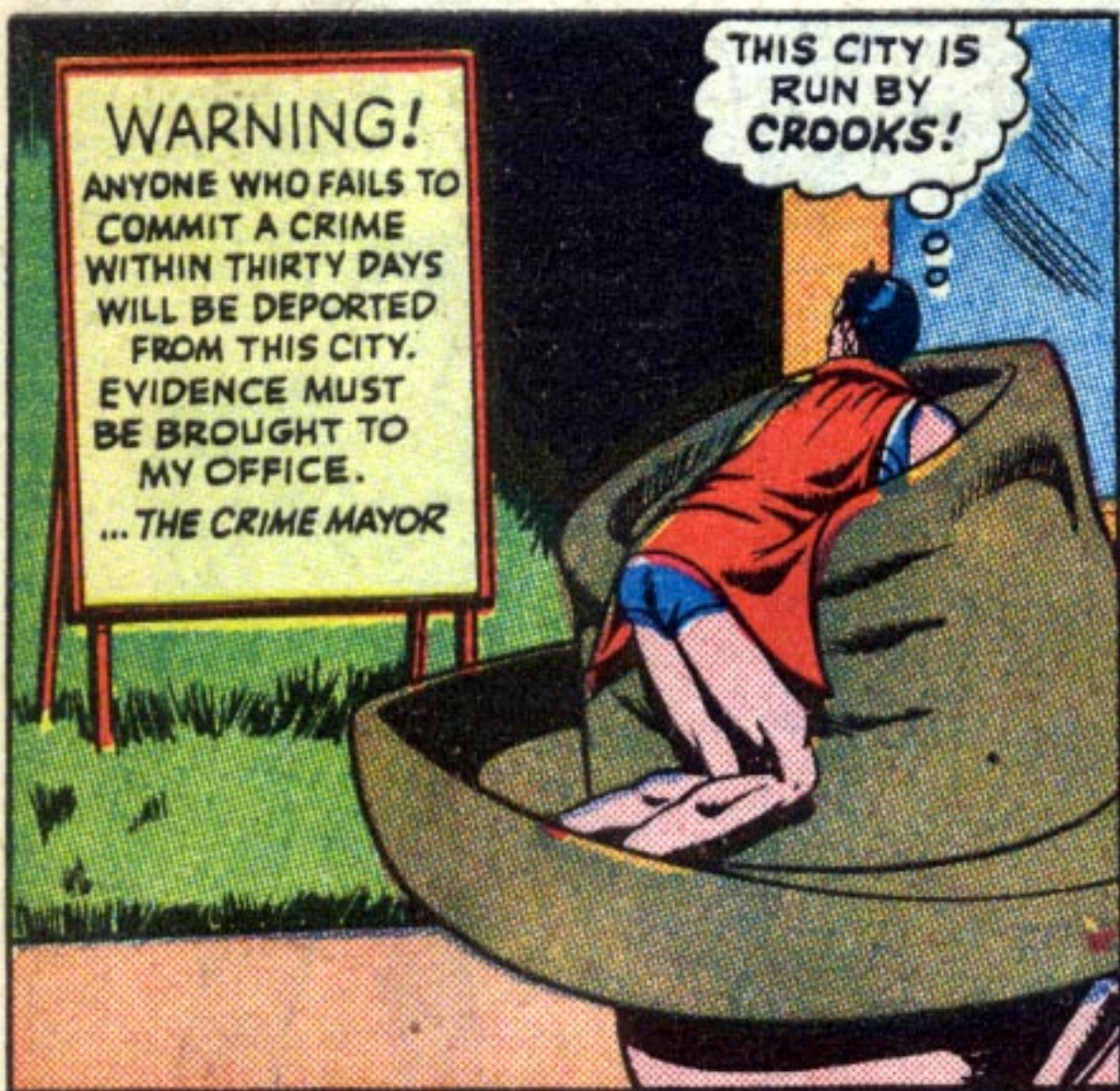
SO LONG, SUCKERS!

LOOK OUT!

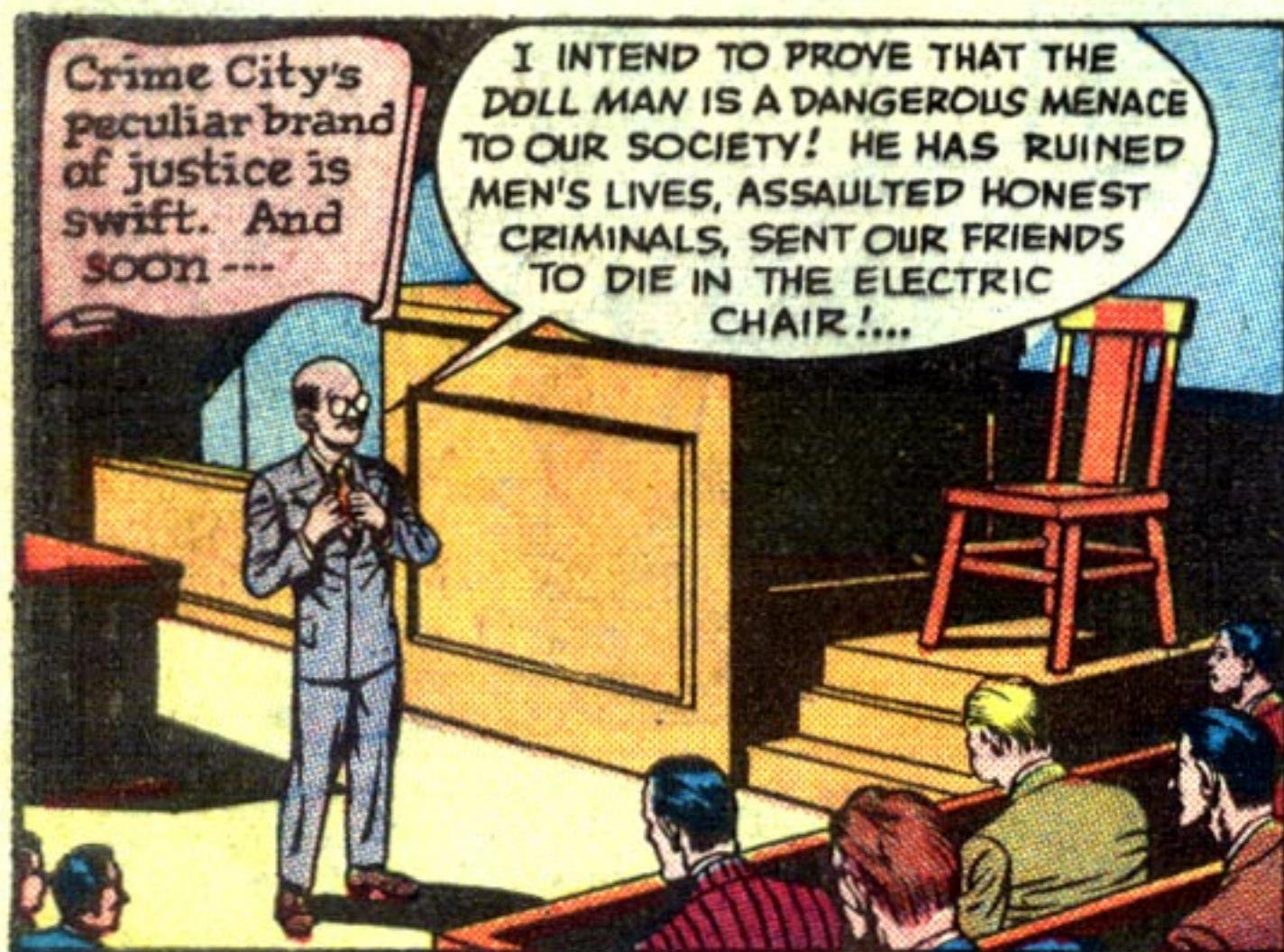
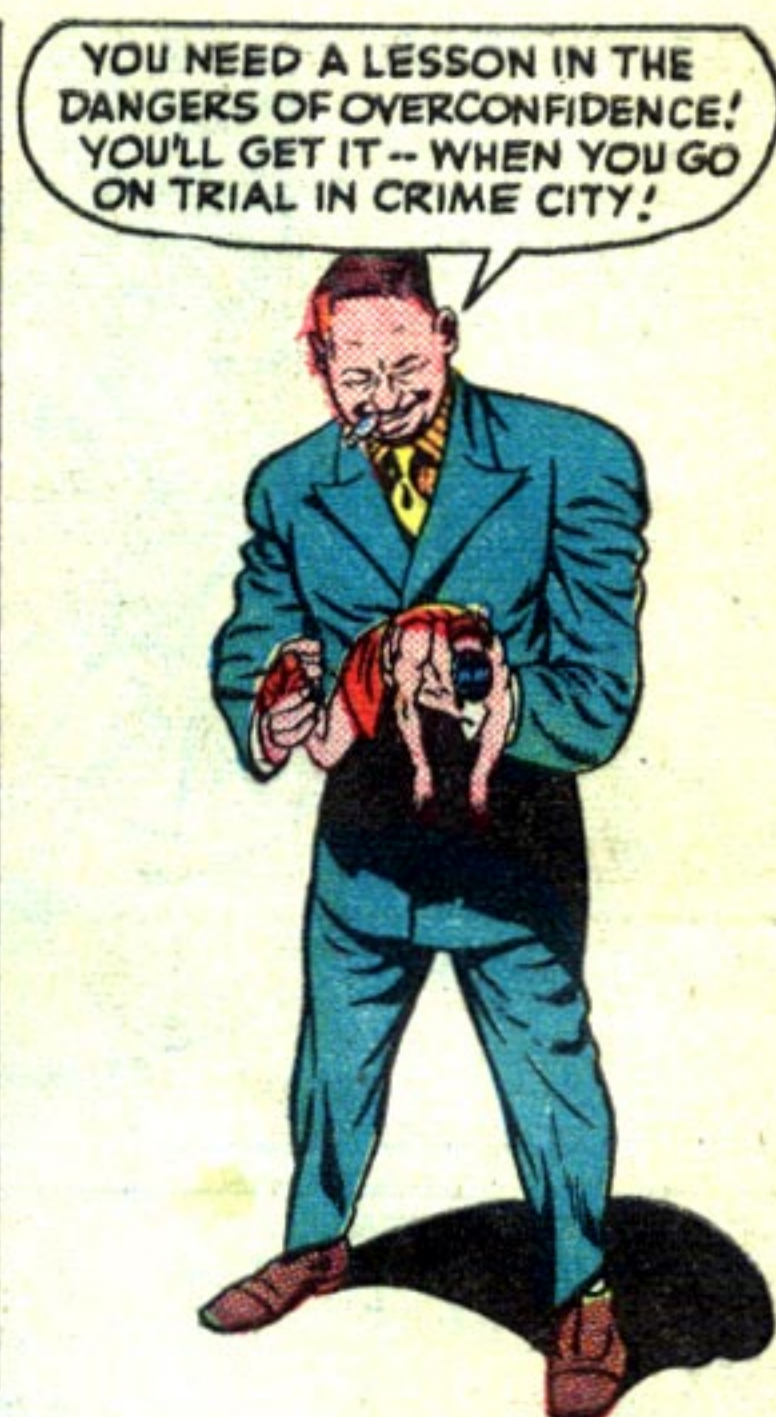
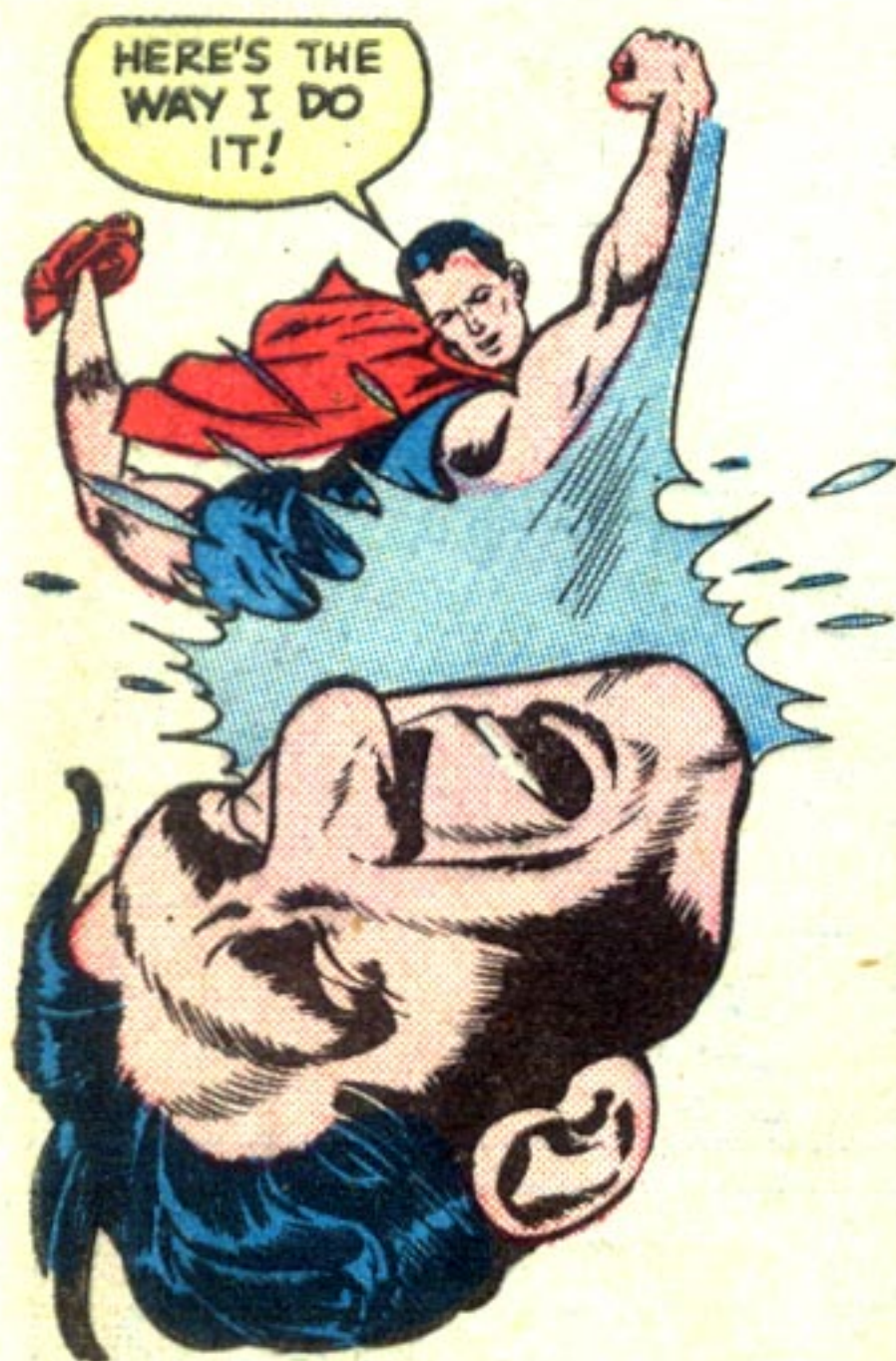


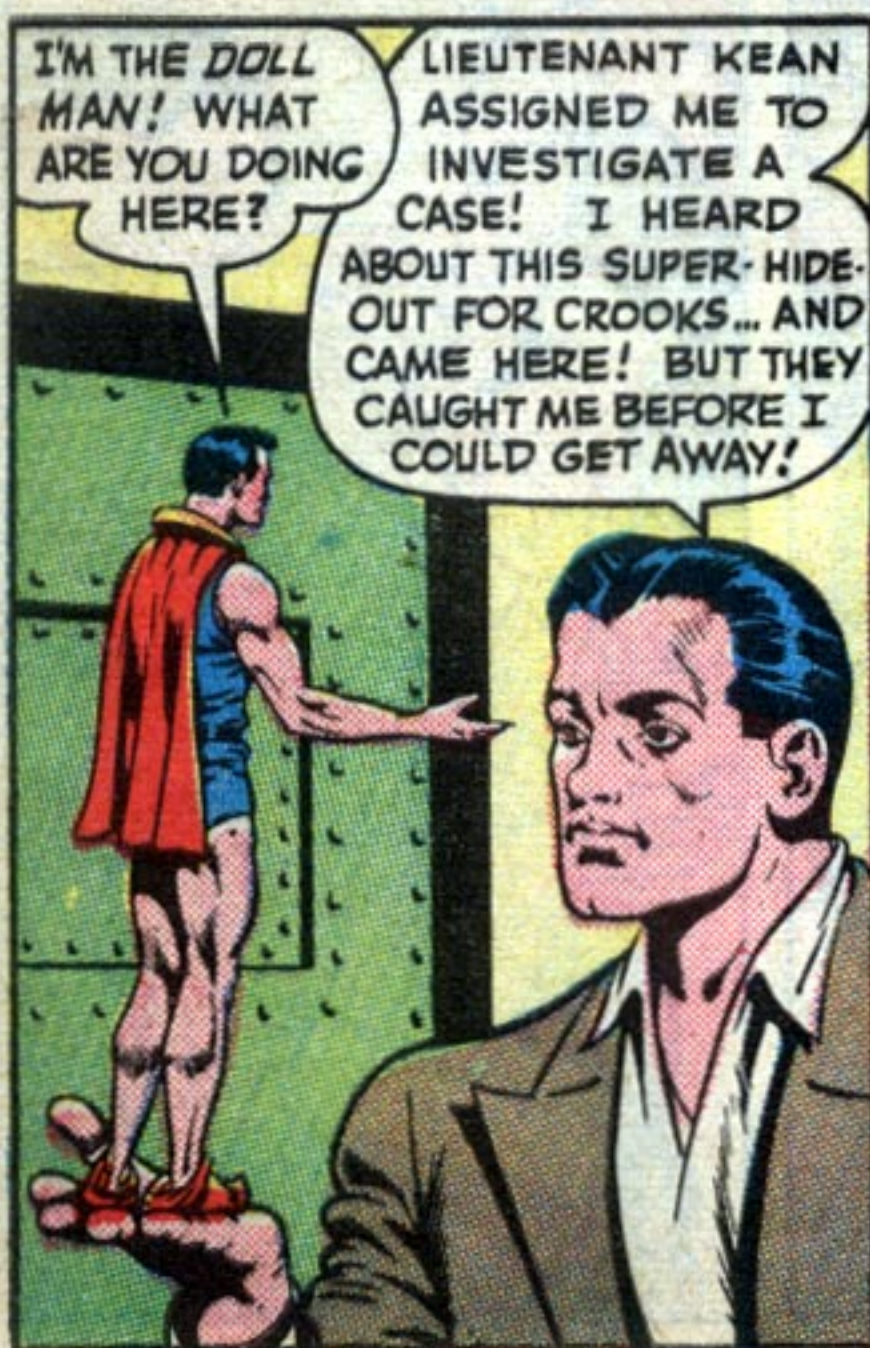
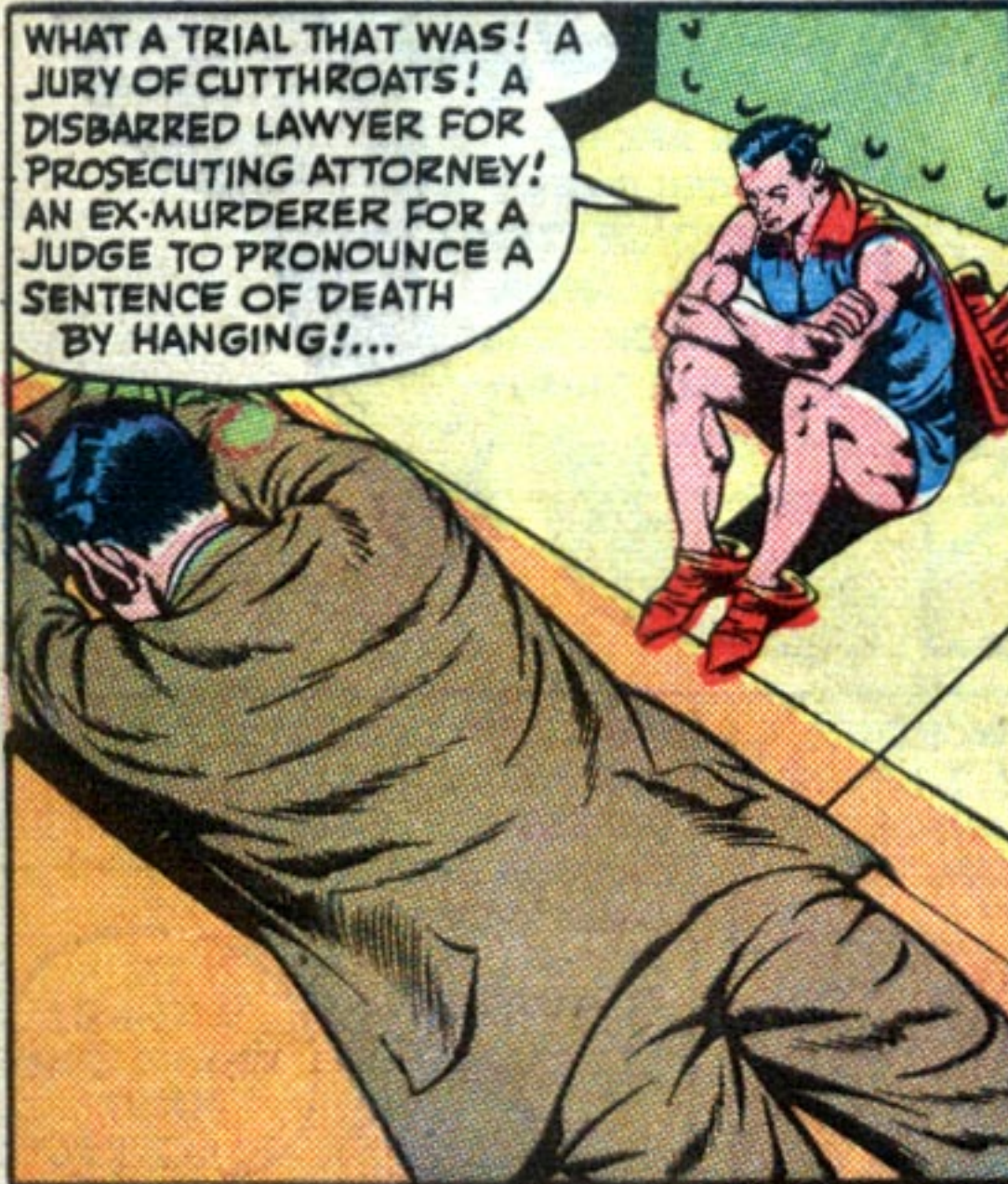




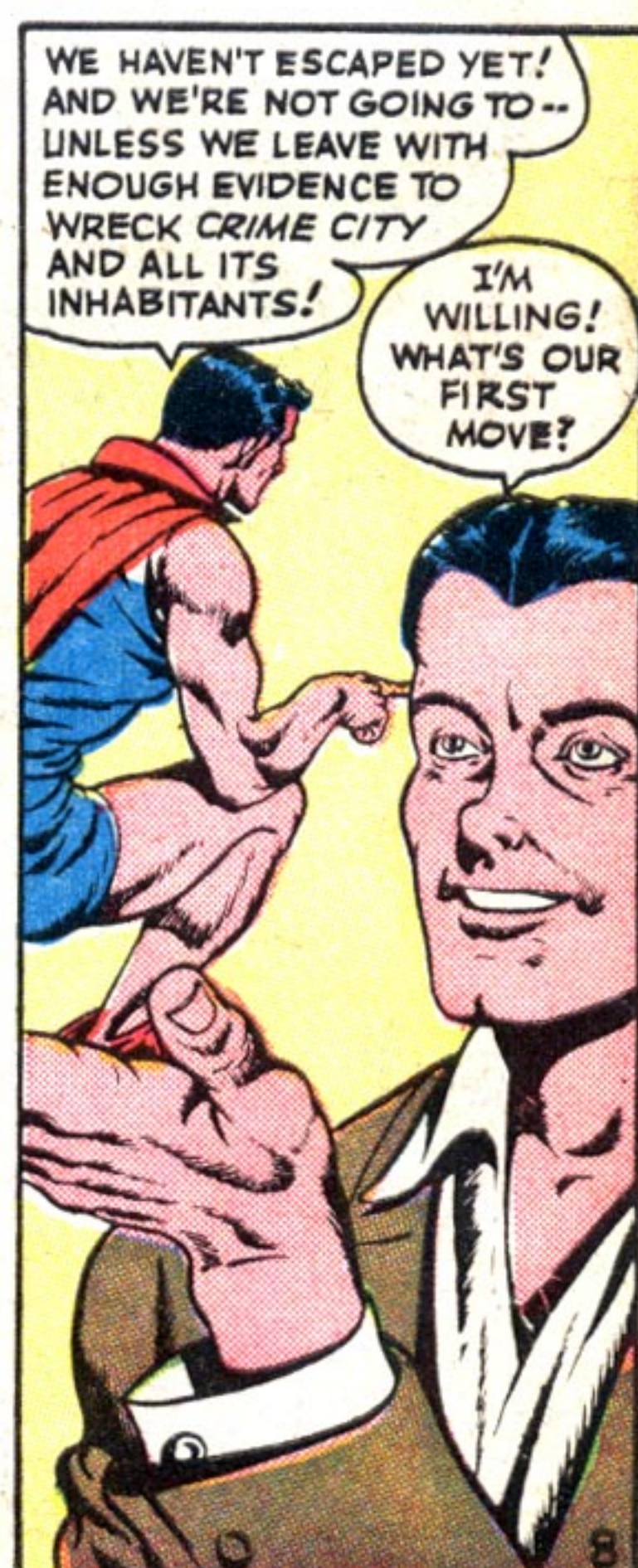
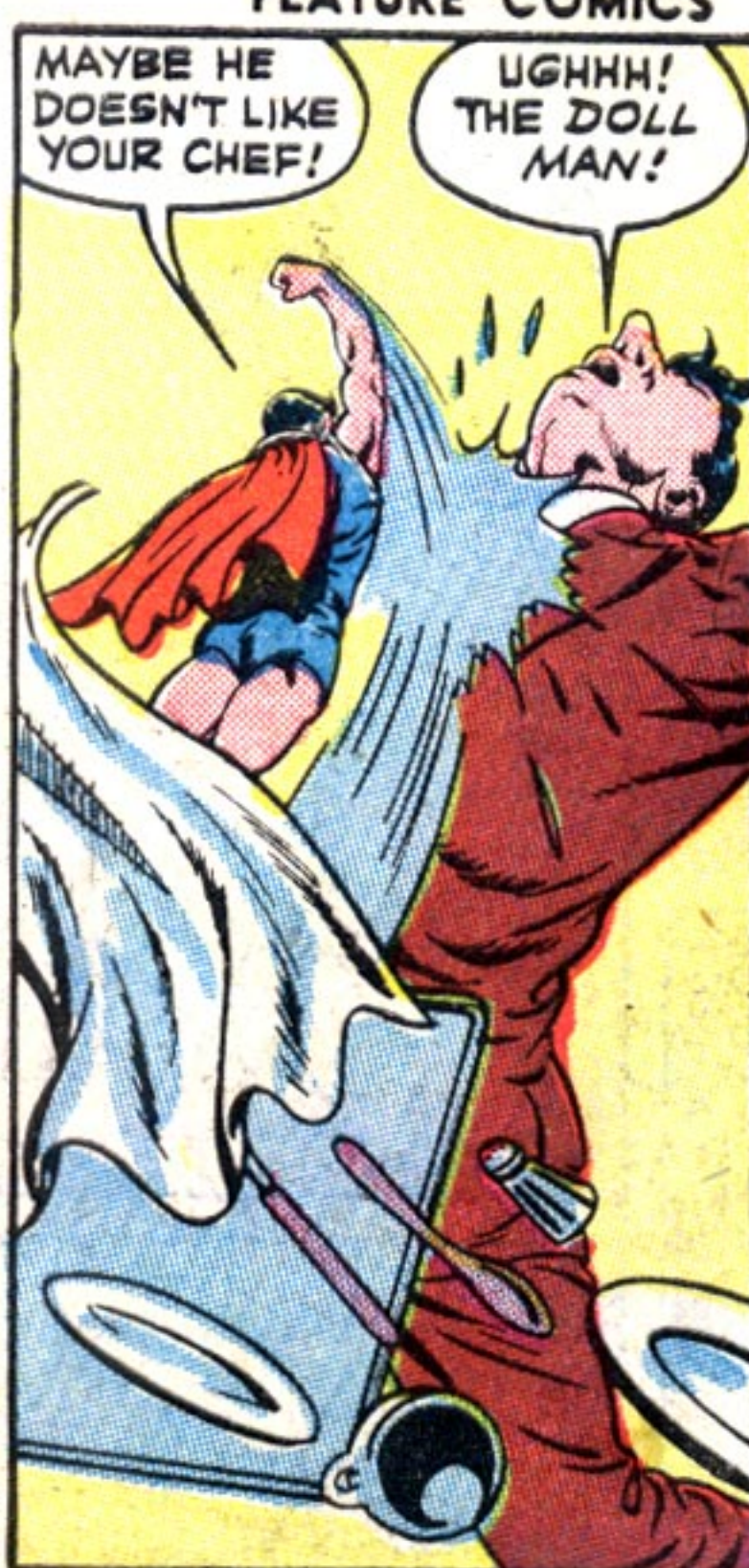


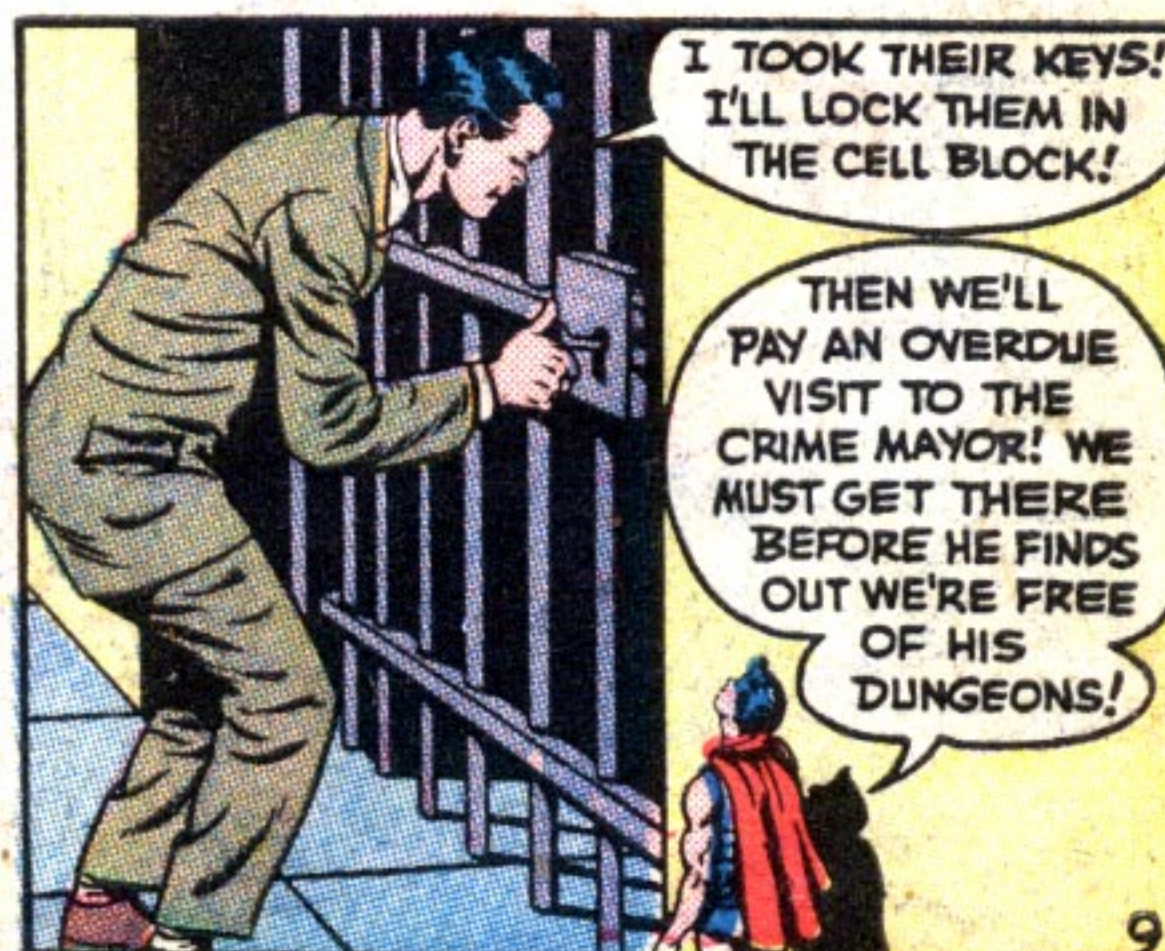
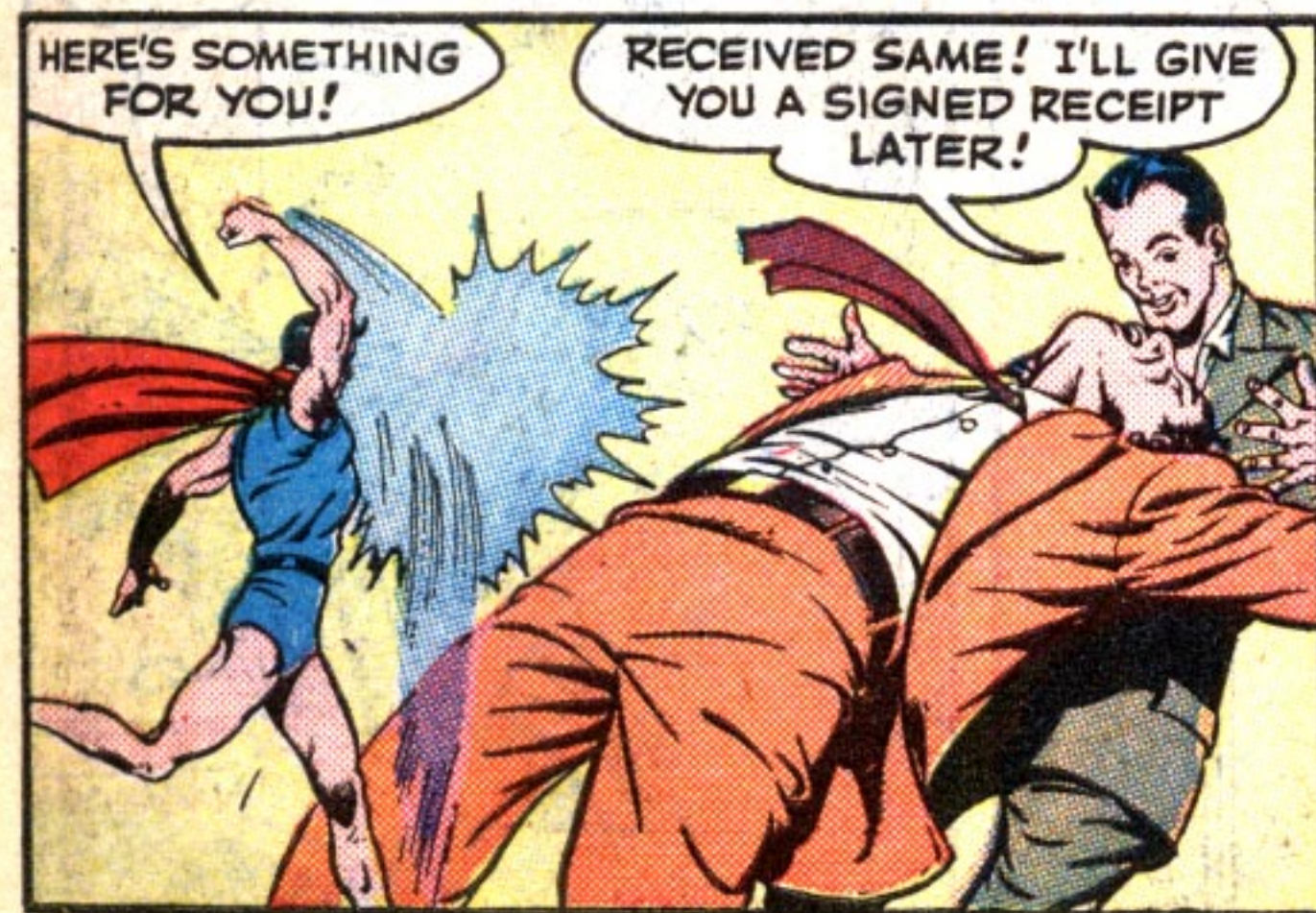
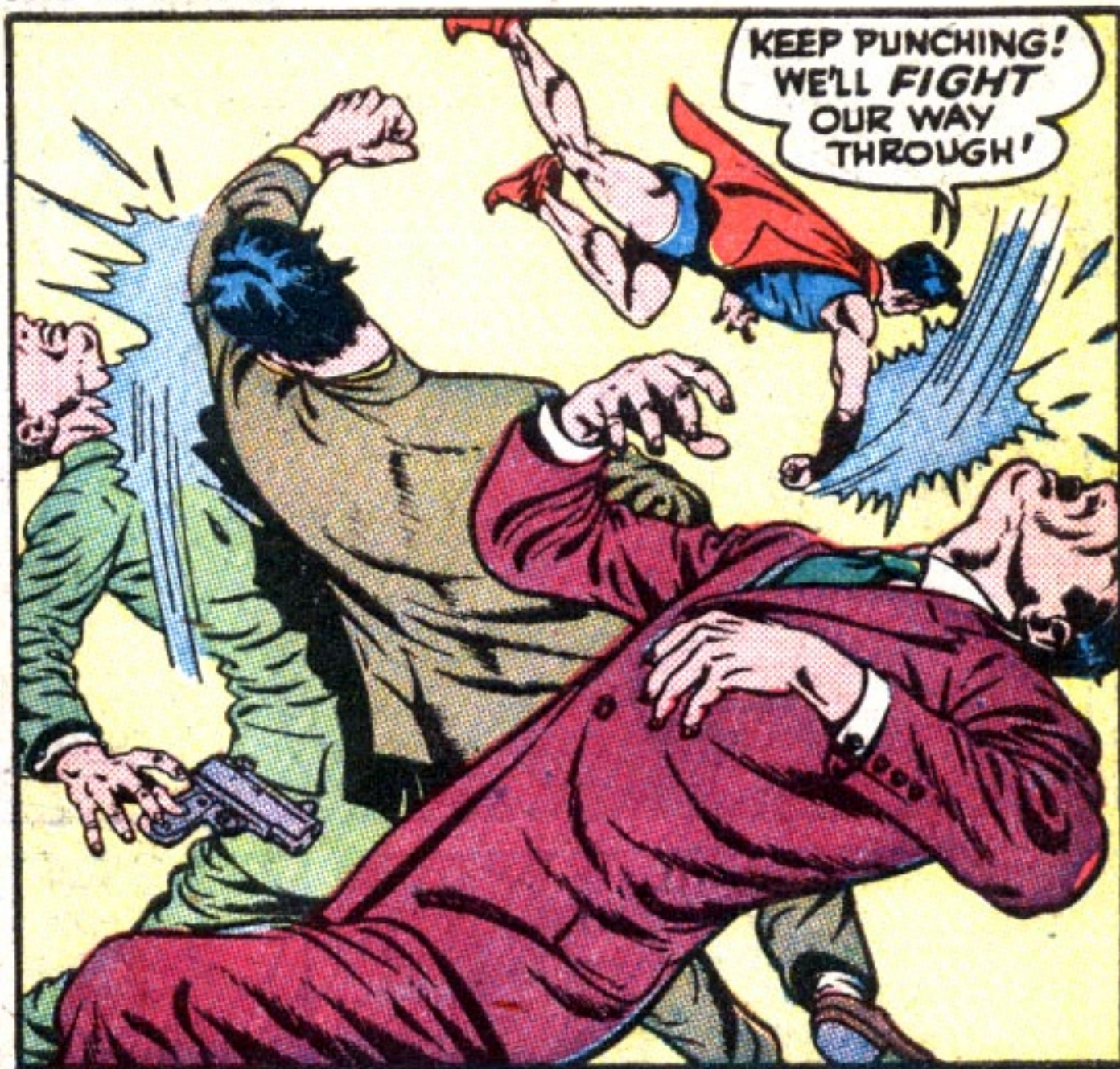
FEATURE COMICS

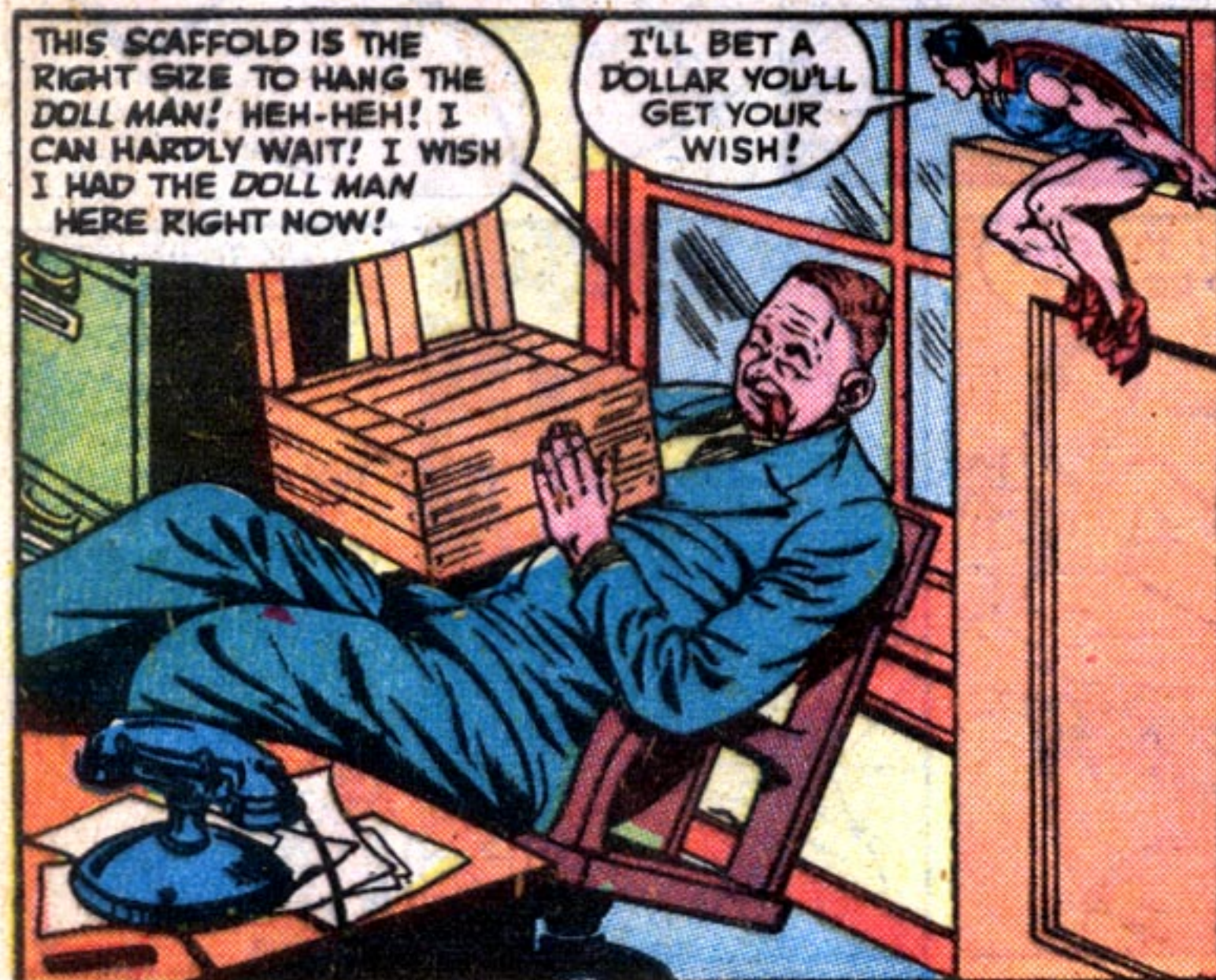
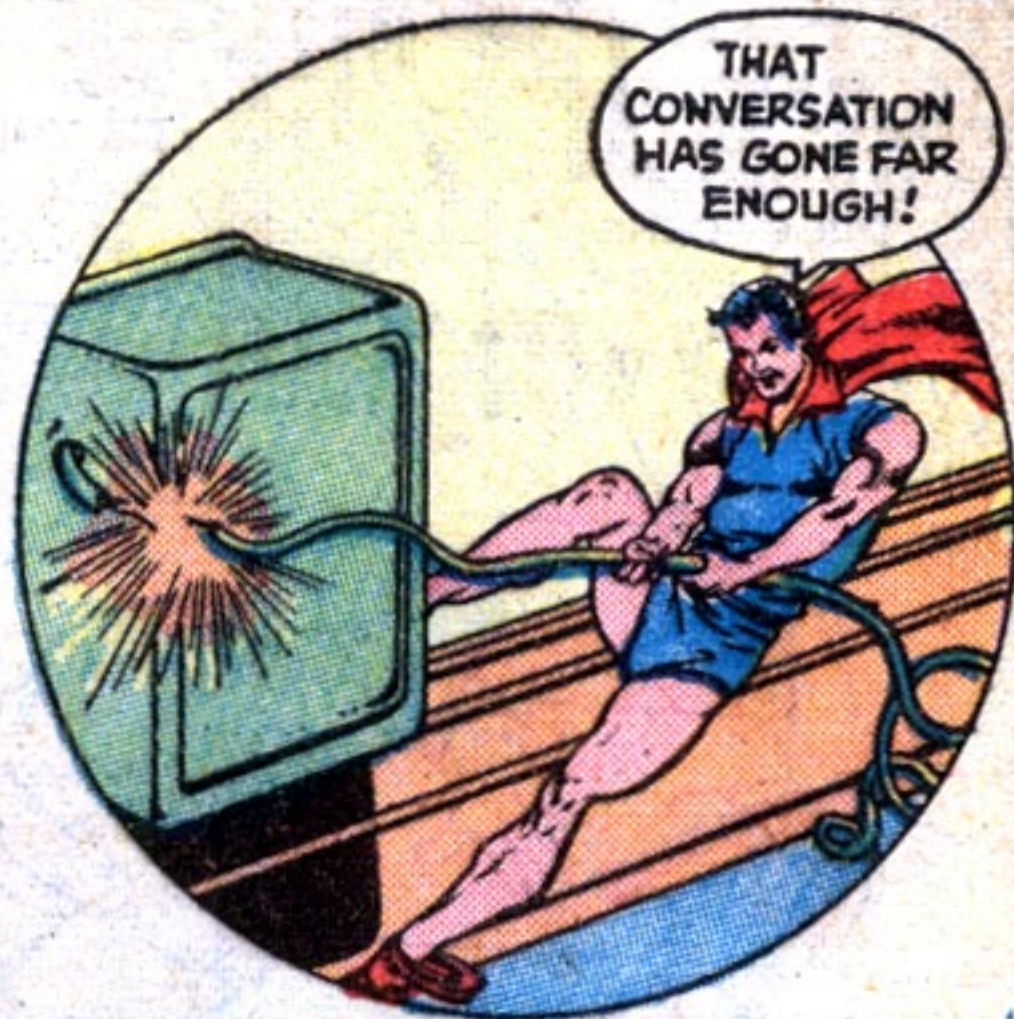


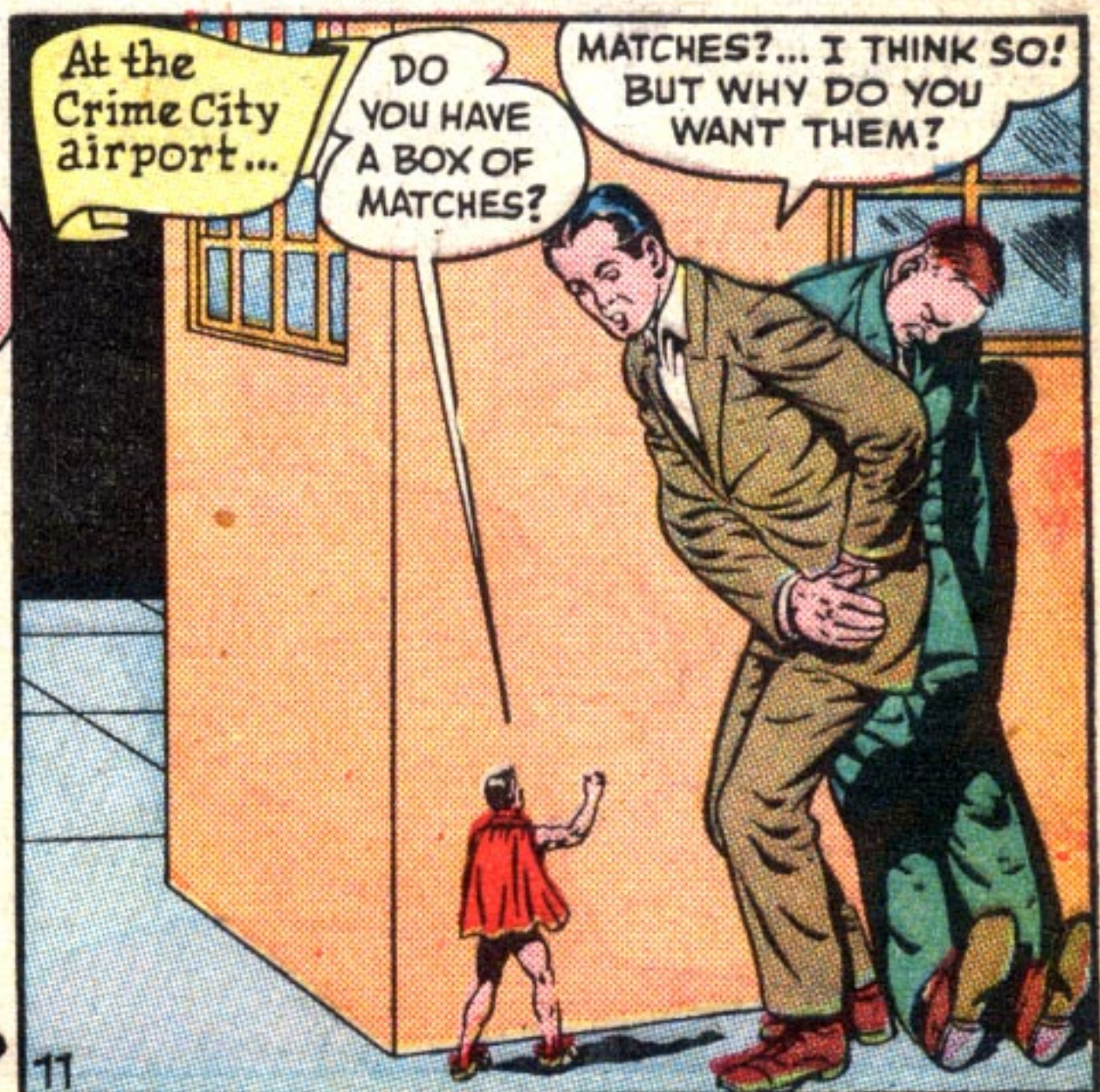
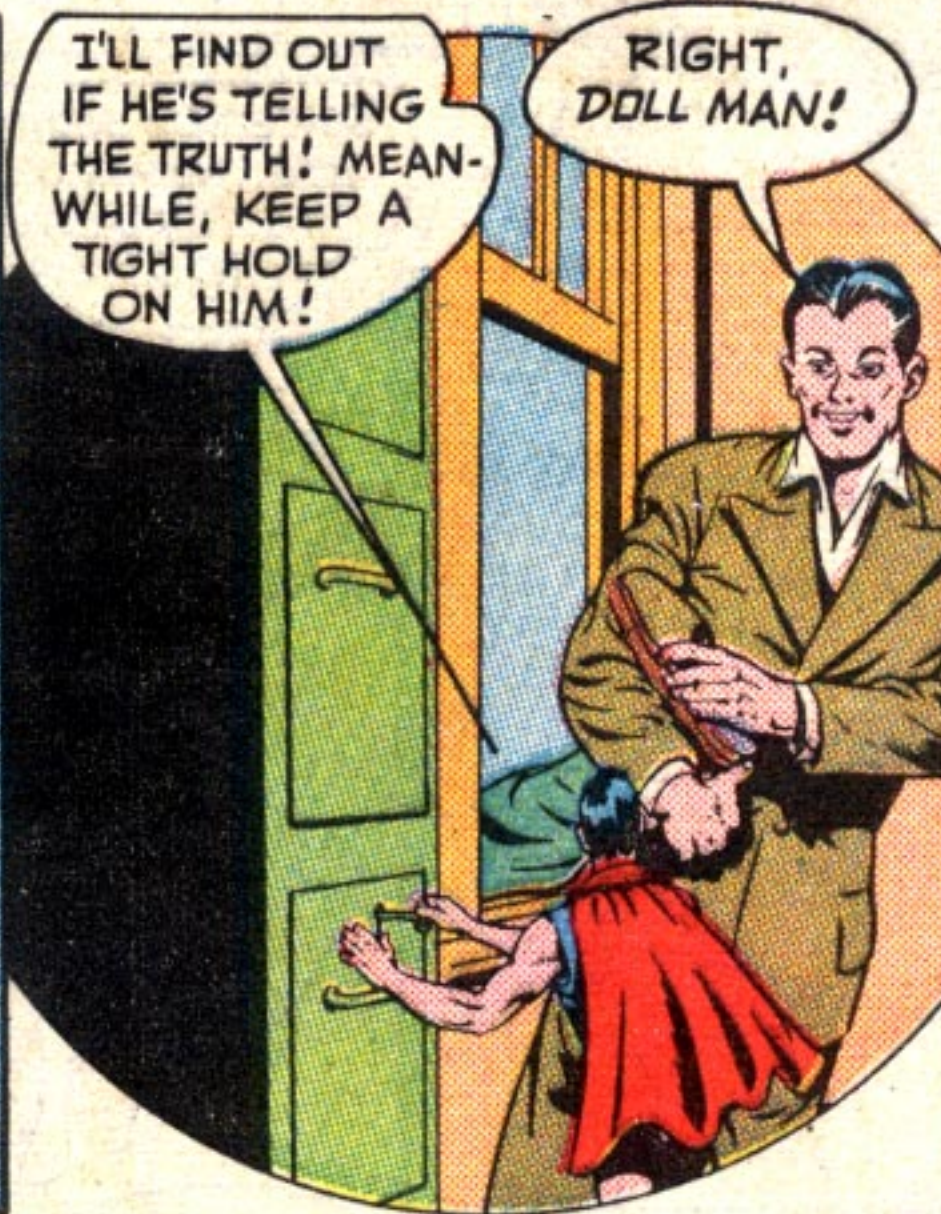
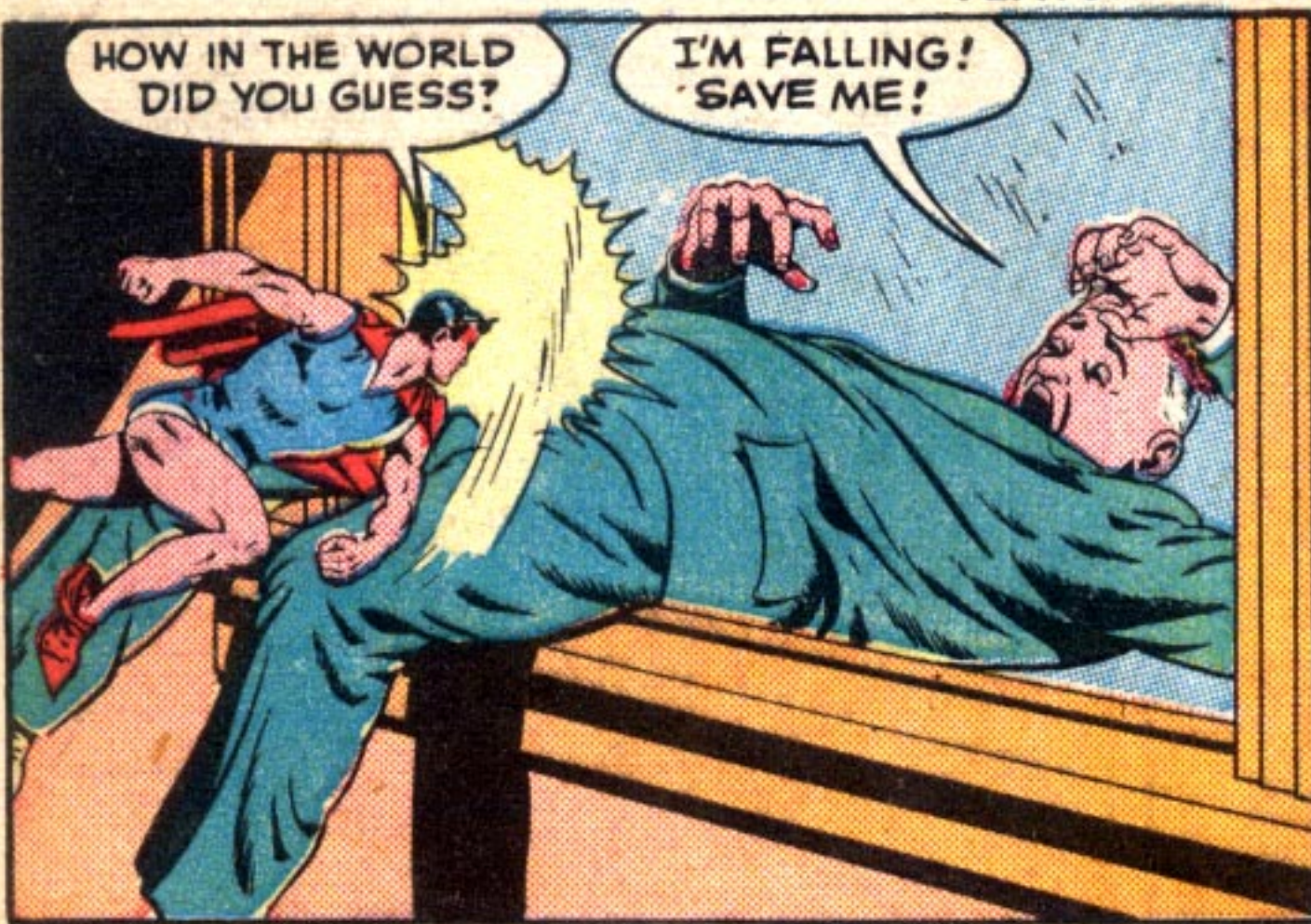


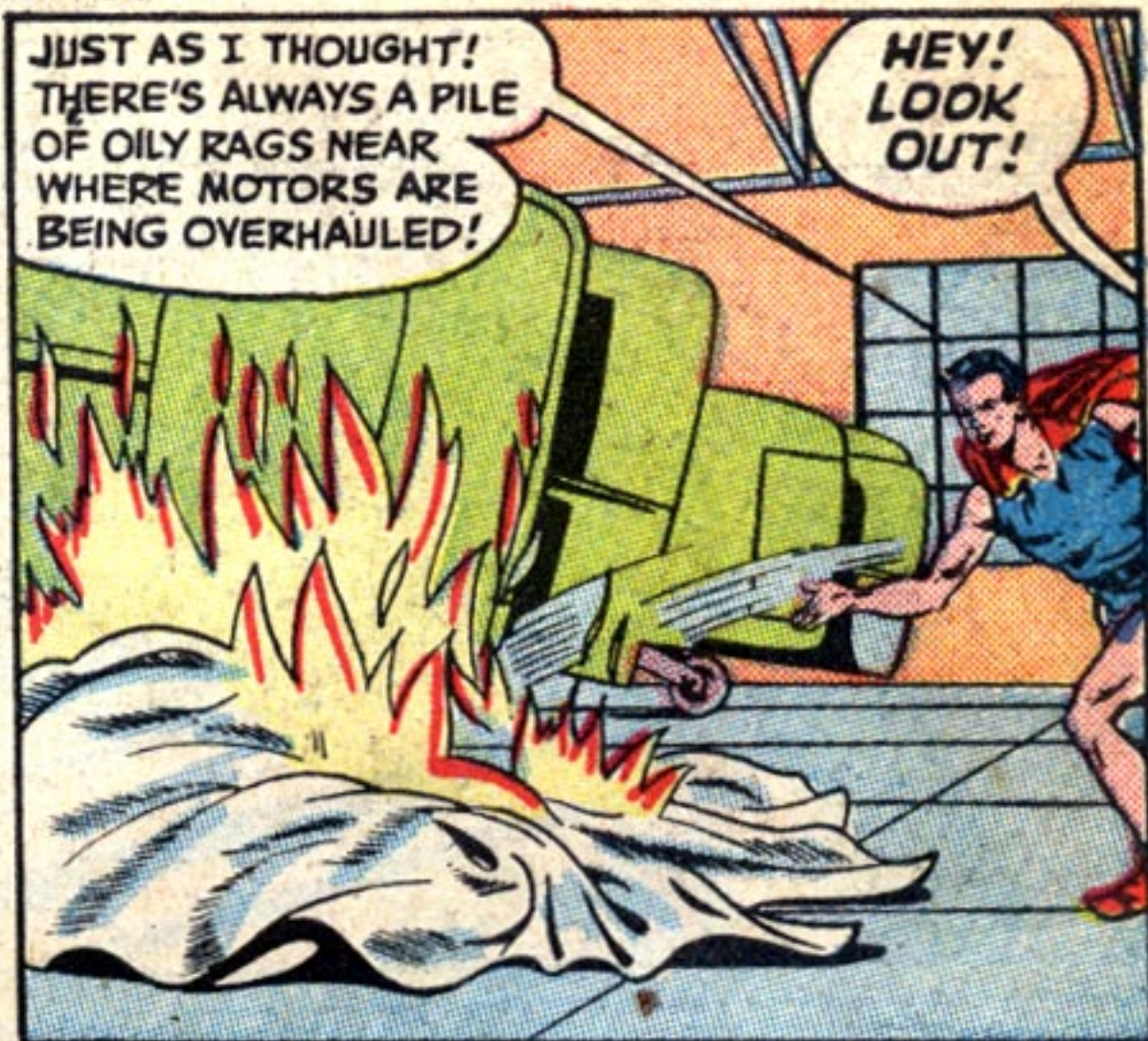
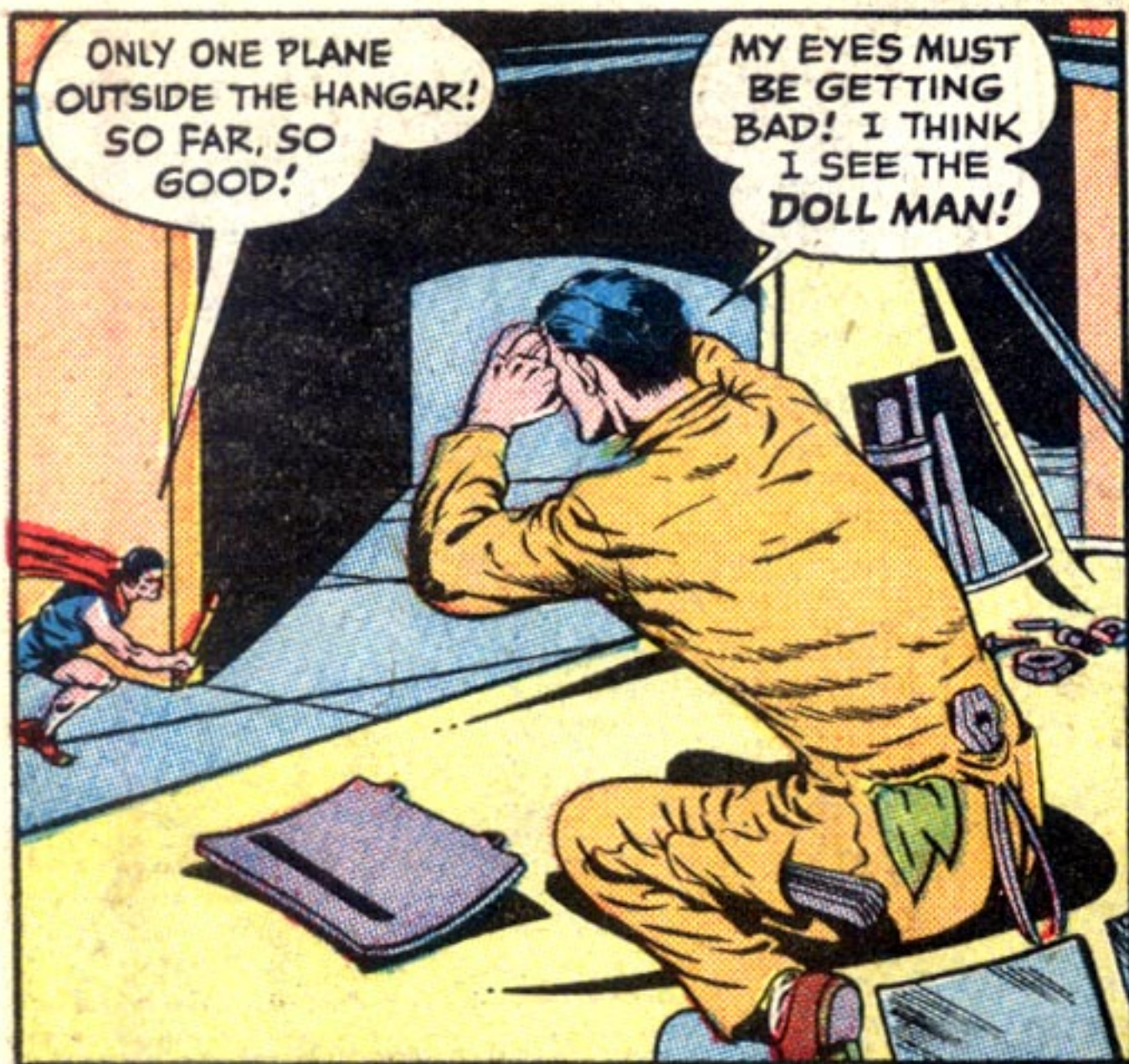
FEATURE COMICS

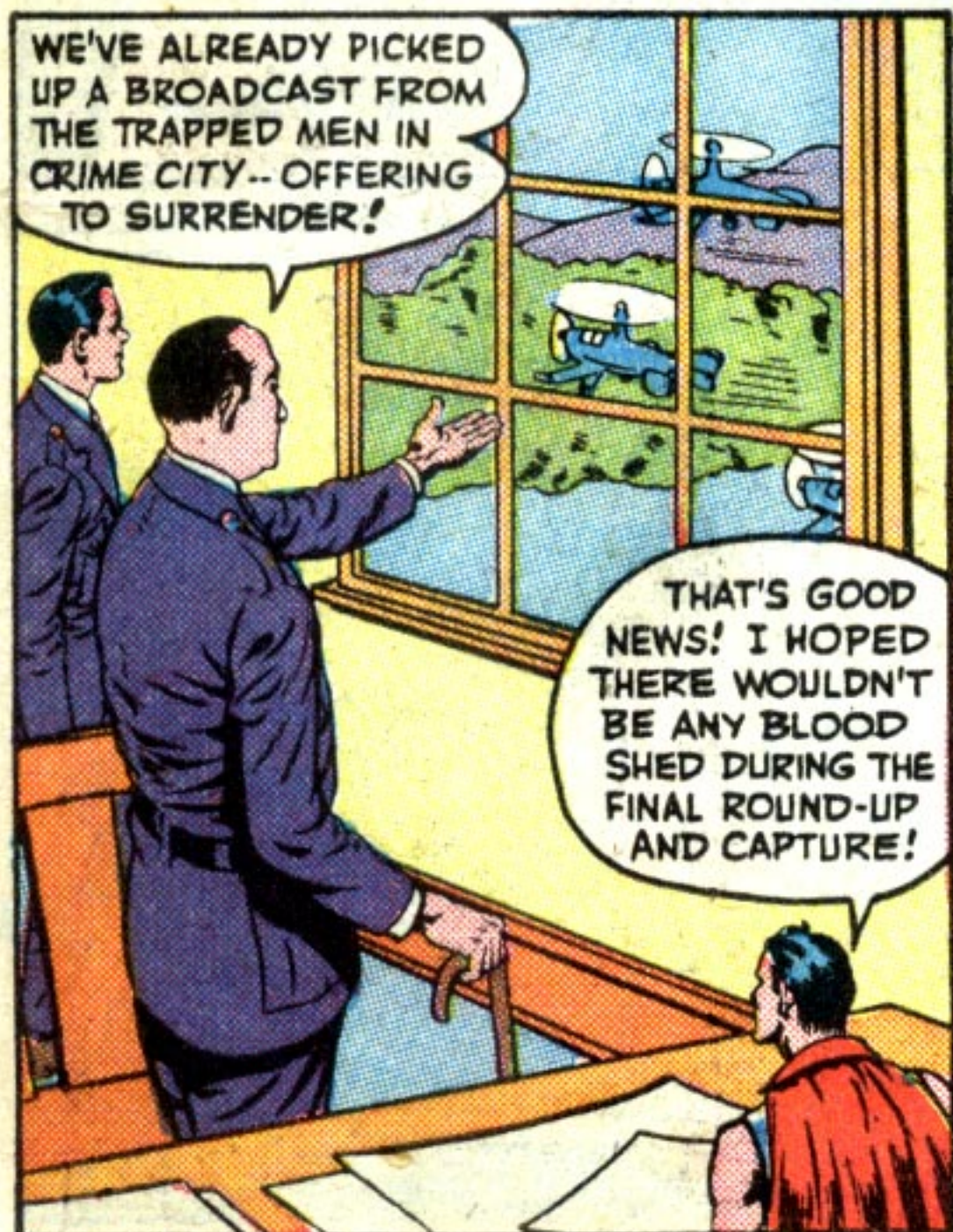
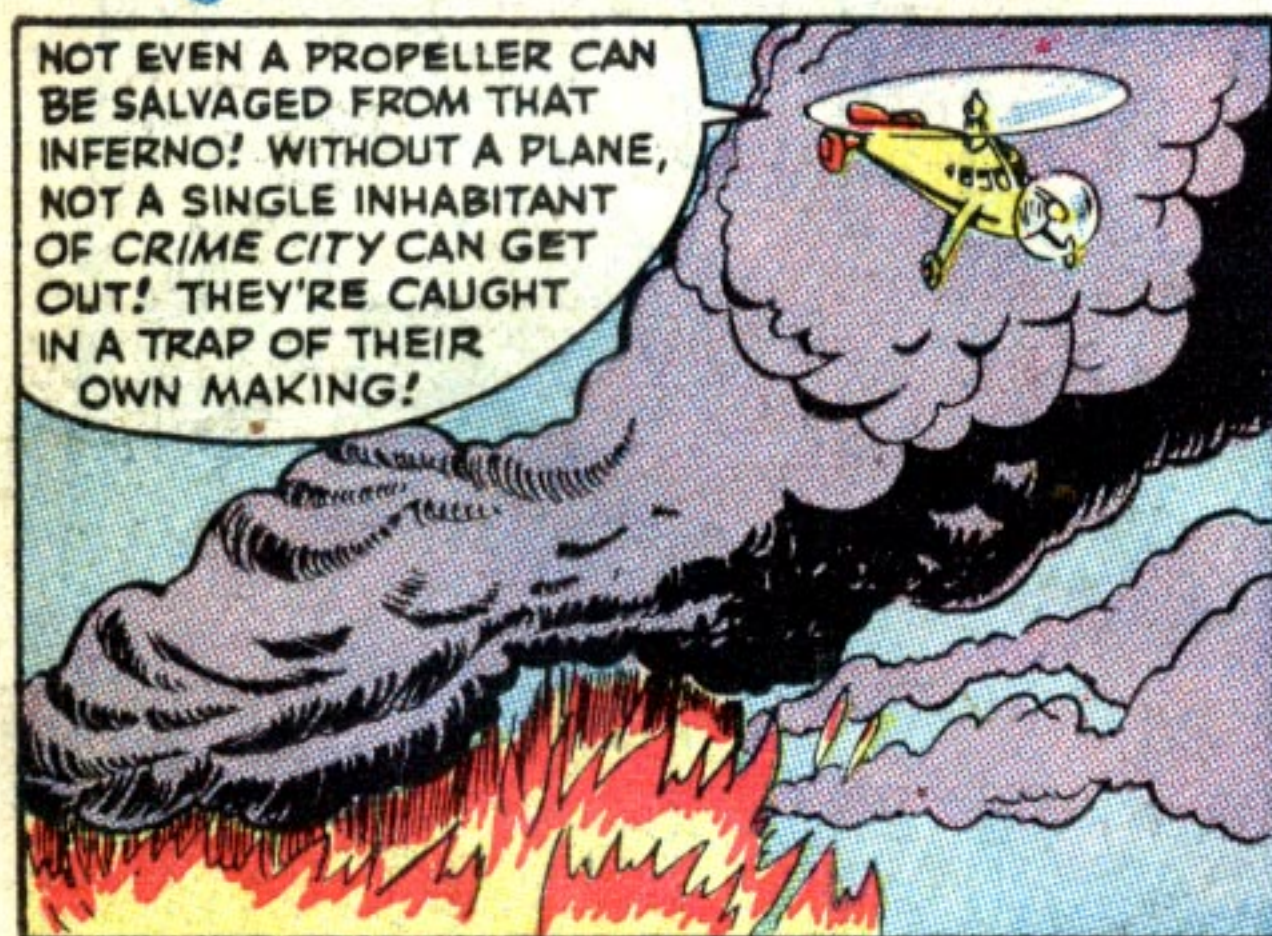


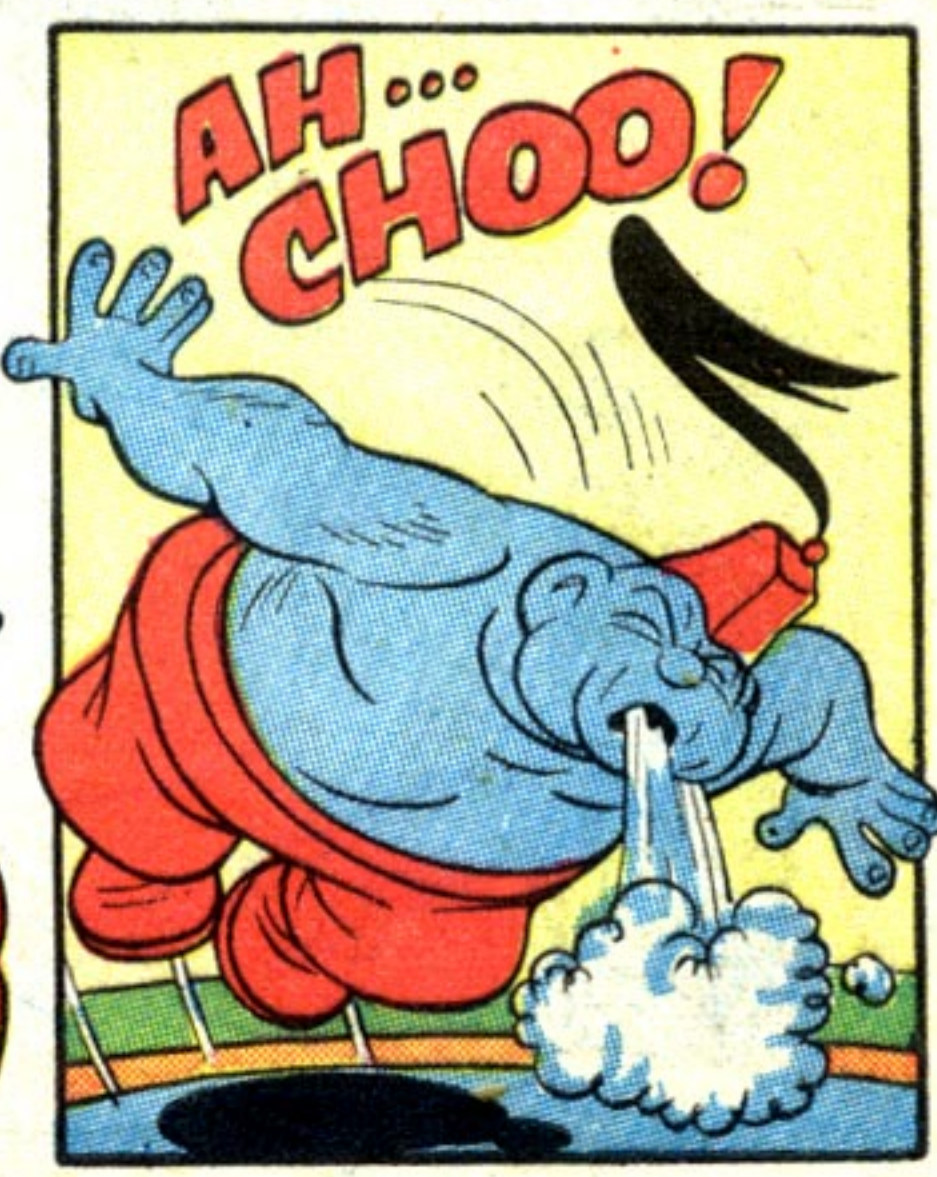
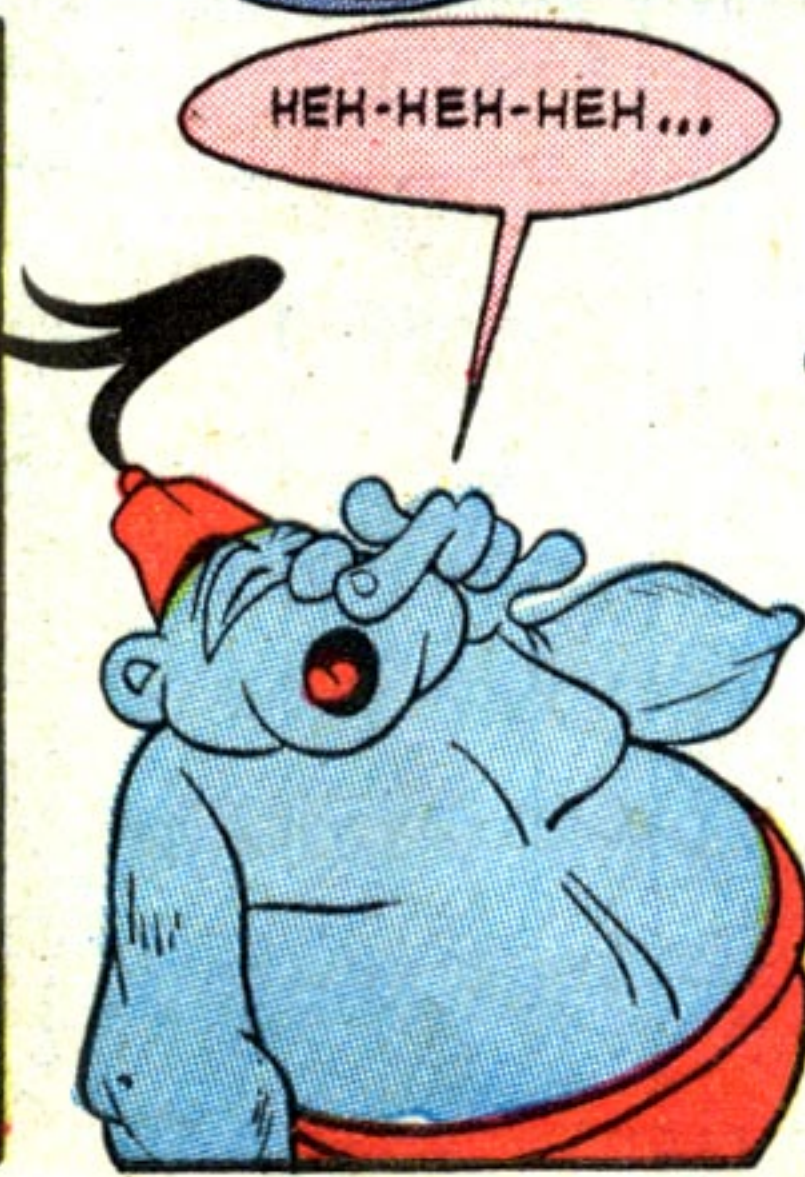
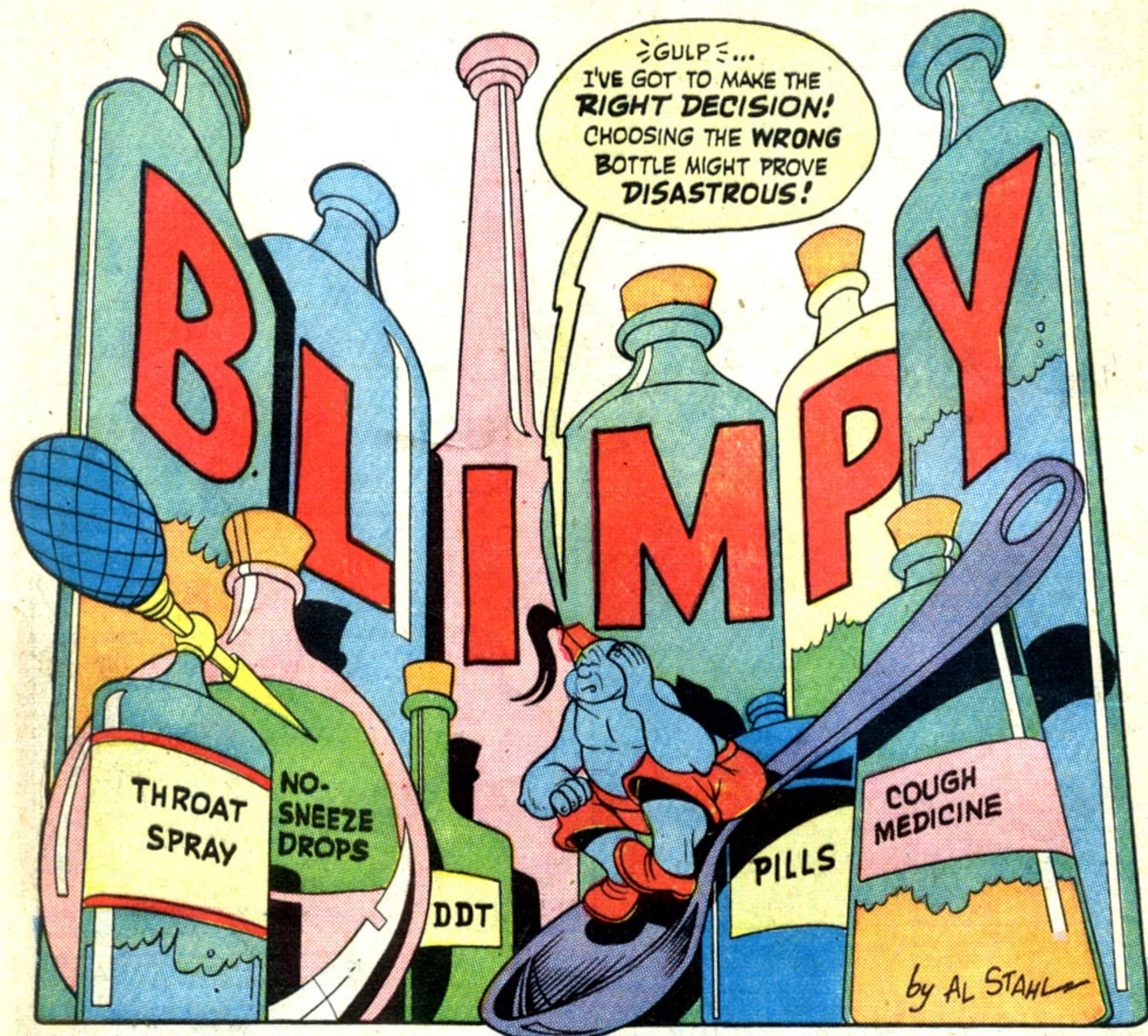


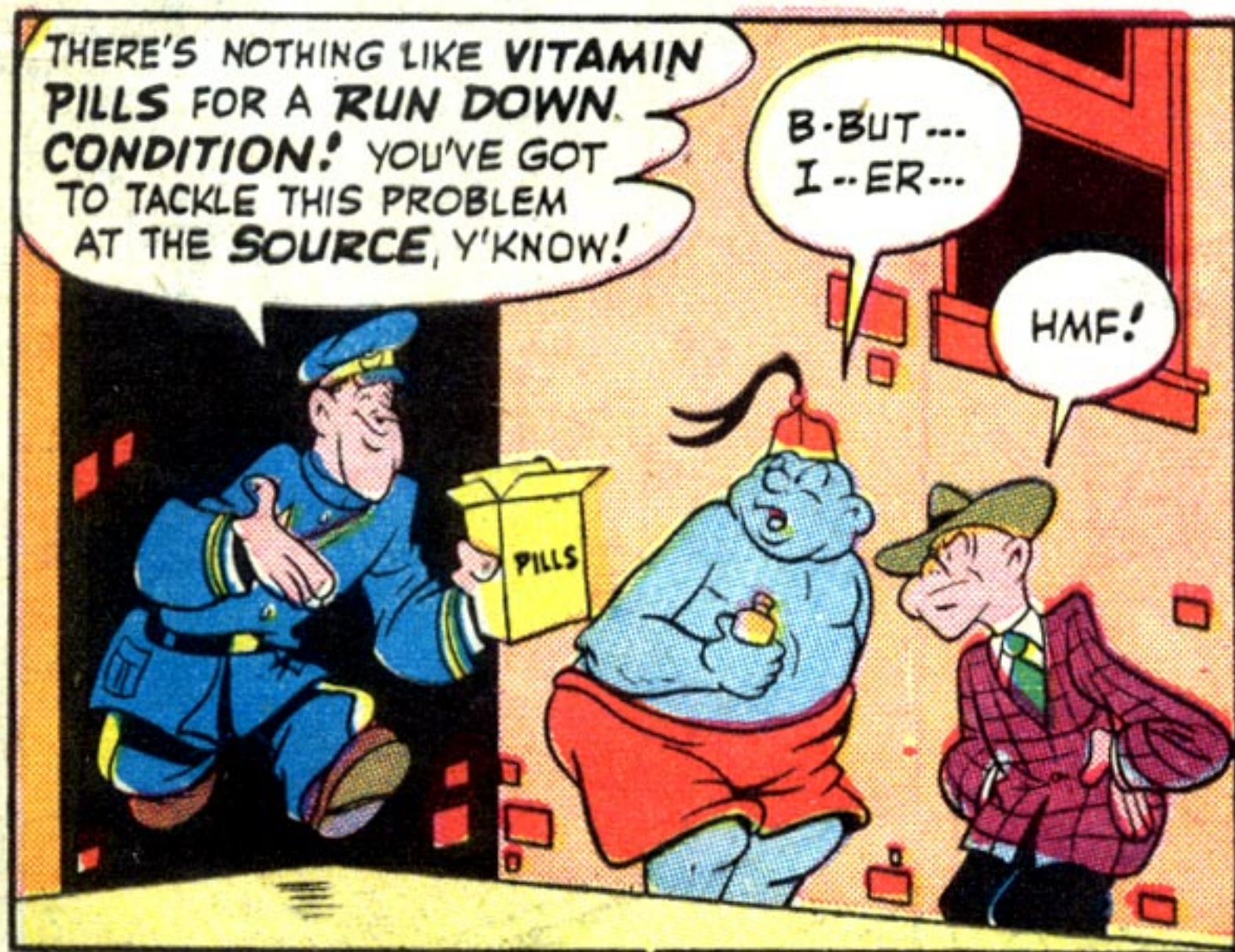


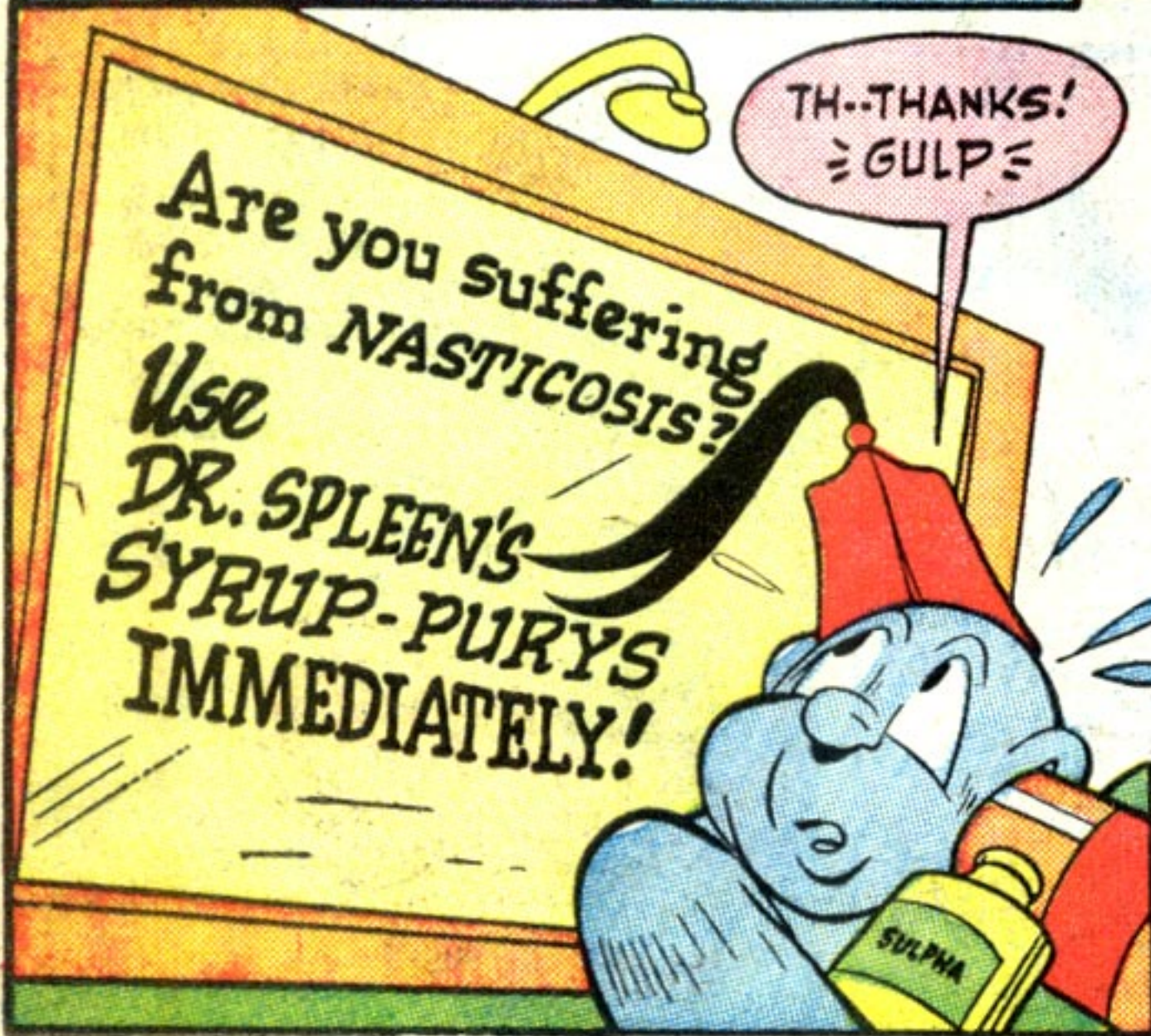
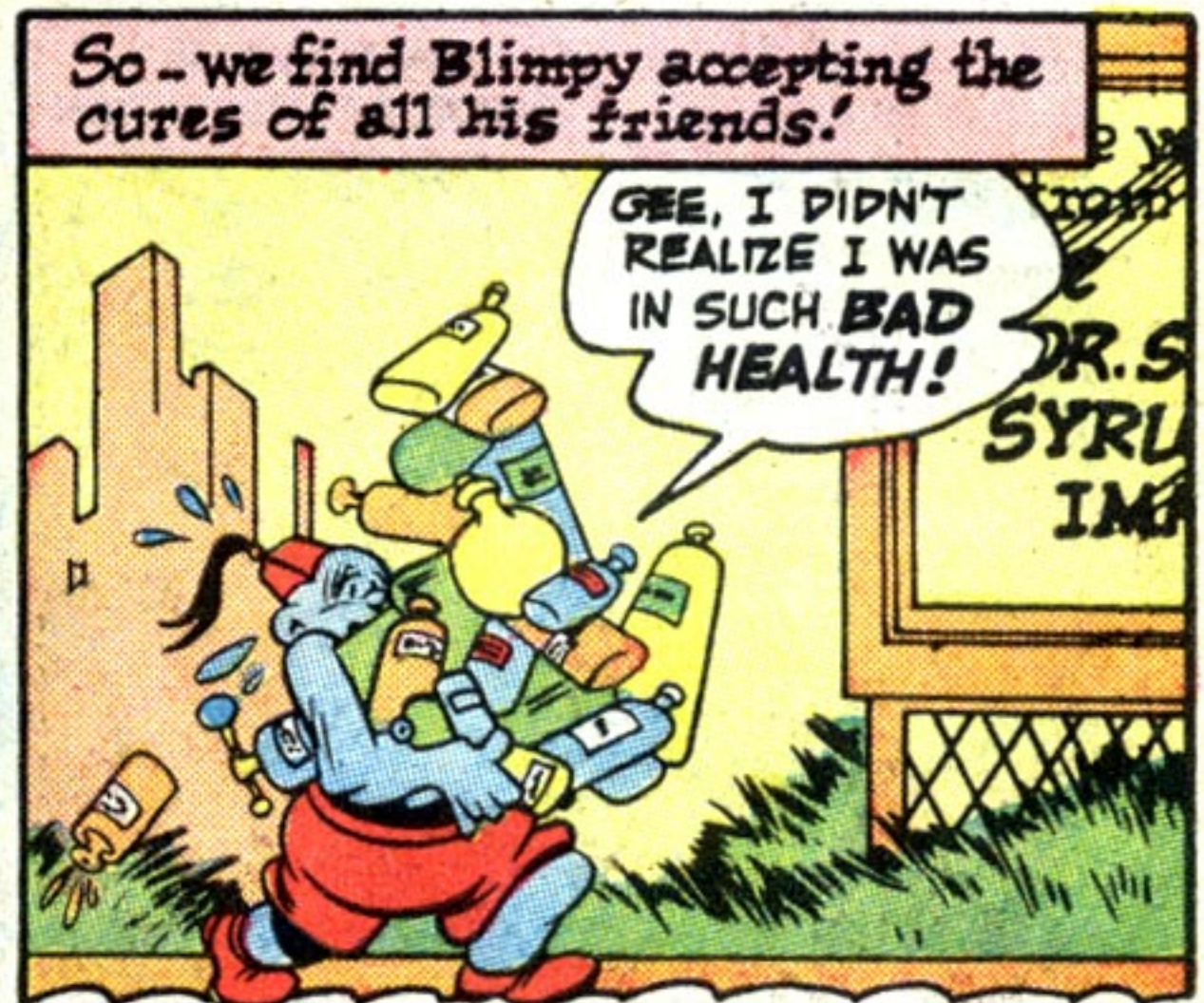
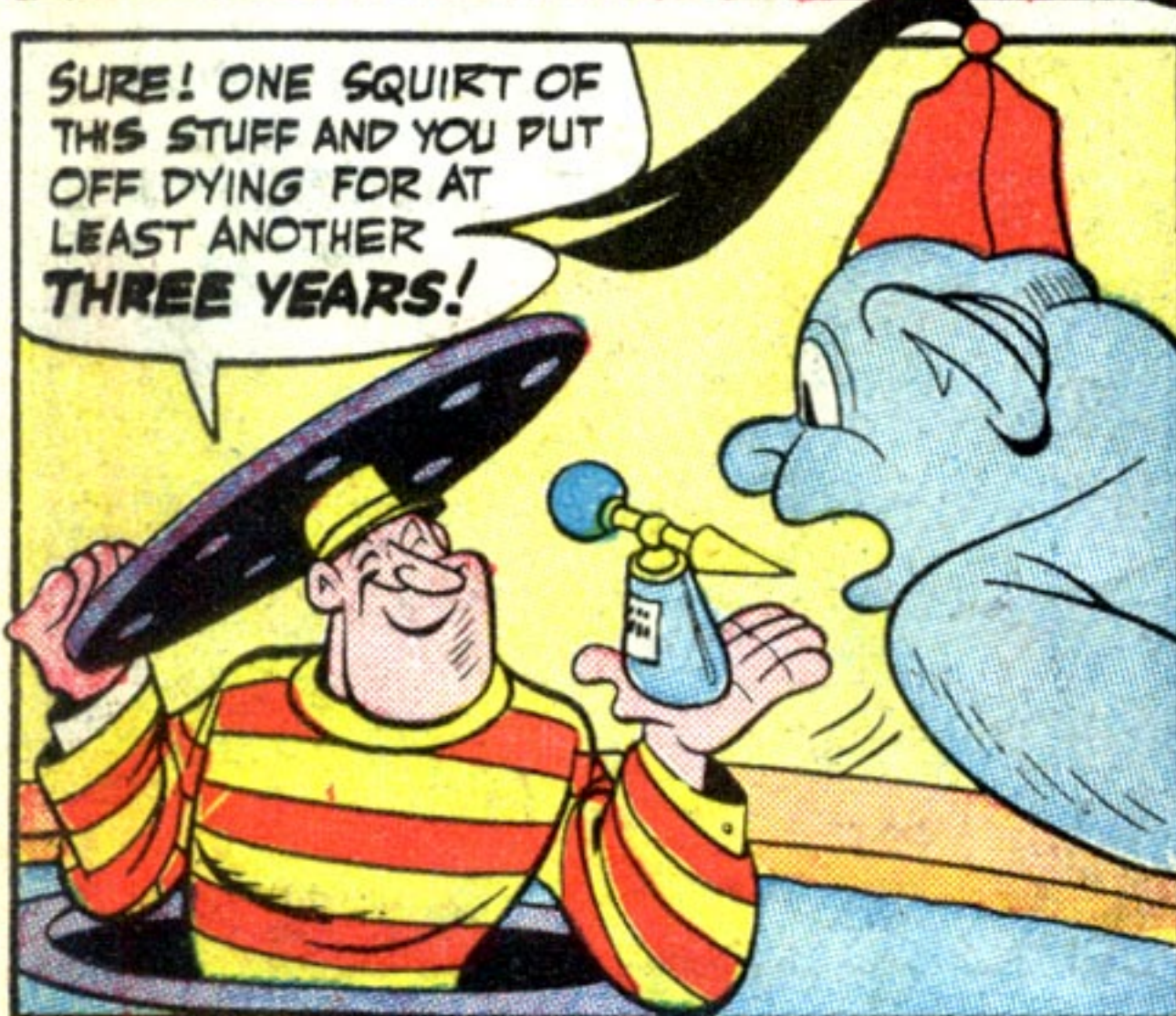
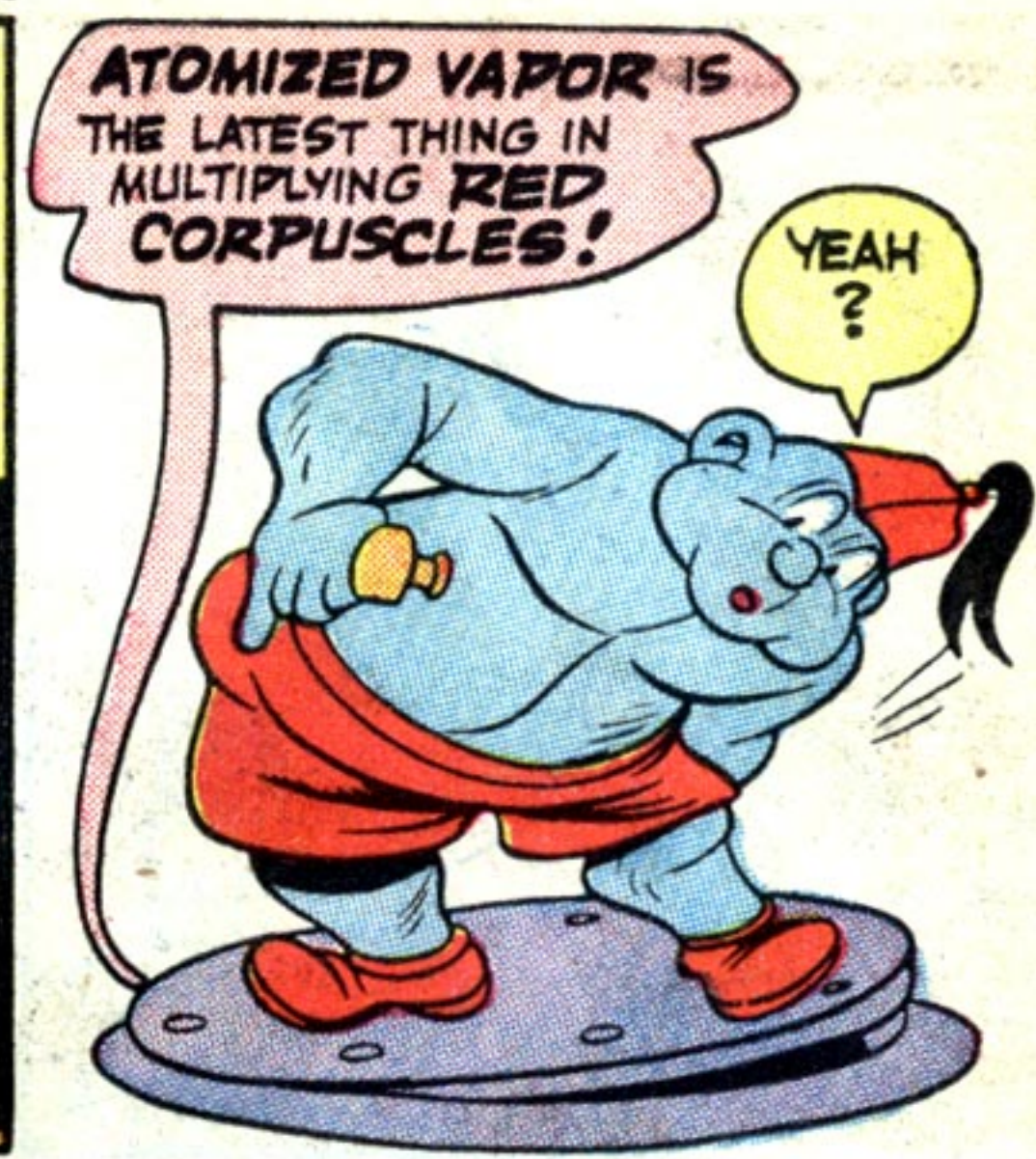
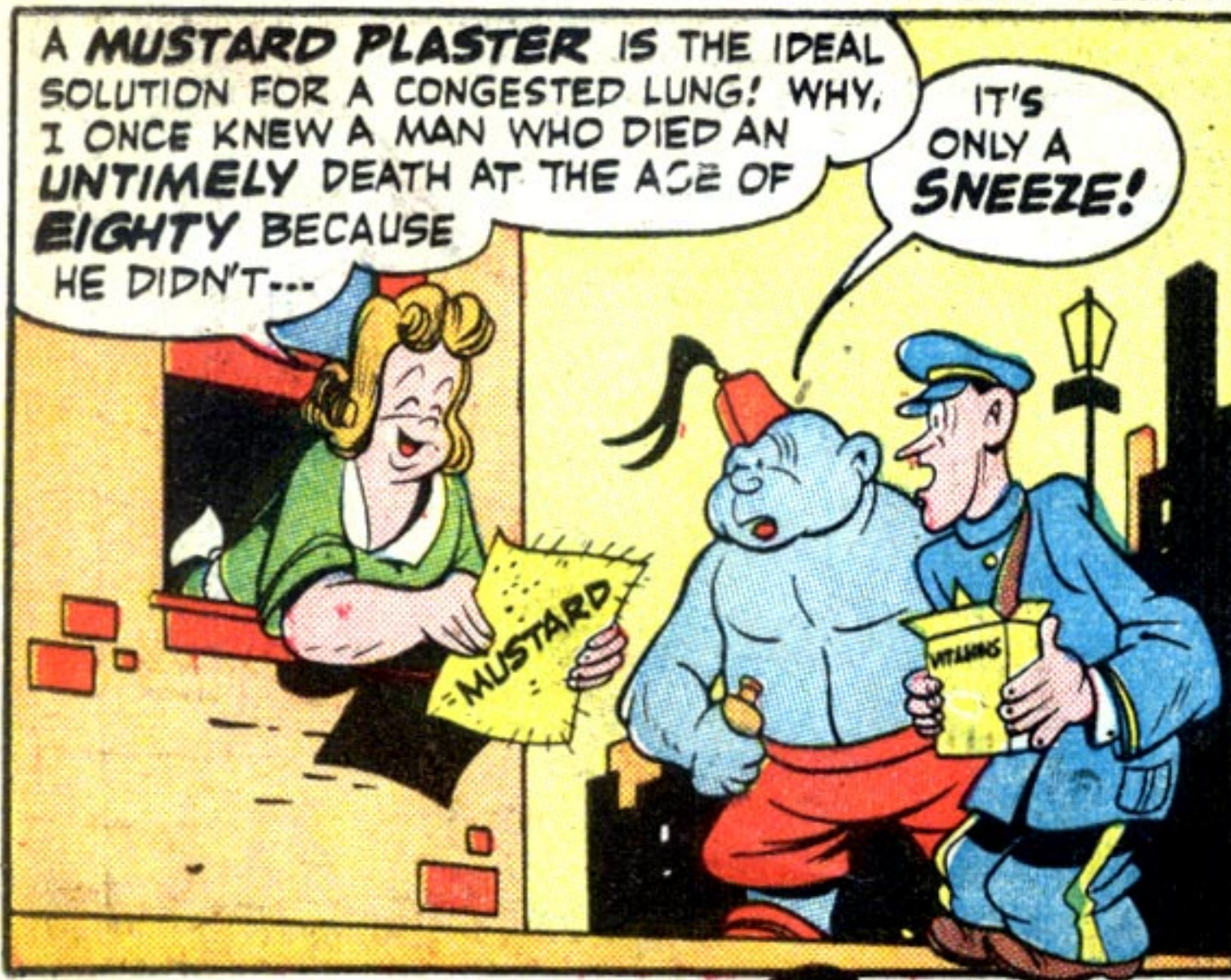


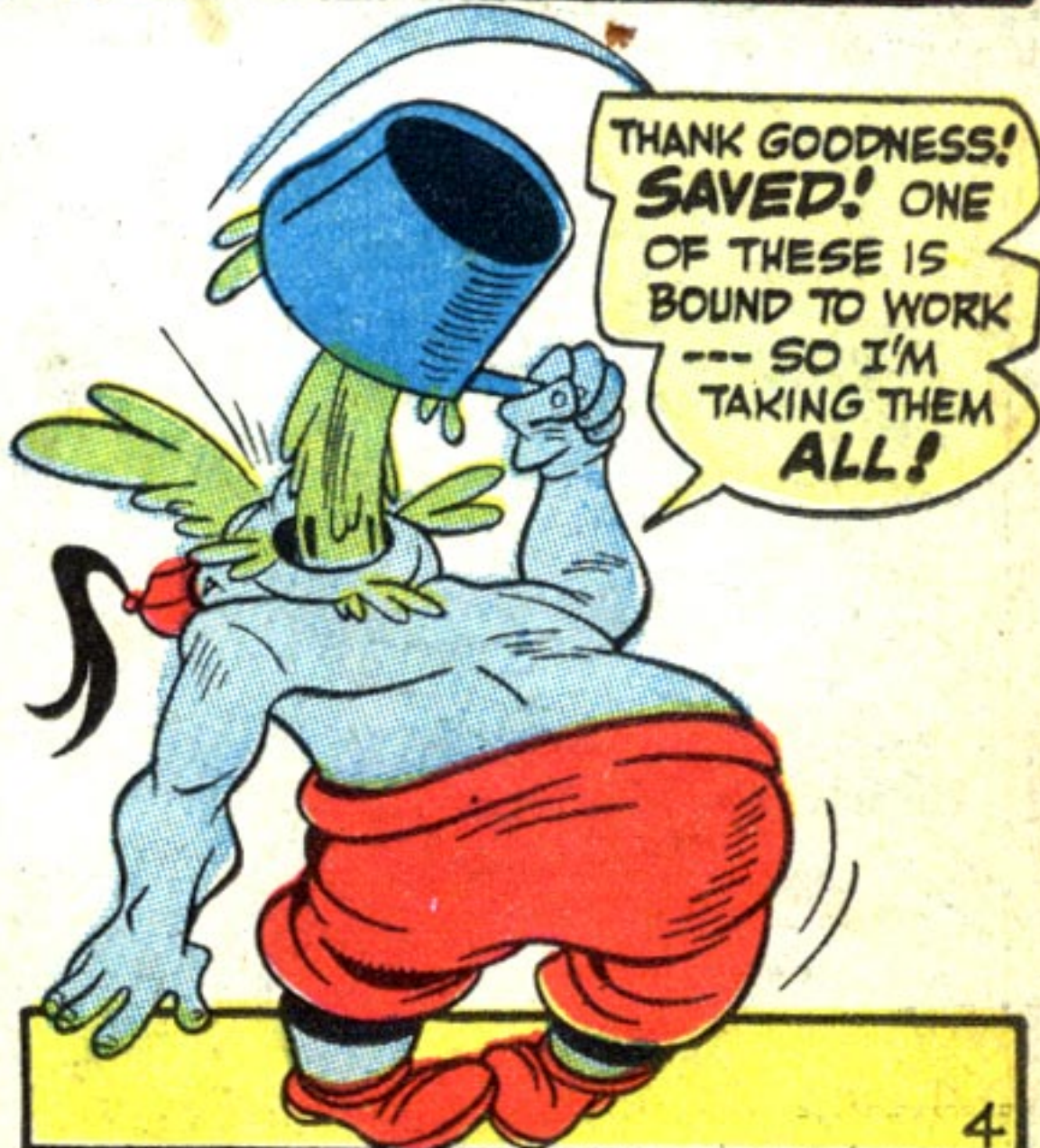
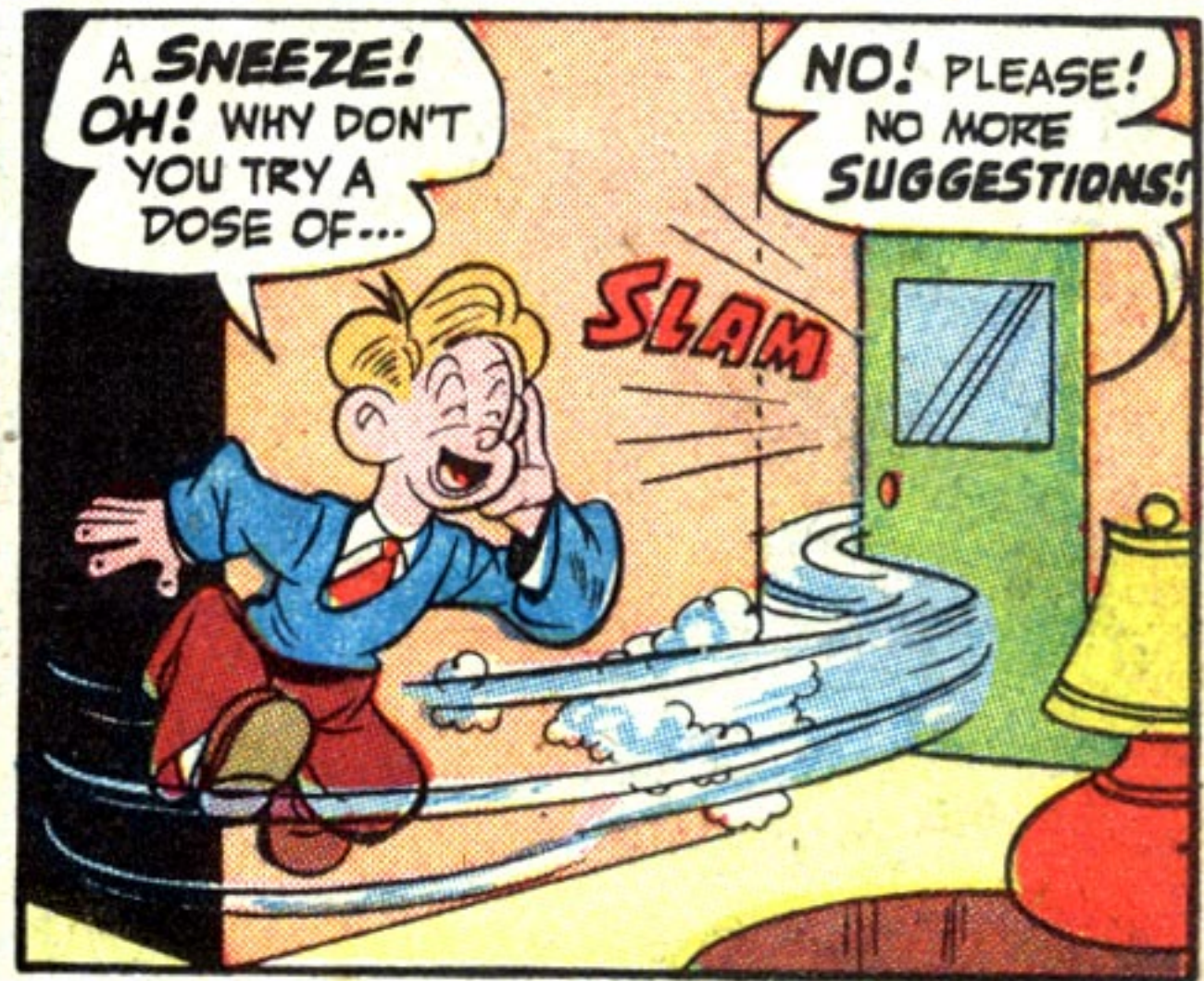
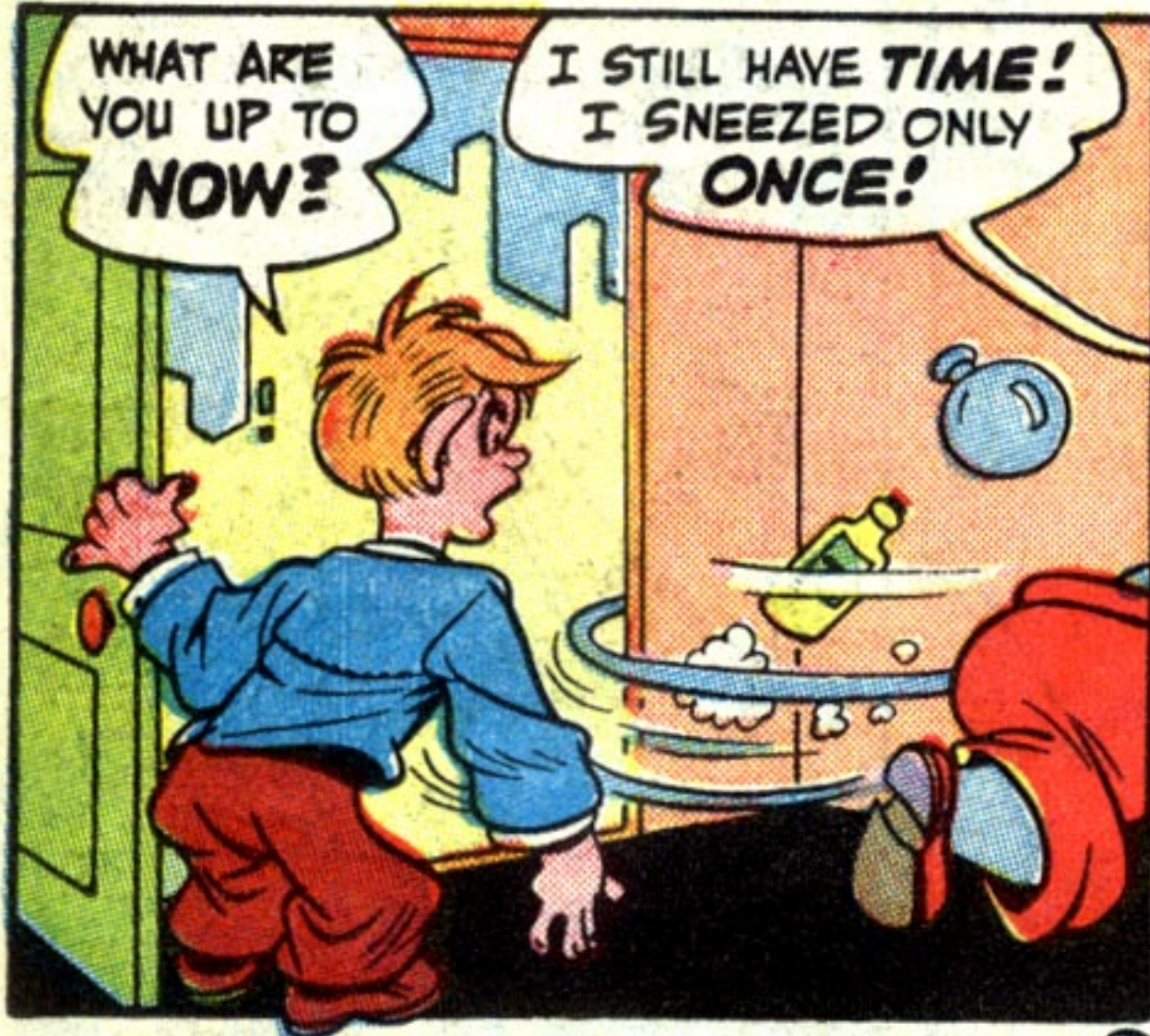
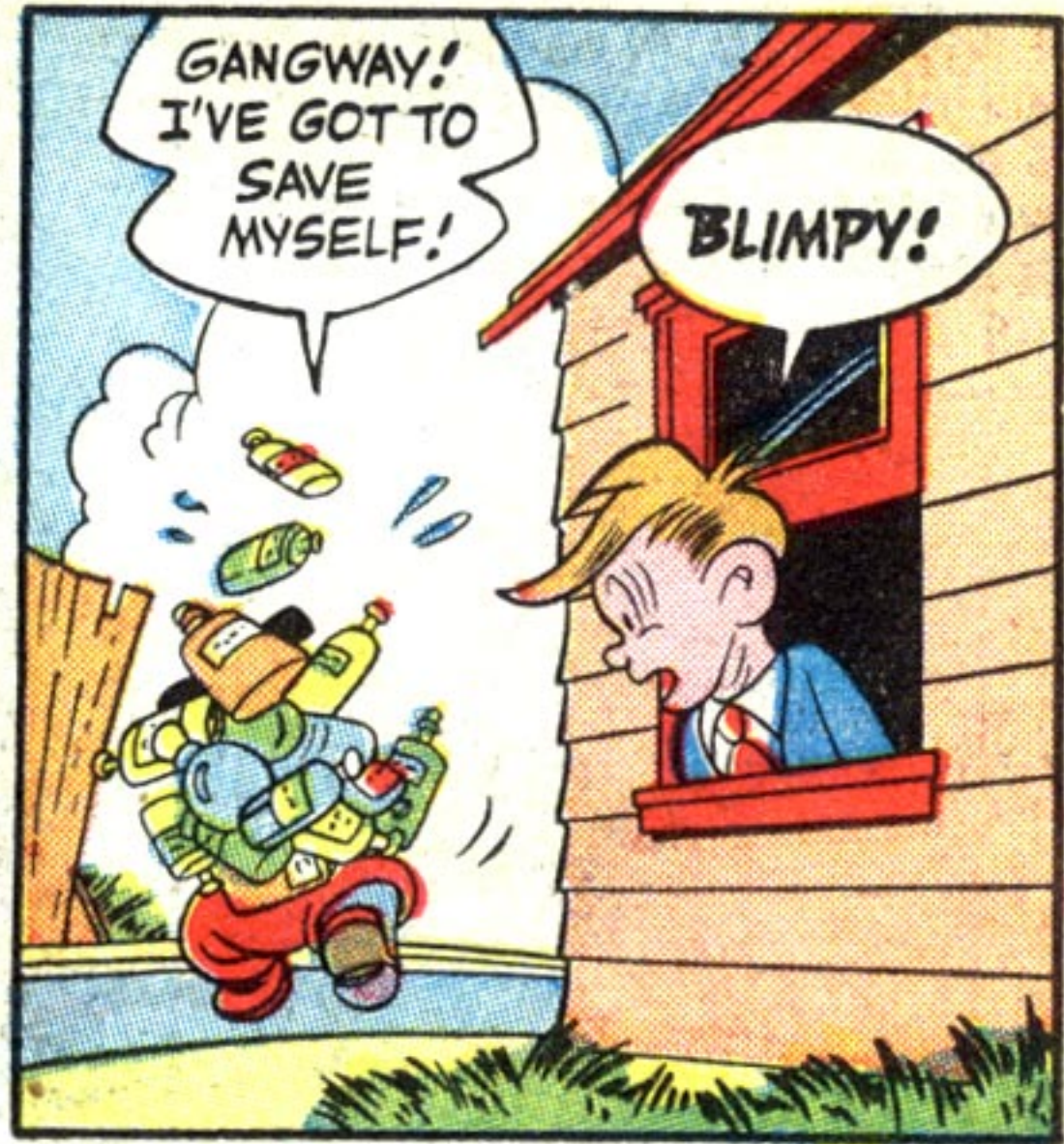
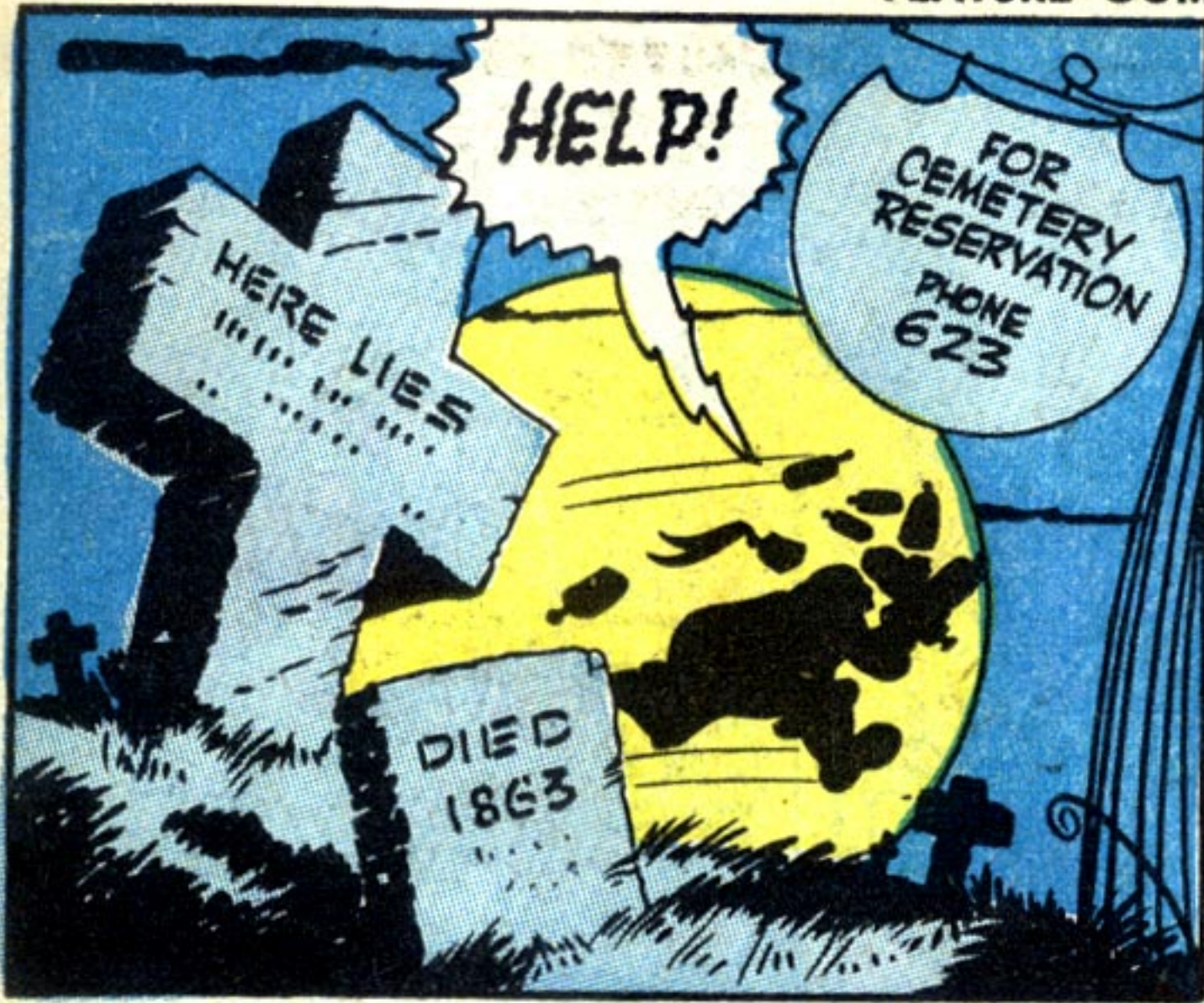


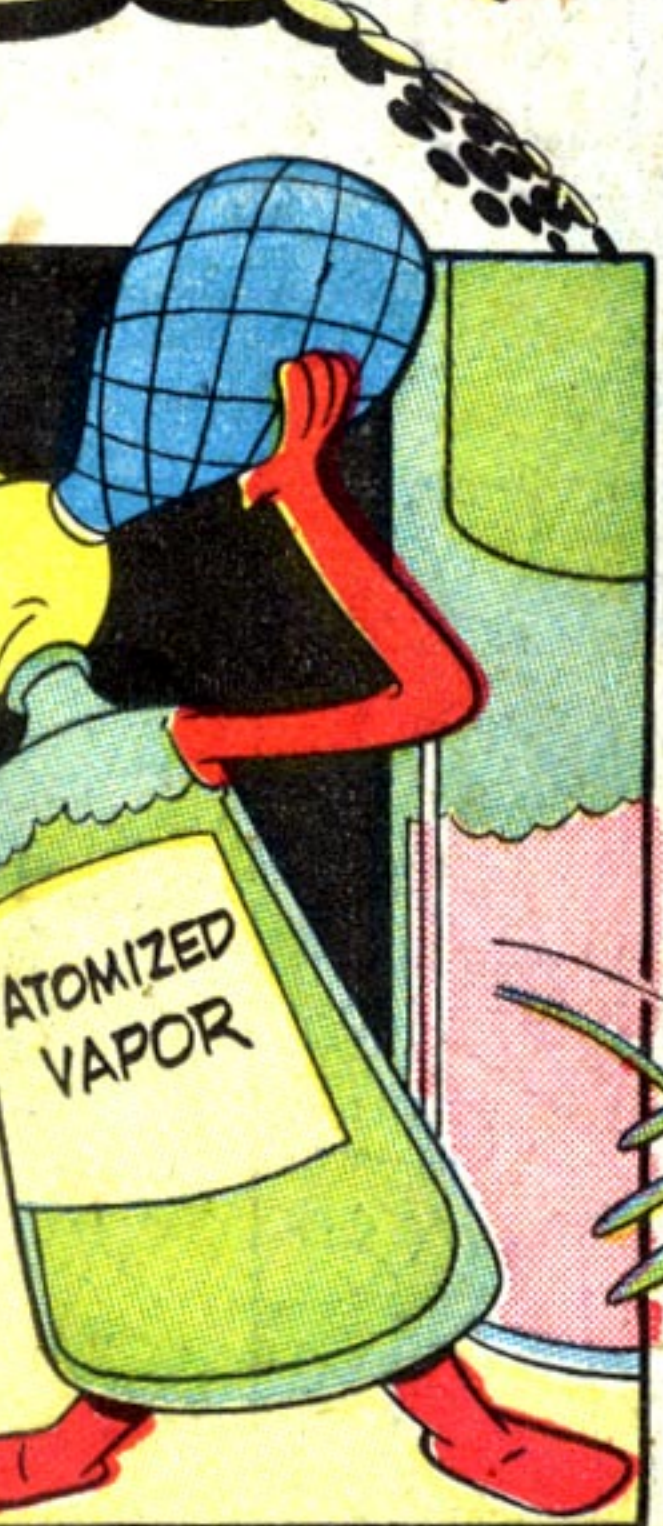
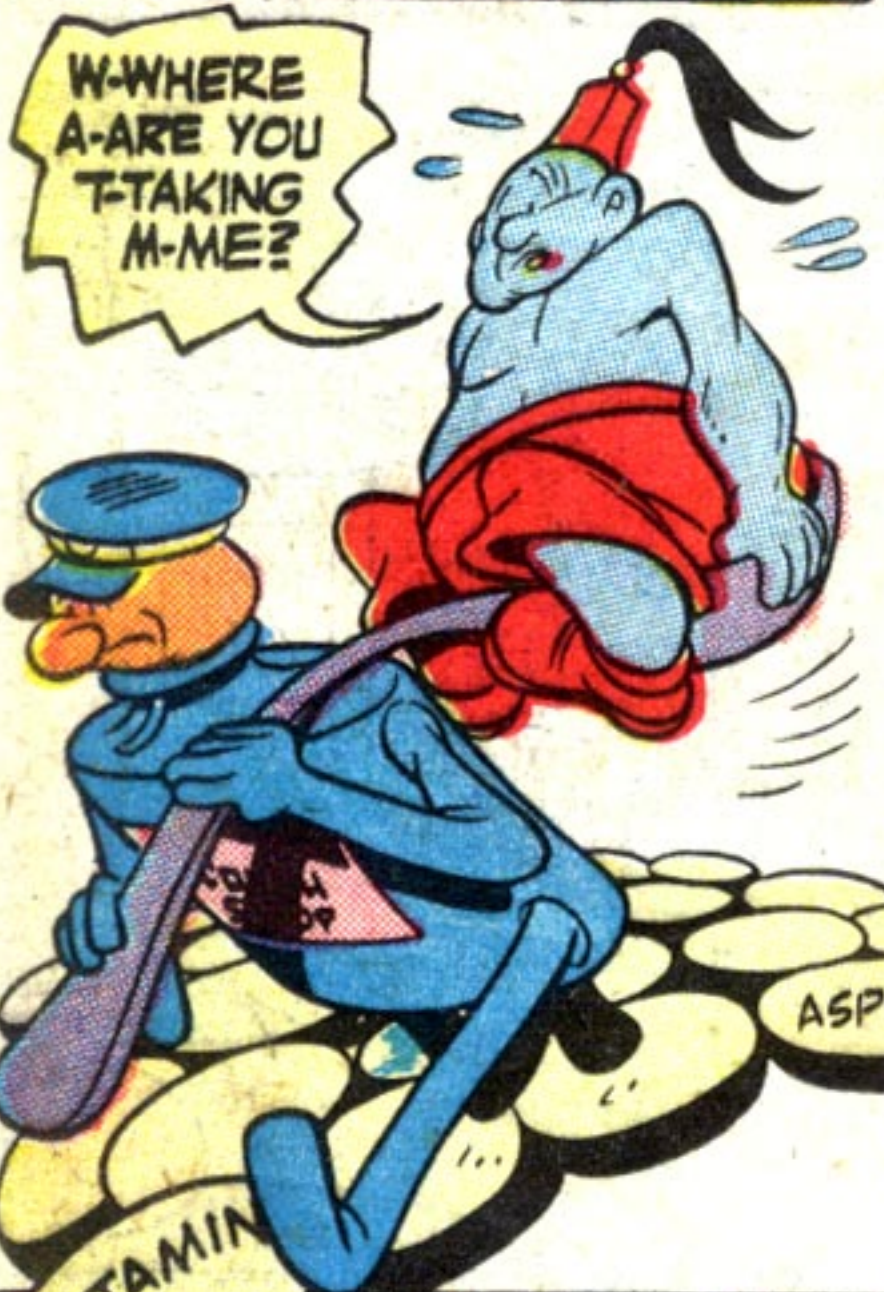
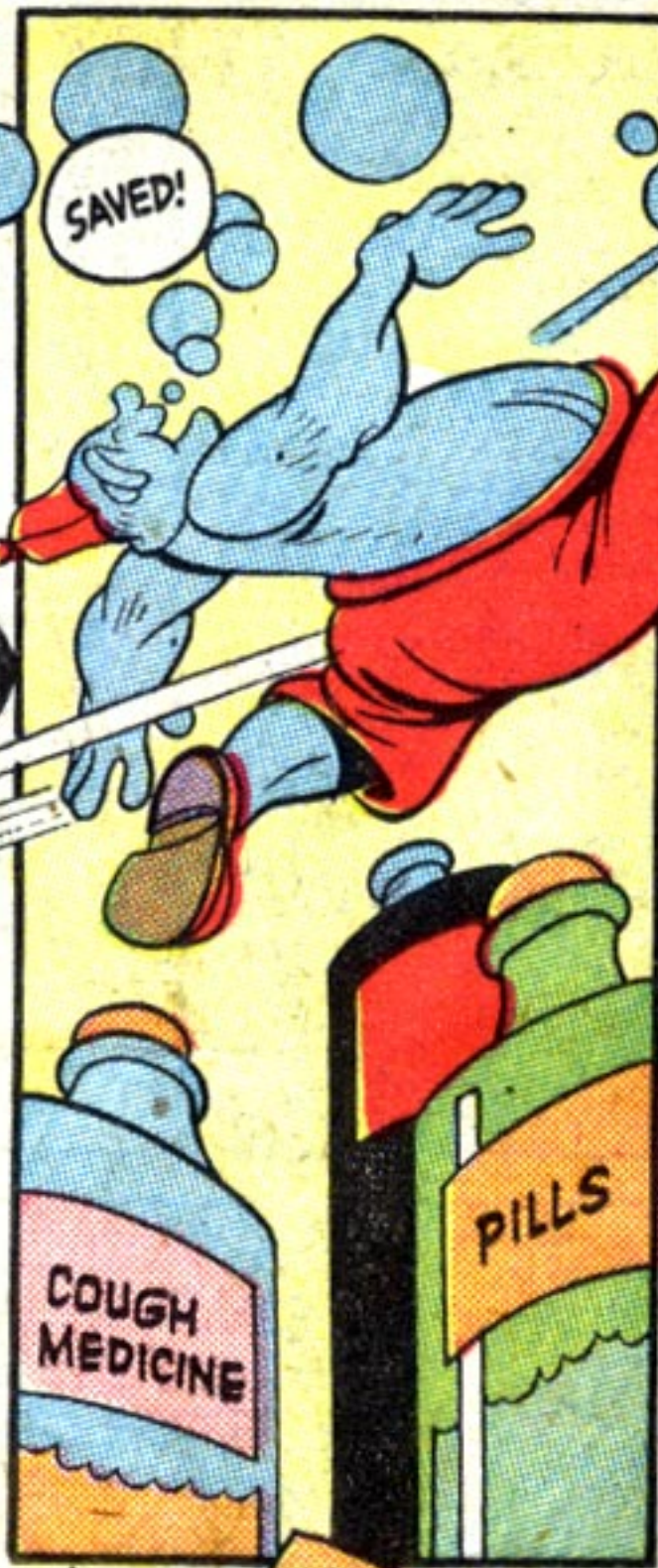
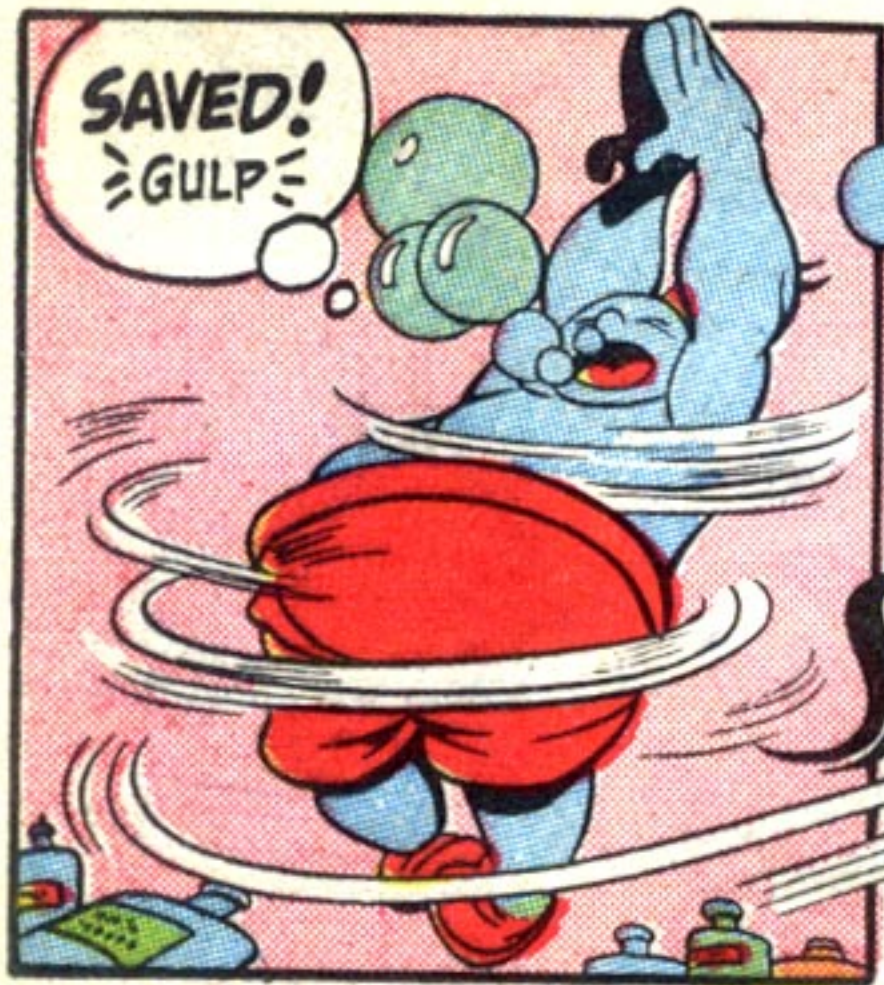


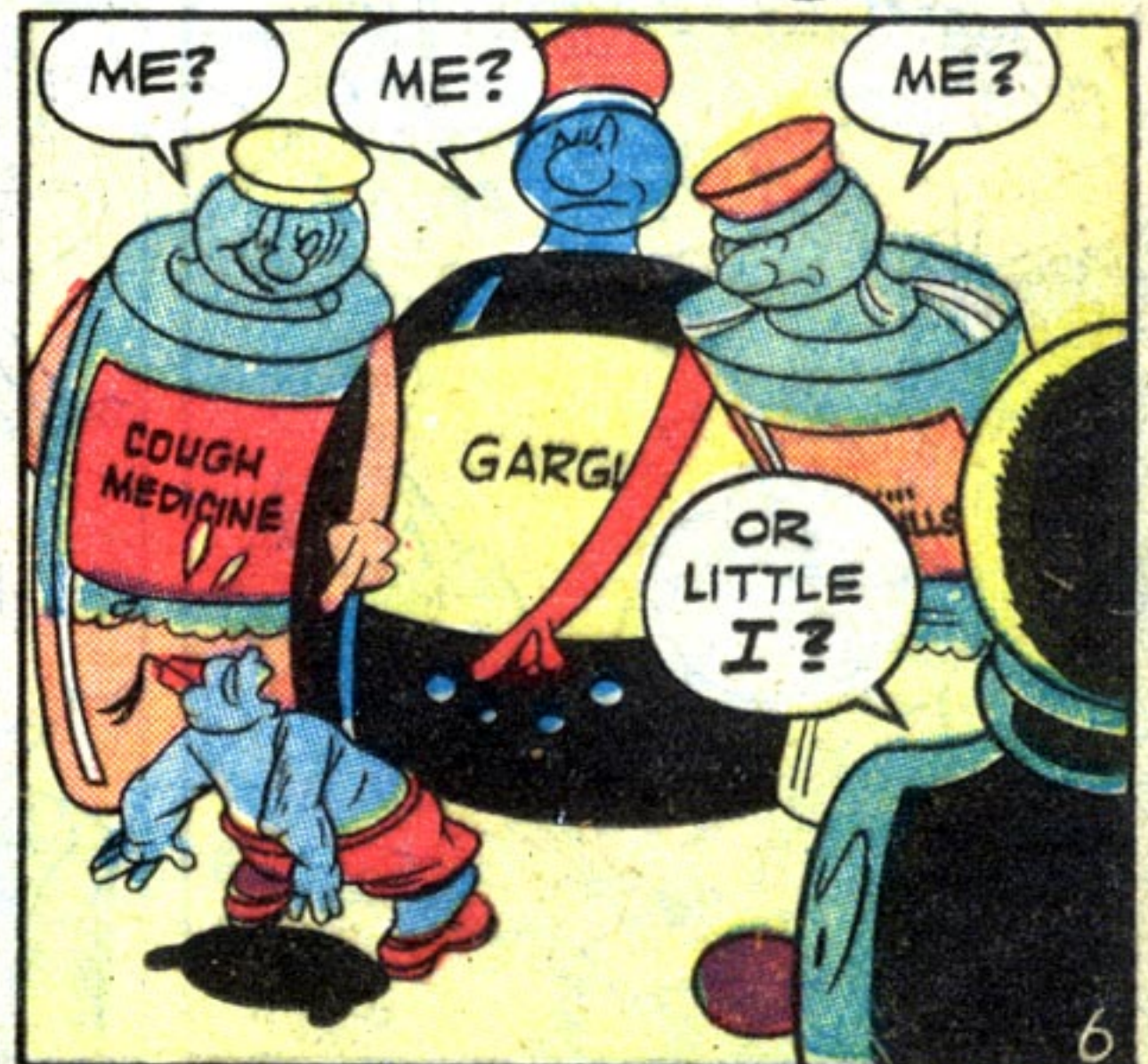
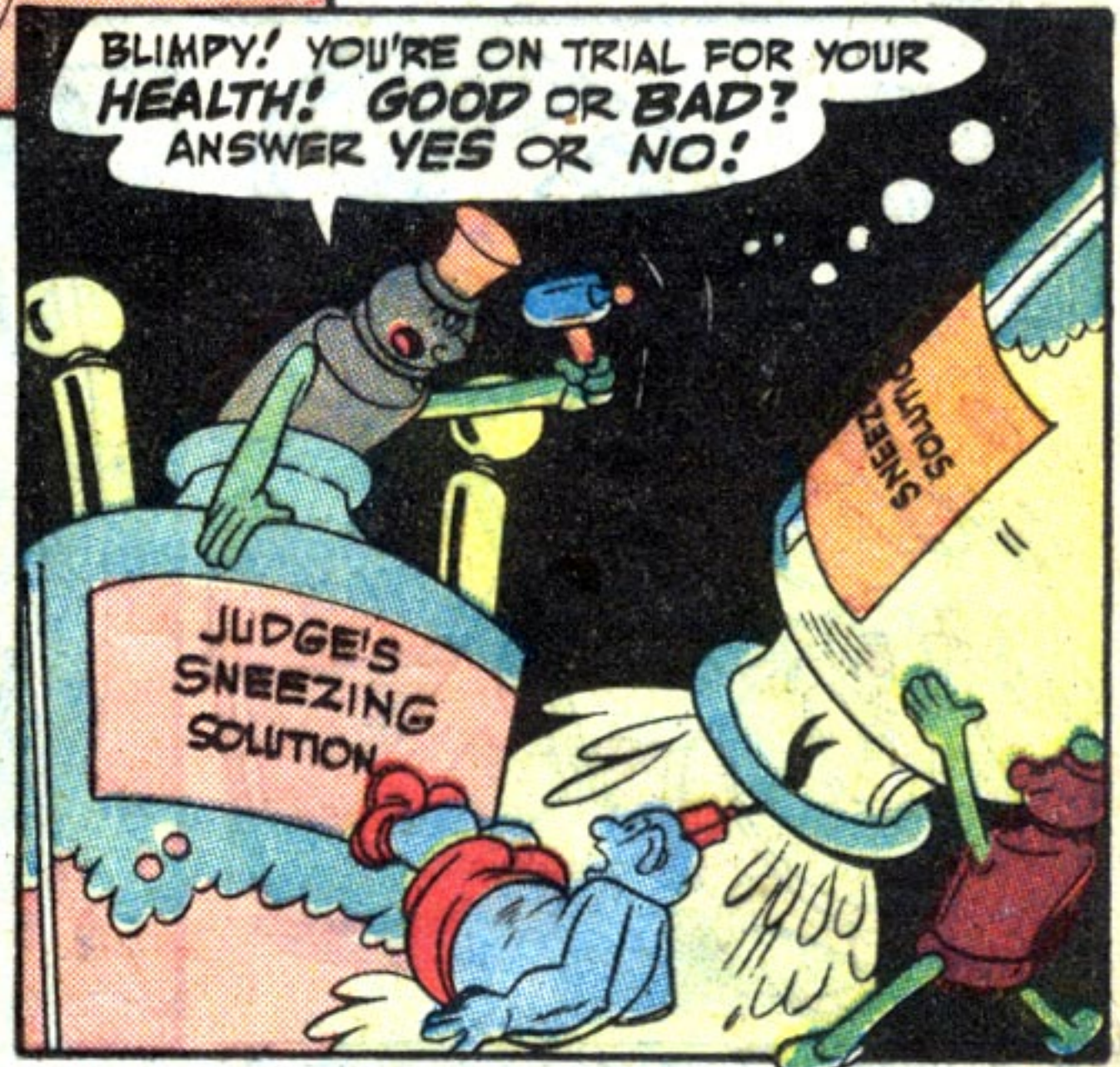
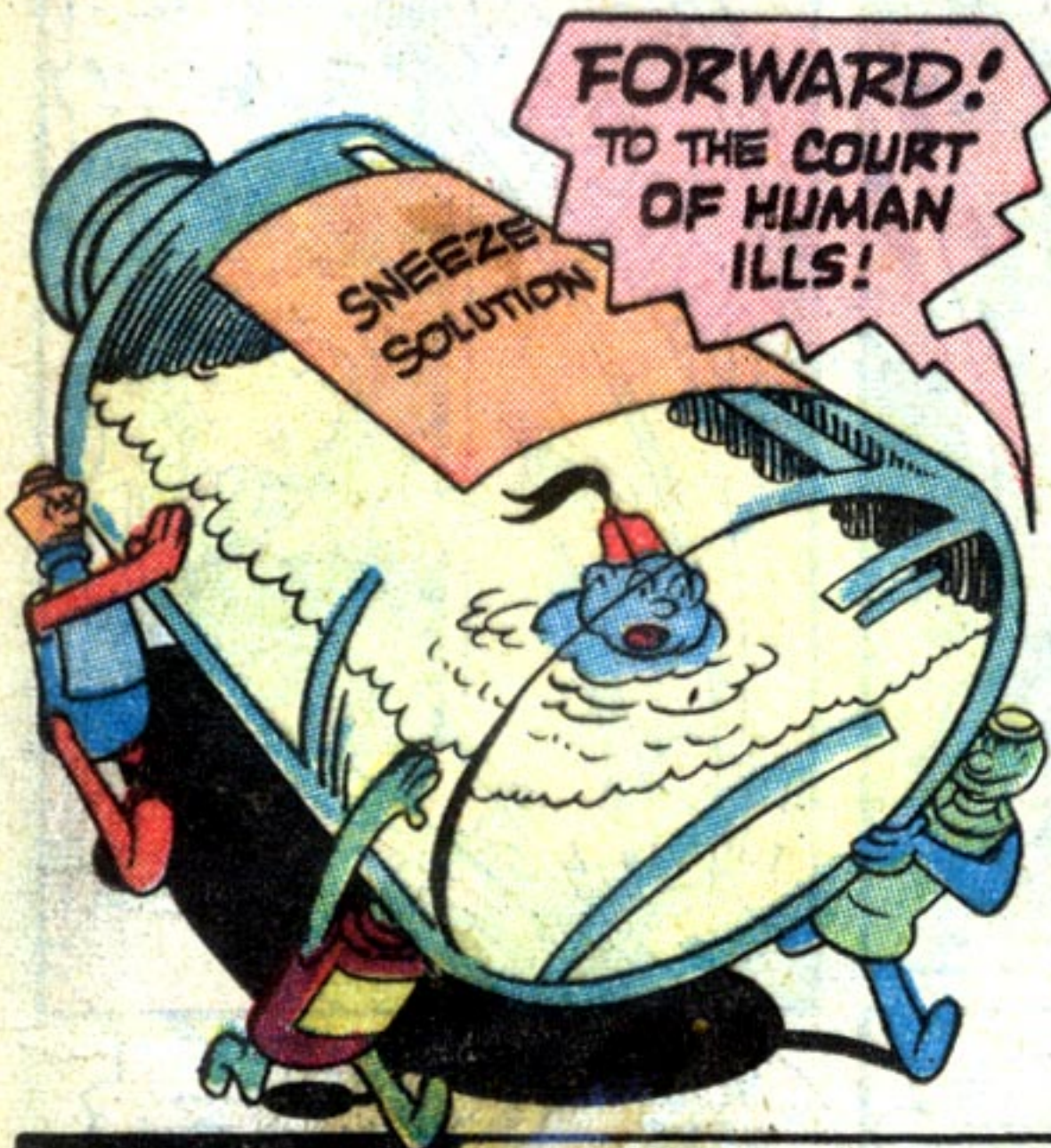
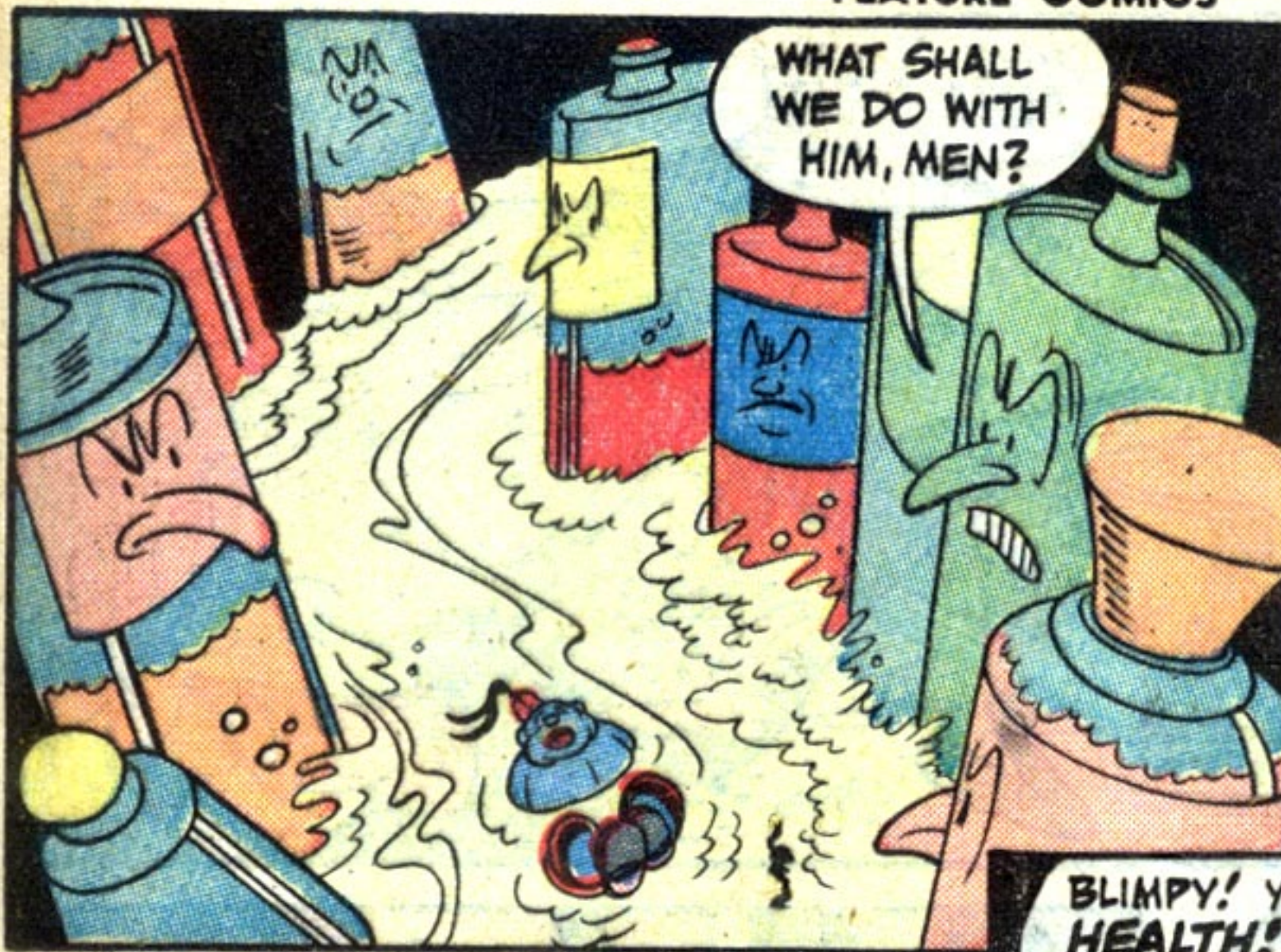


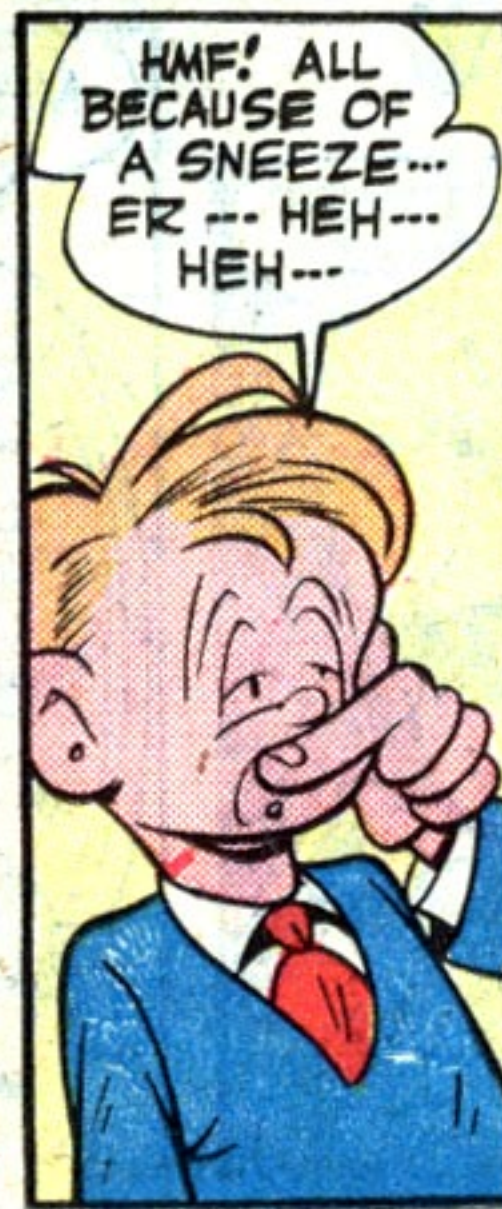
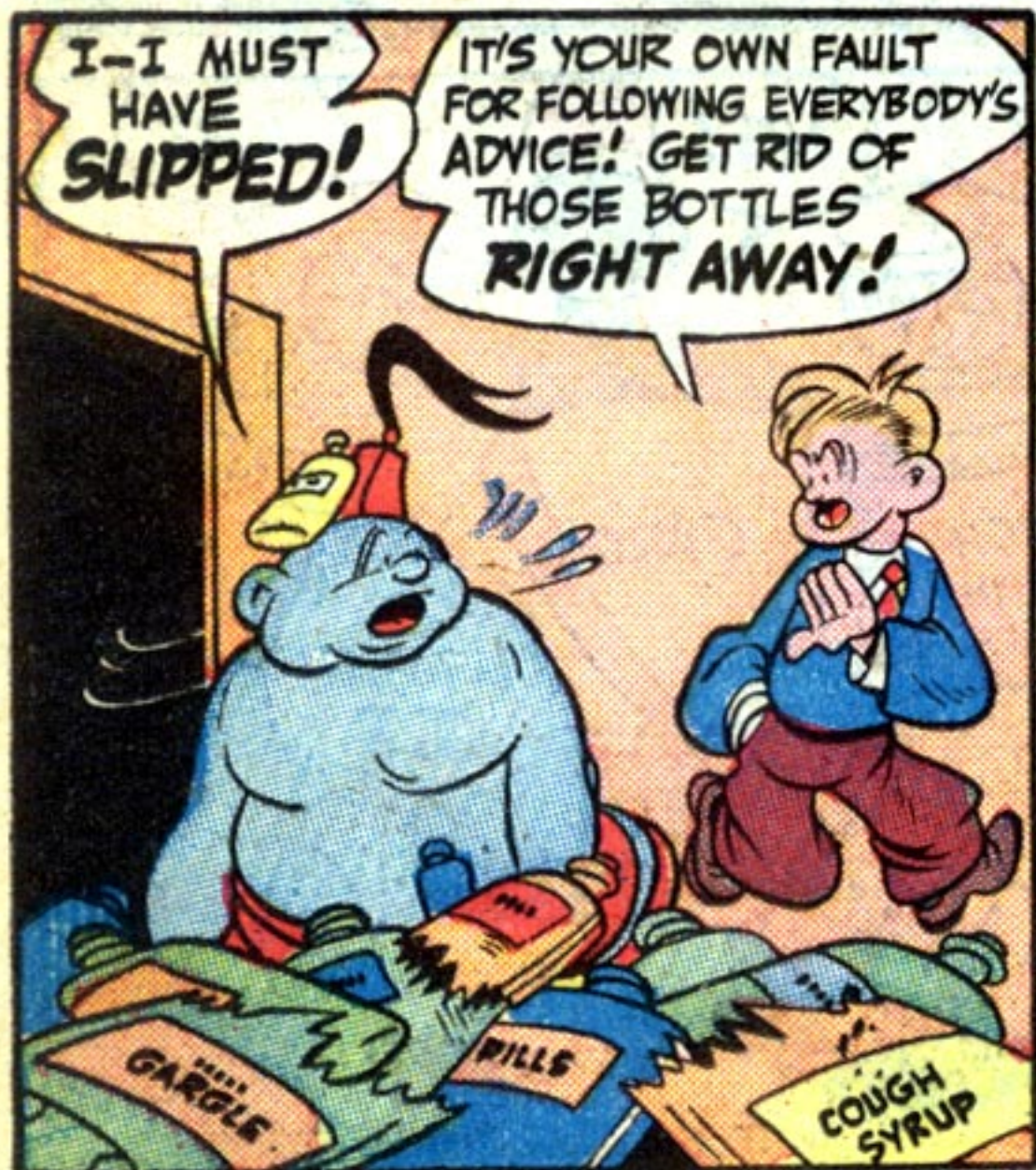
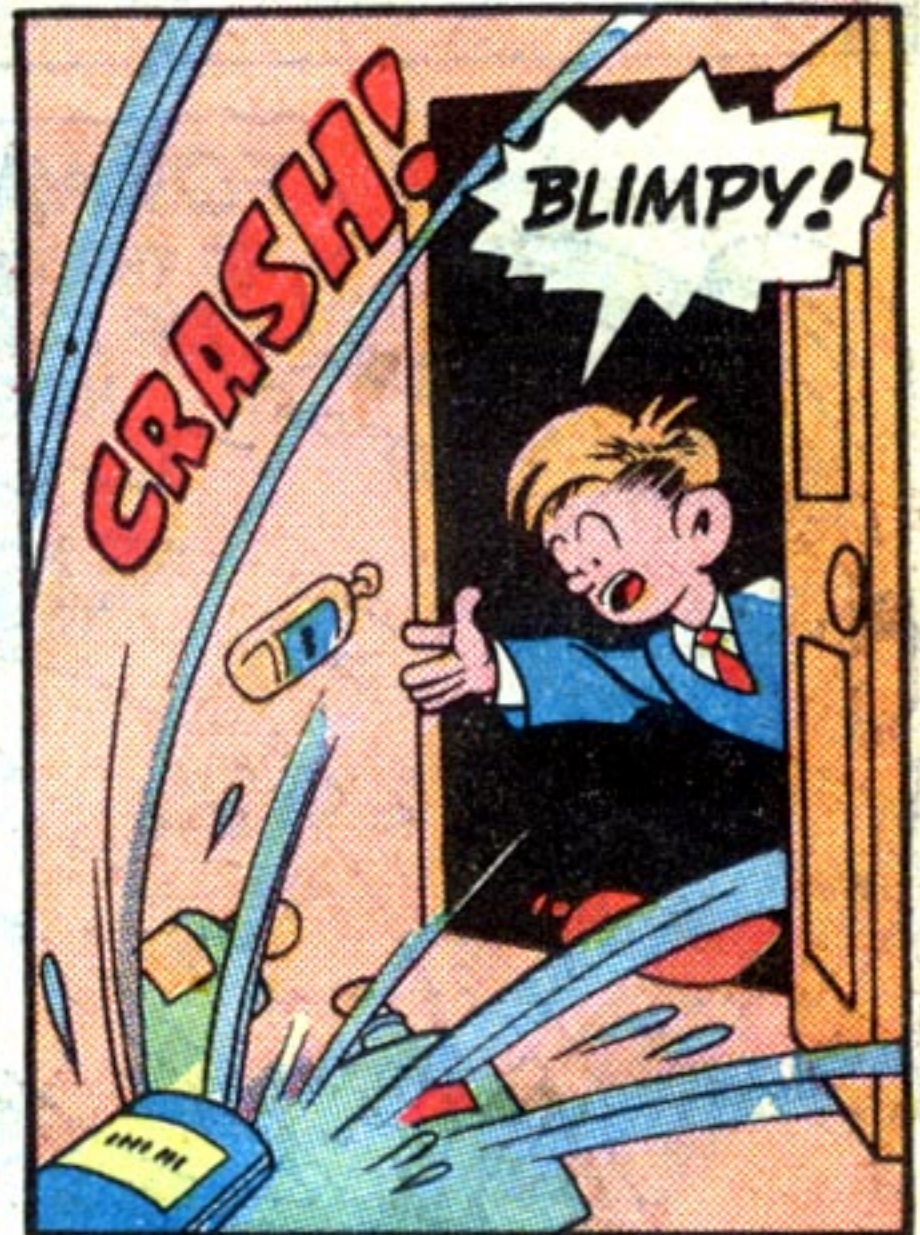
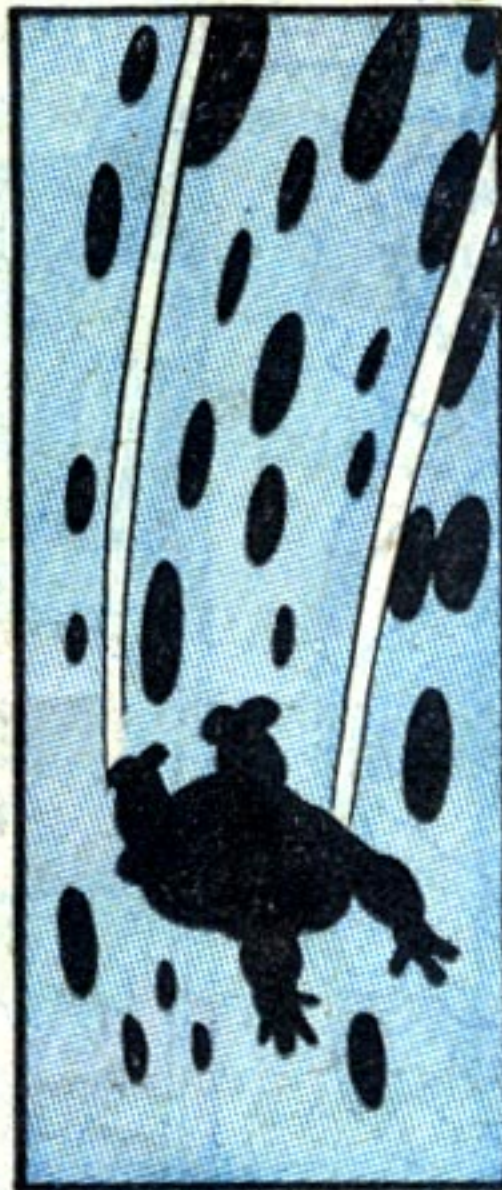
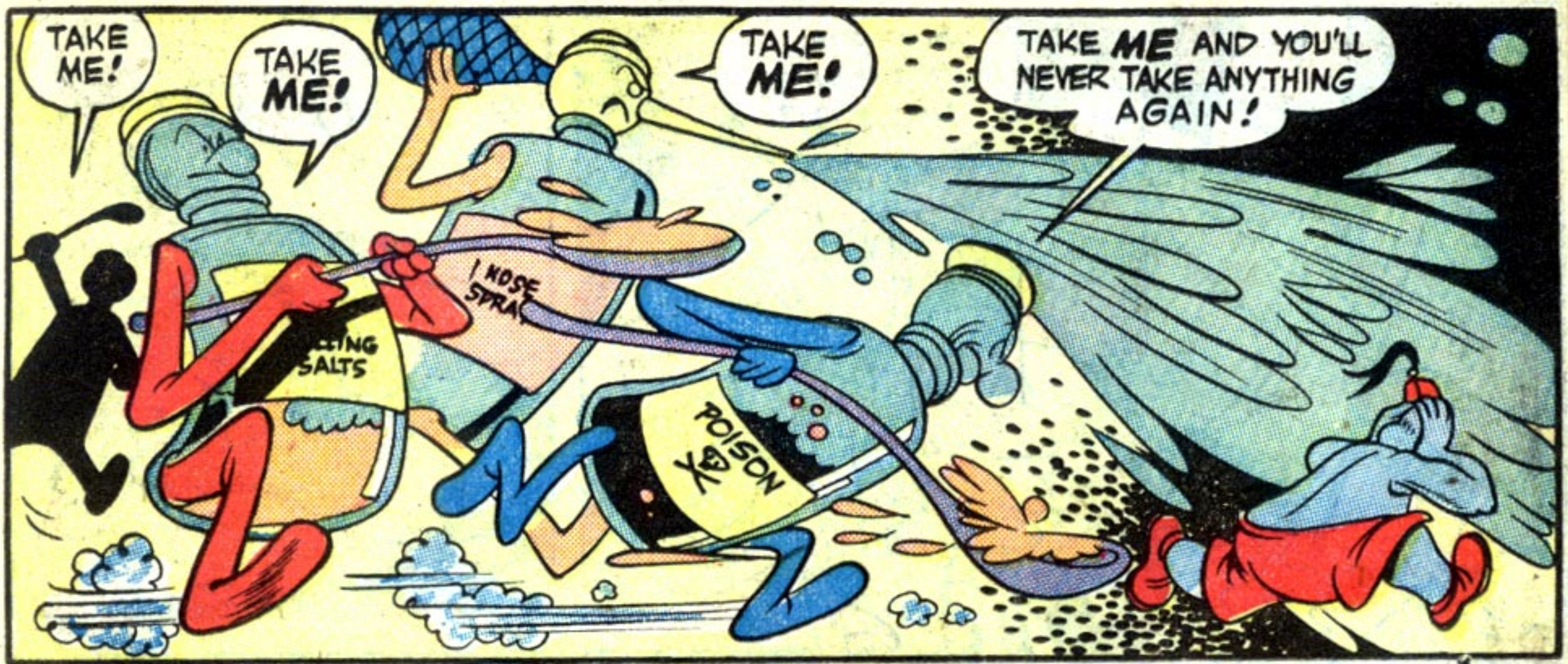


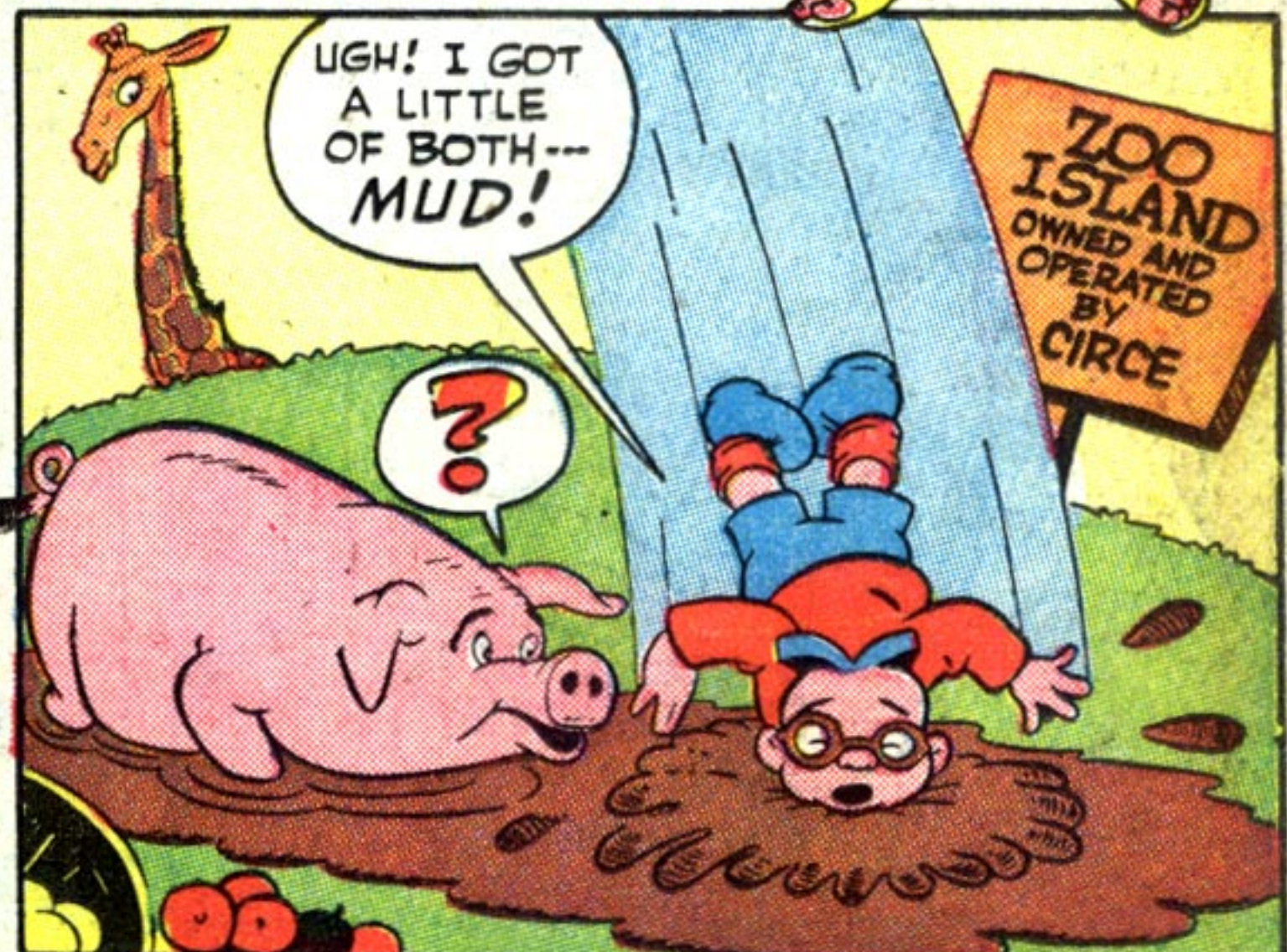
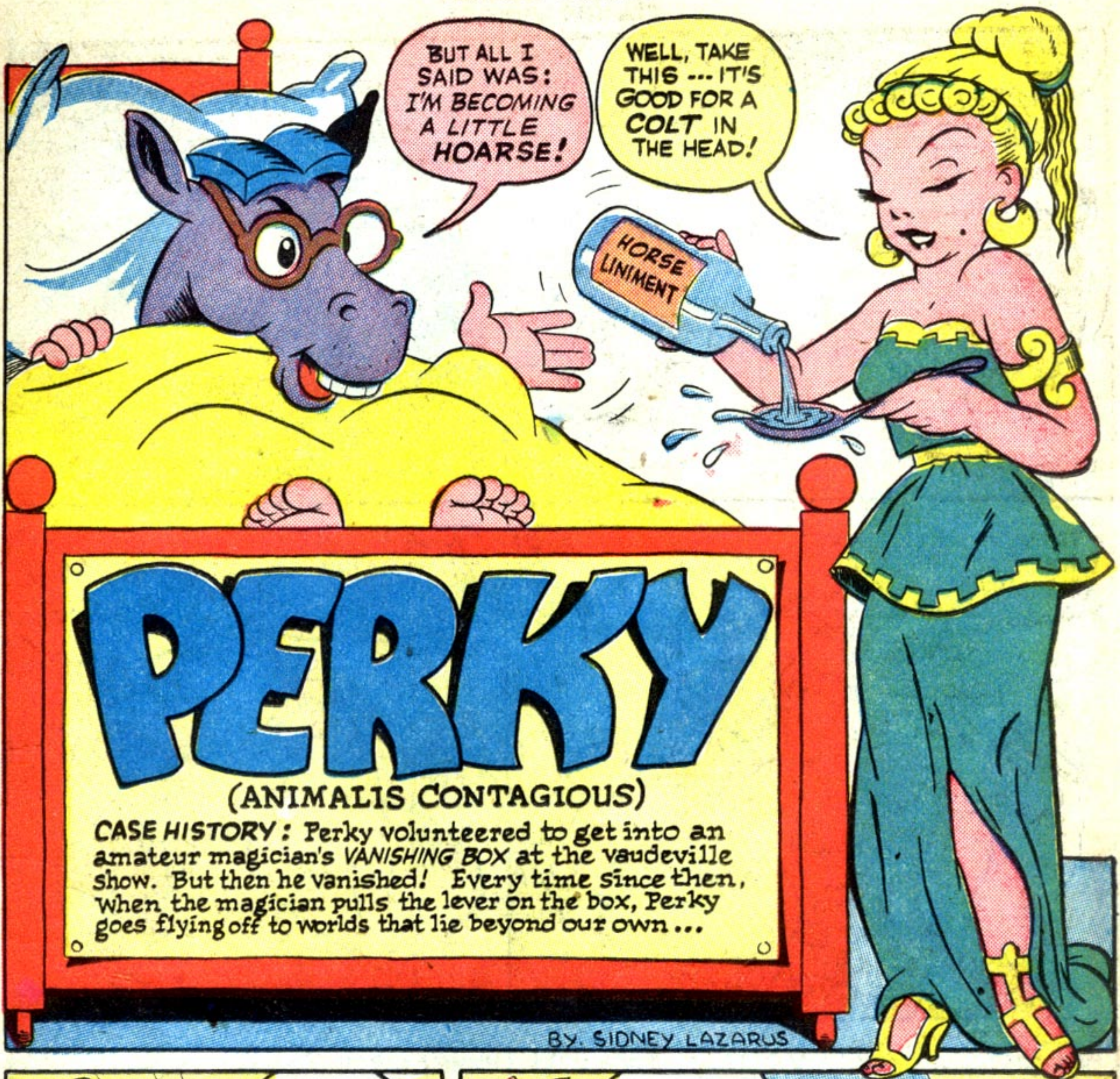


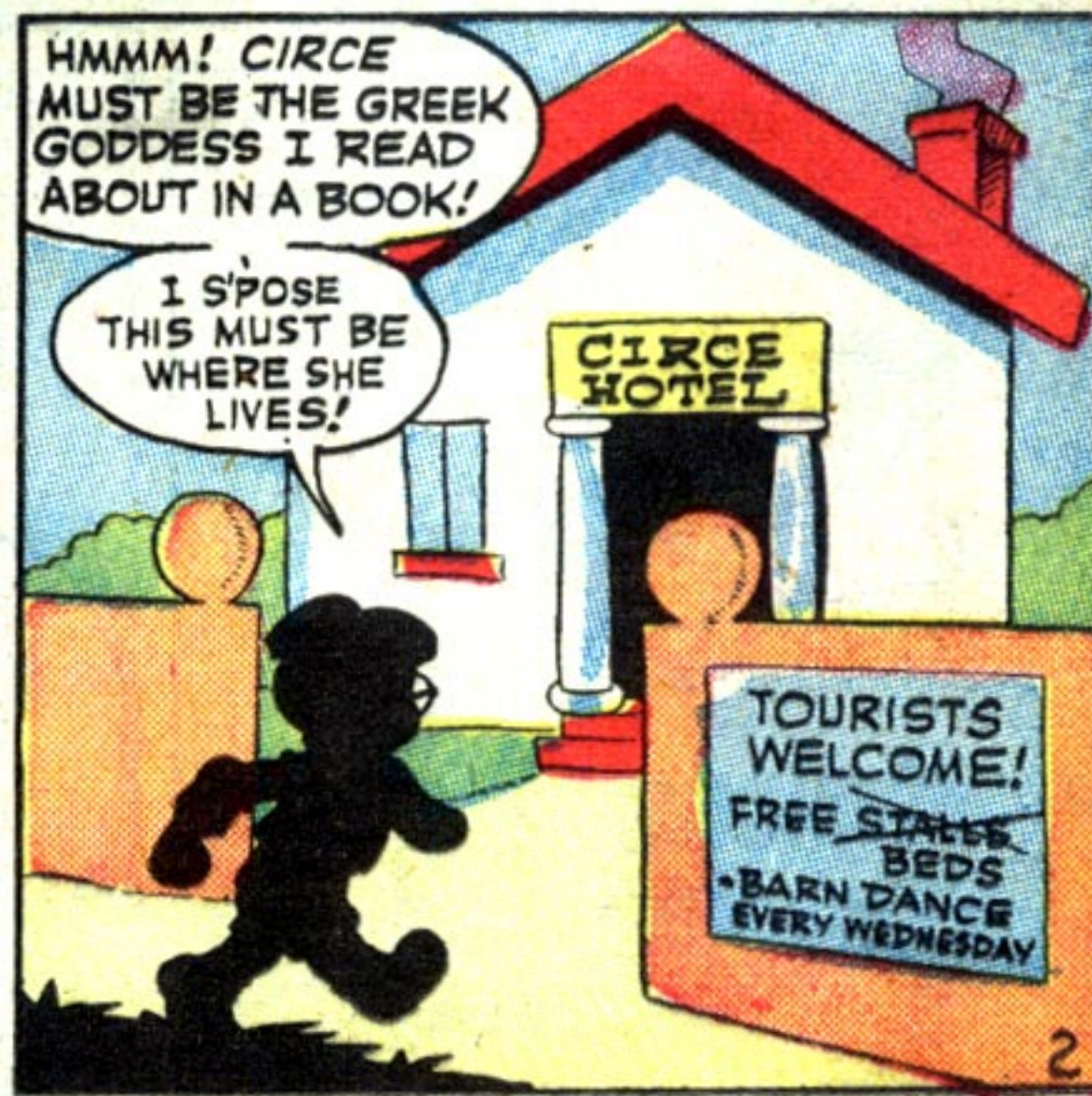
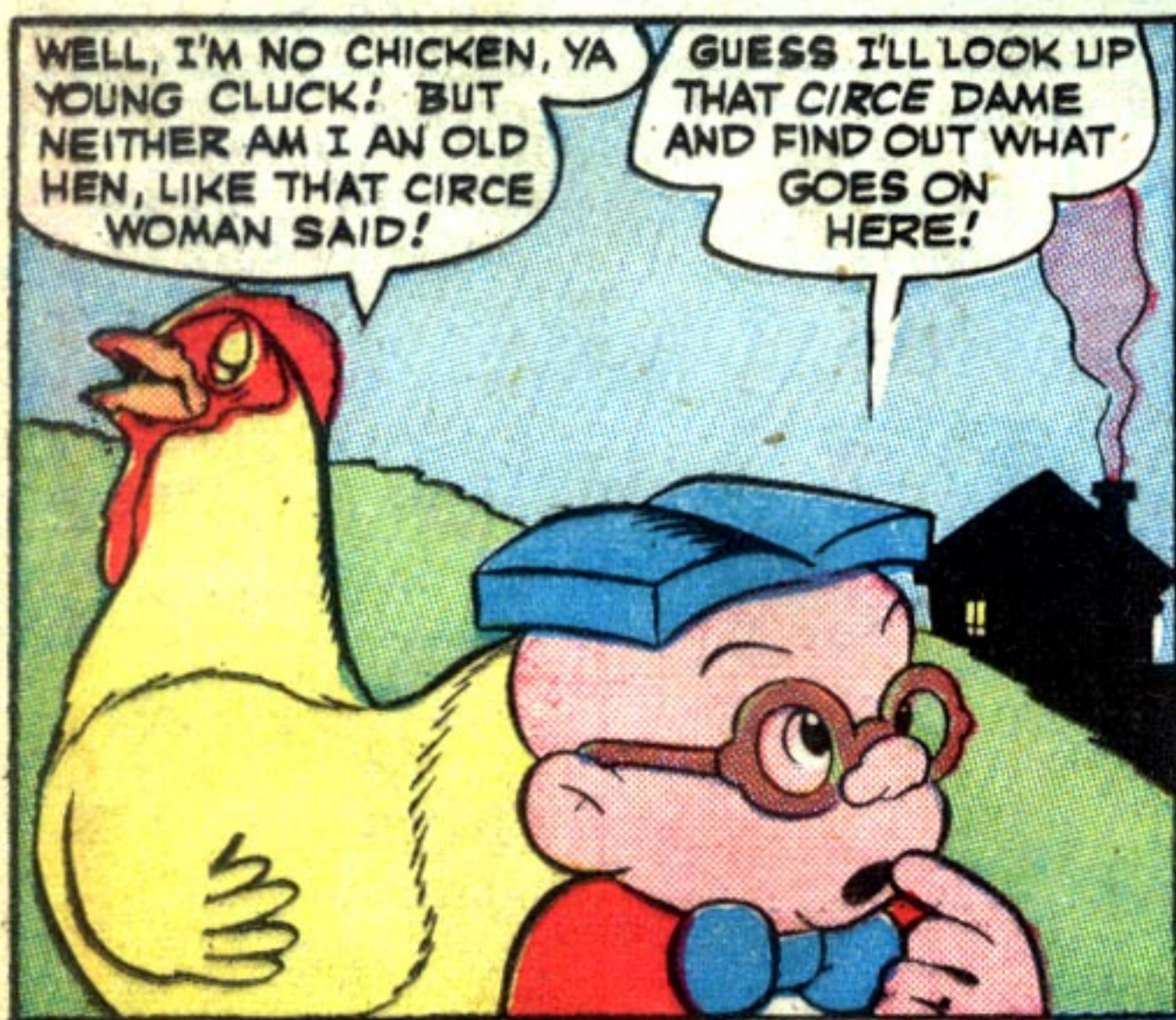
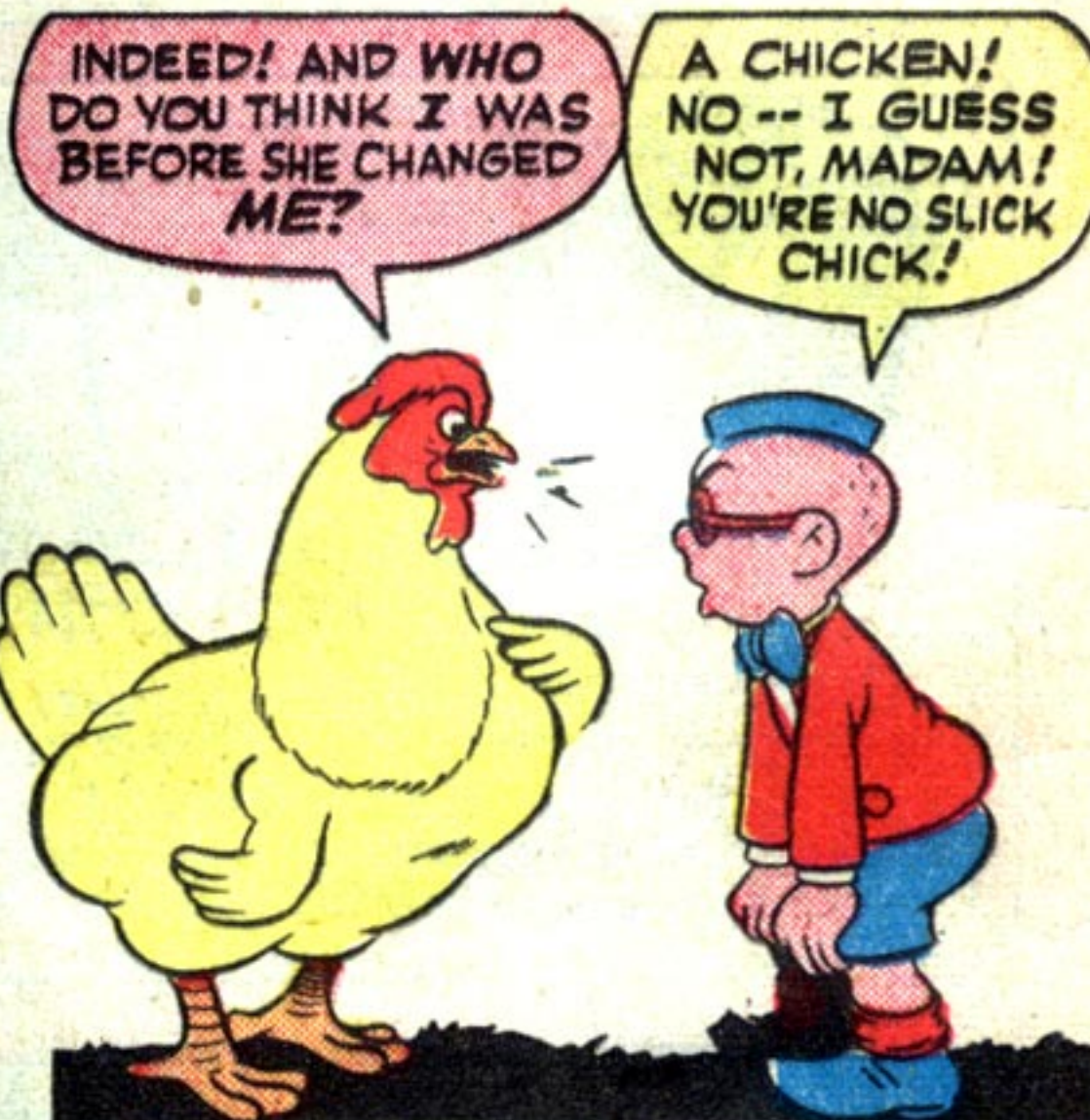
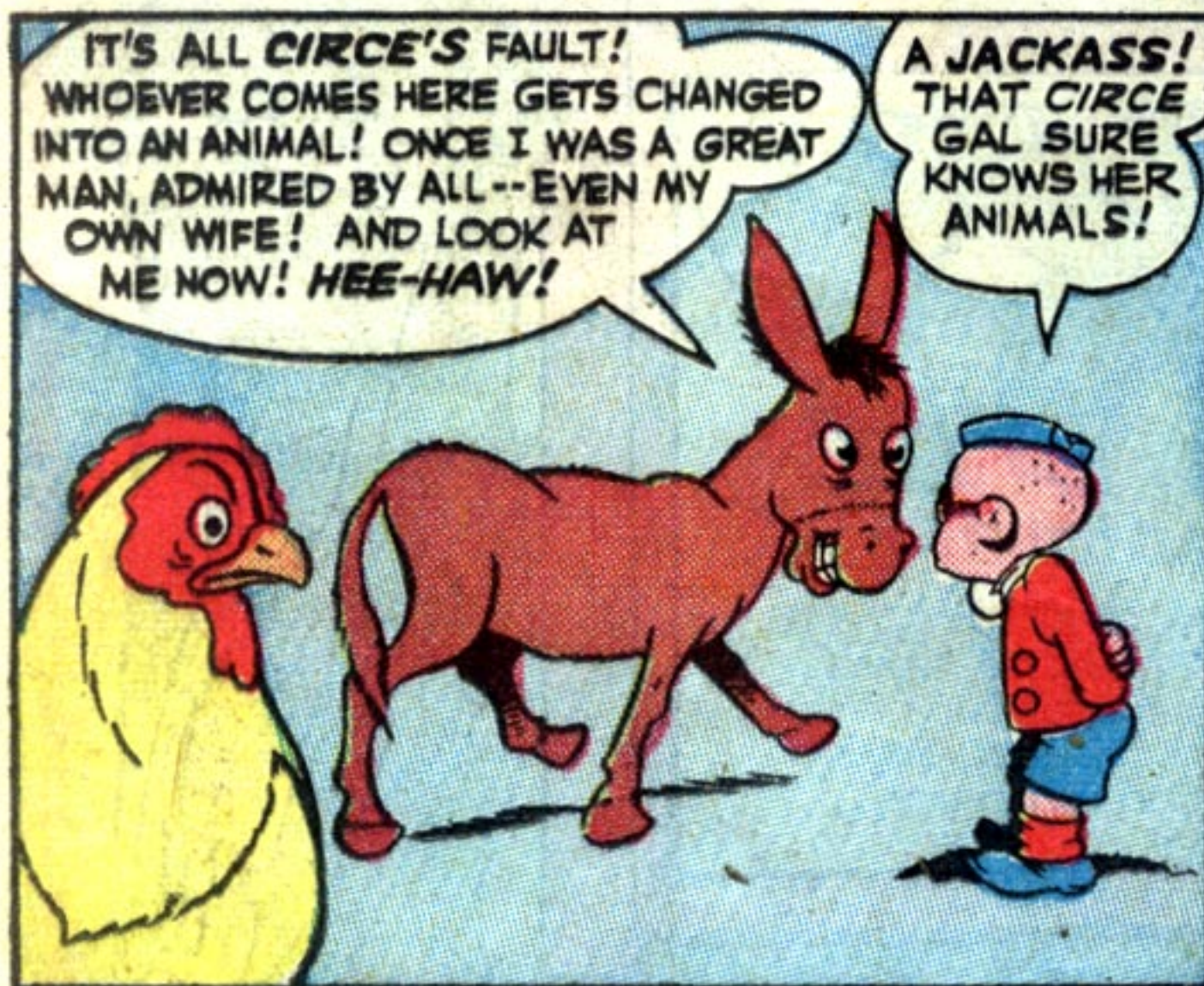
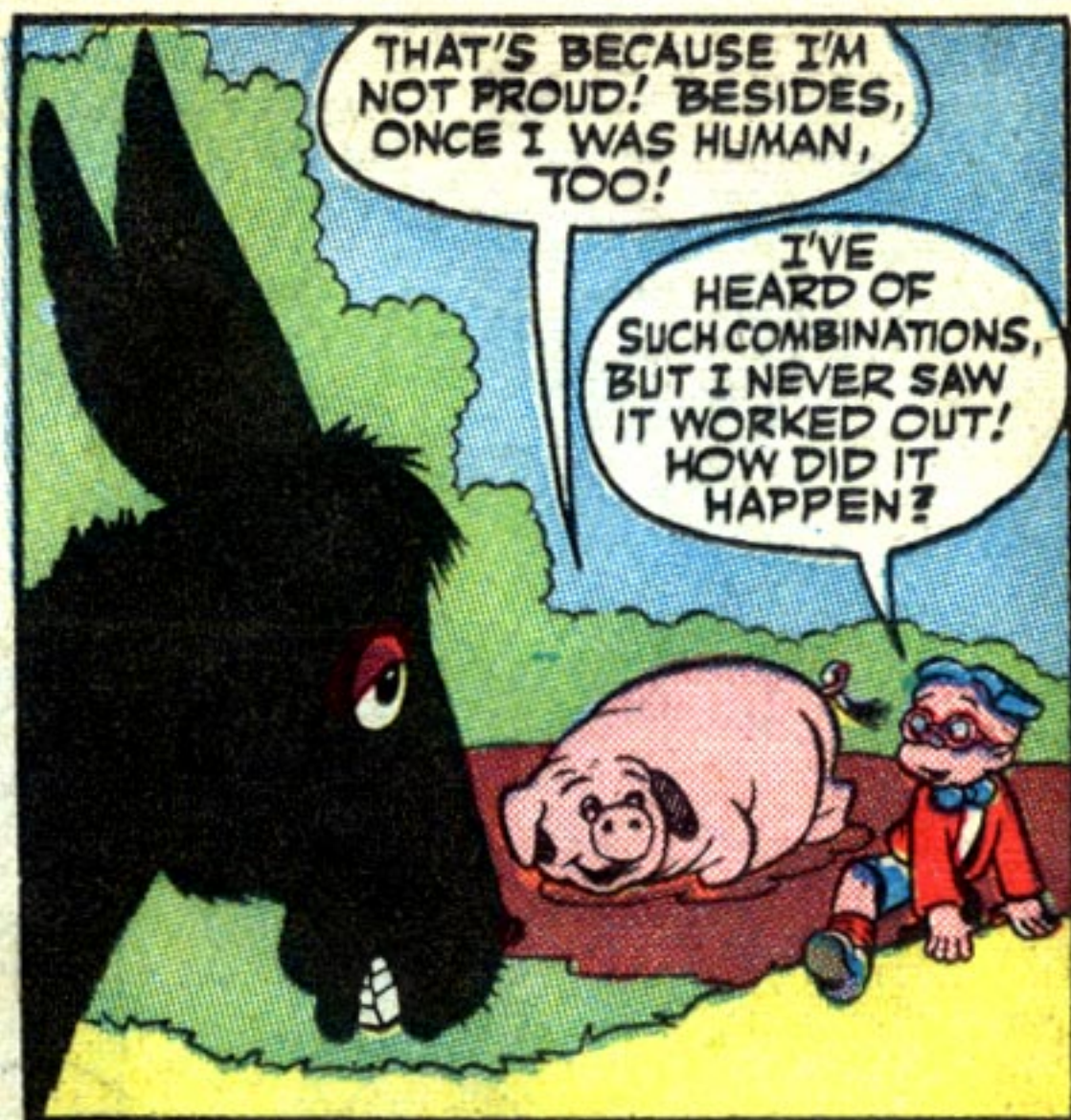
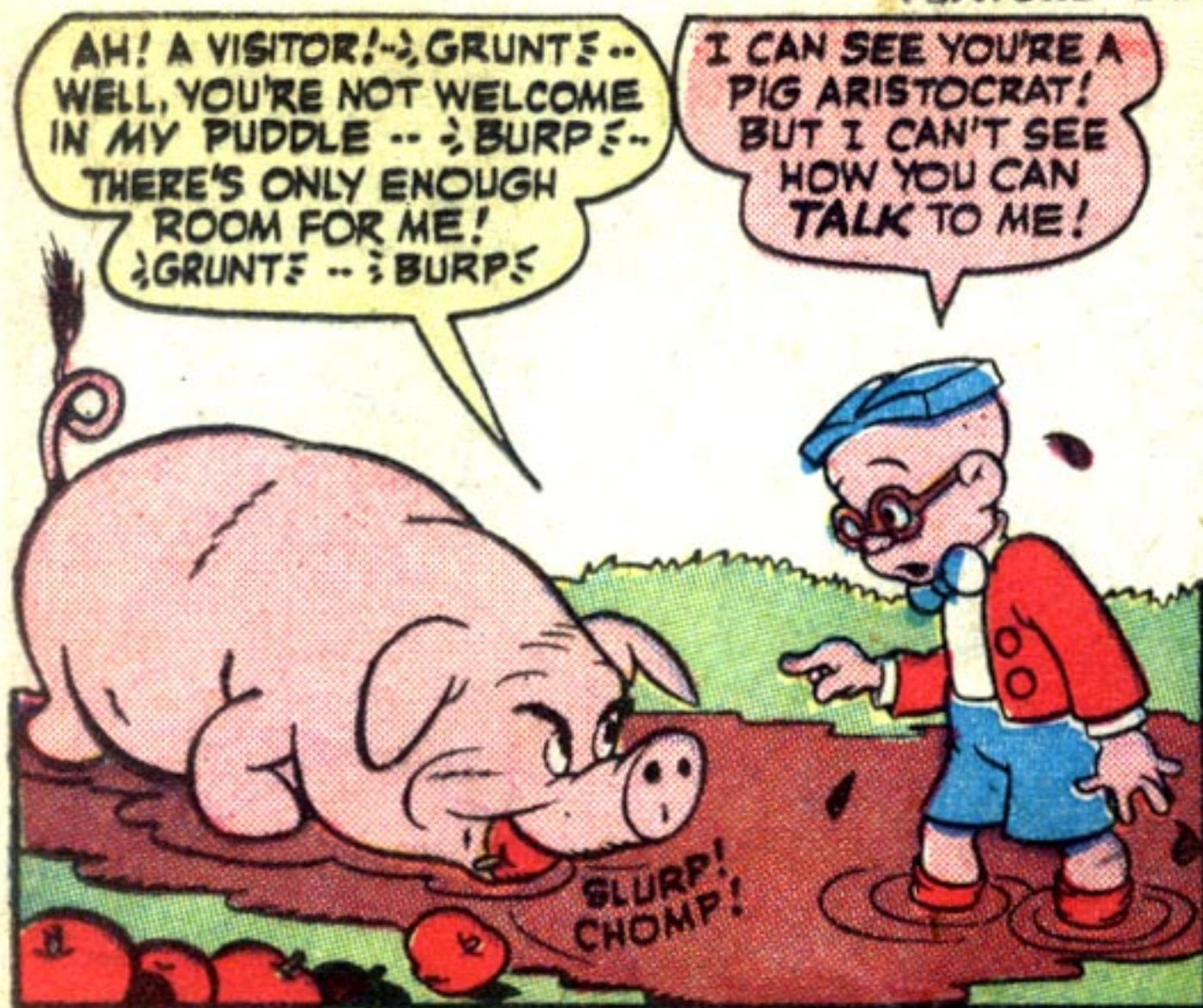


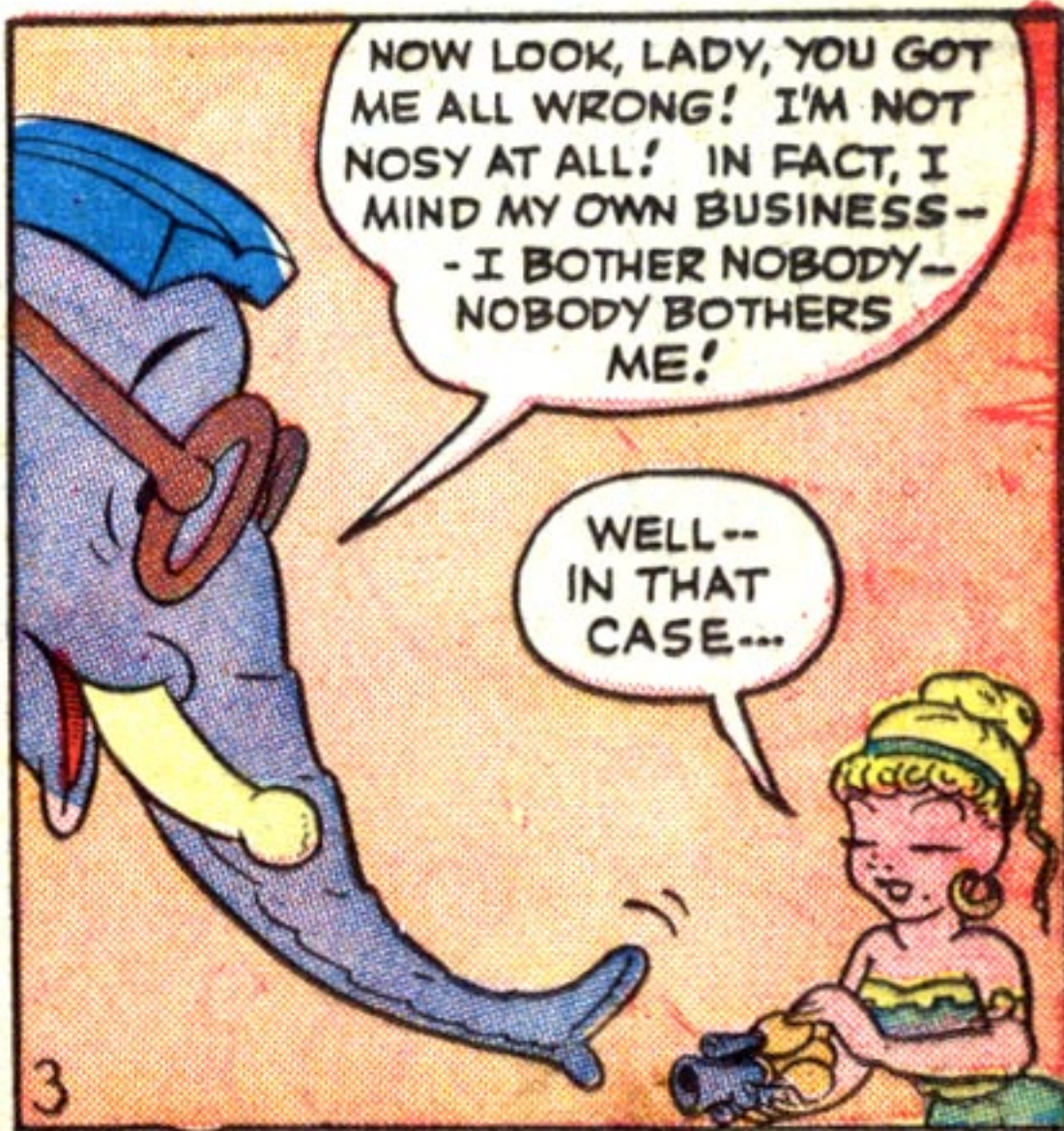
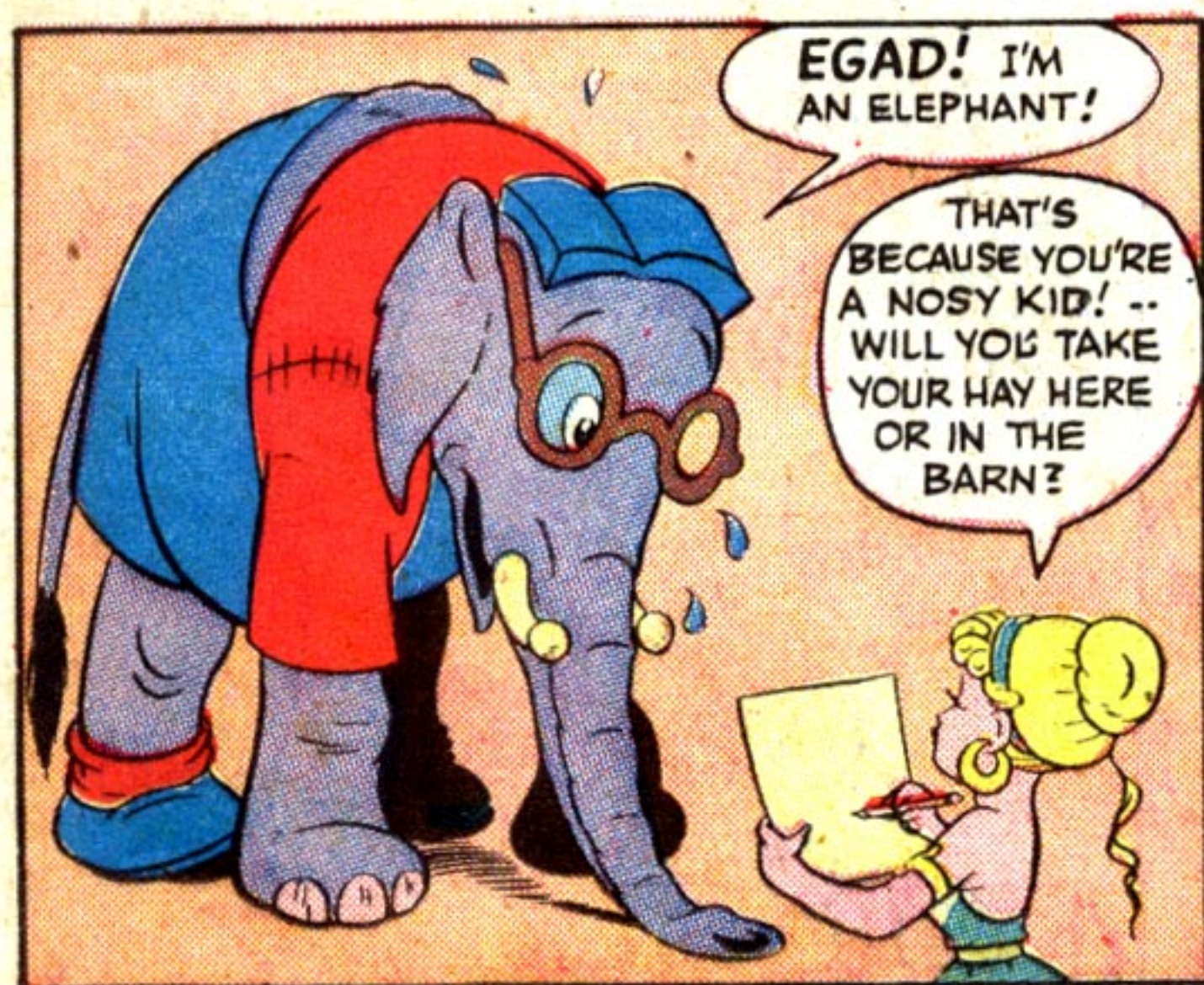
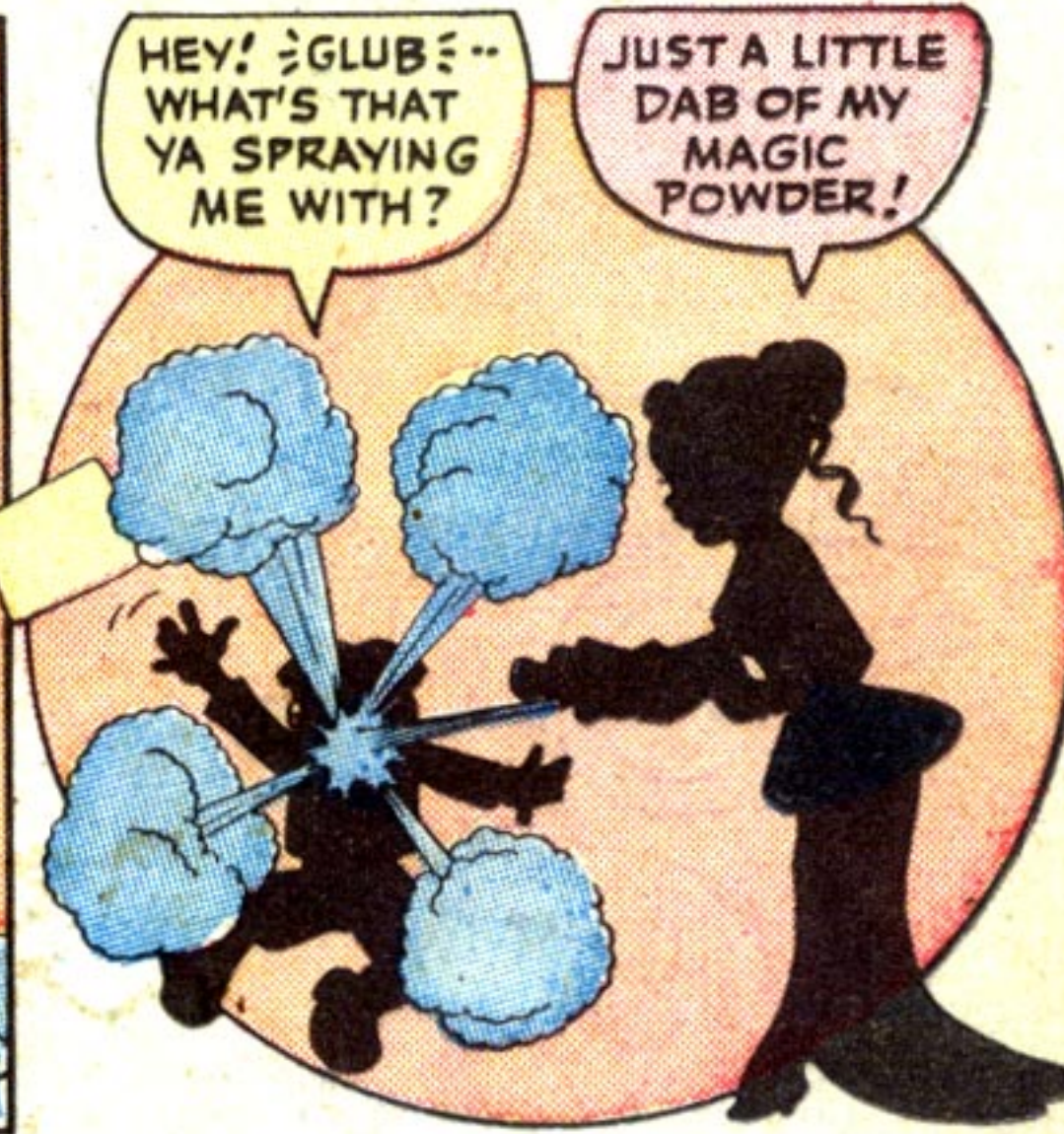
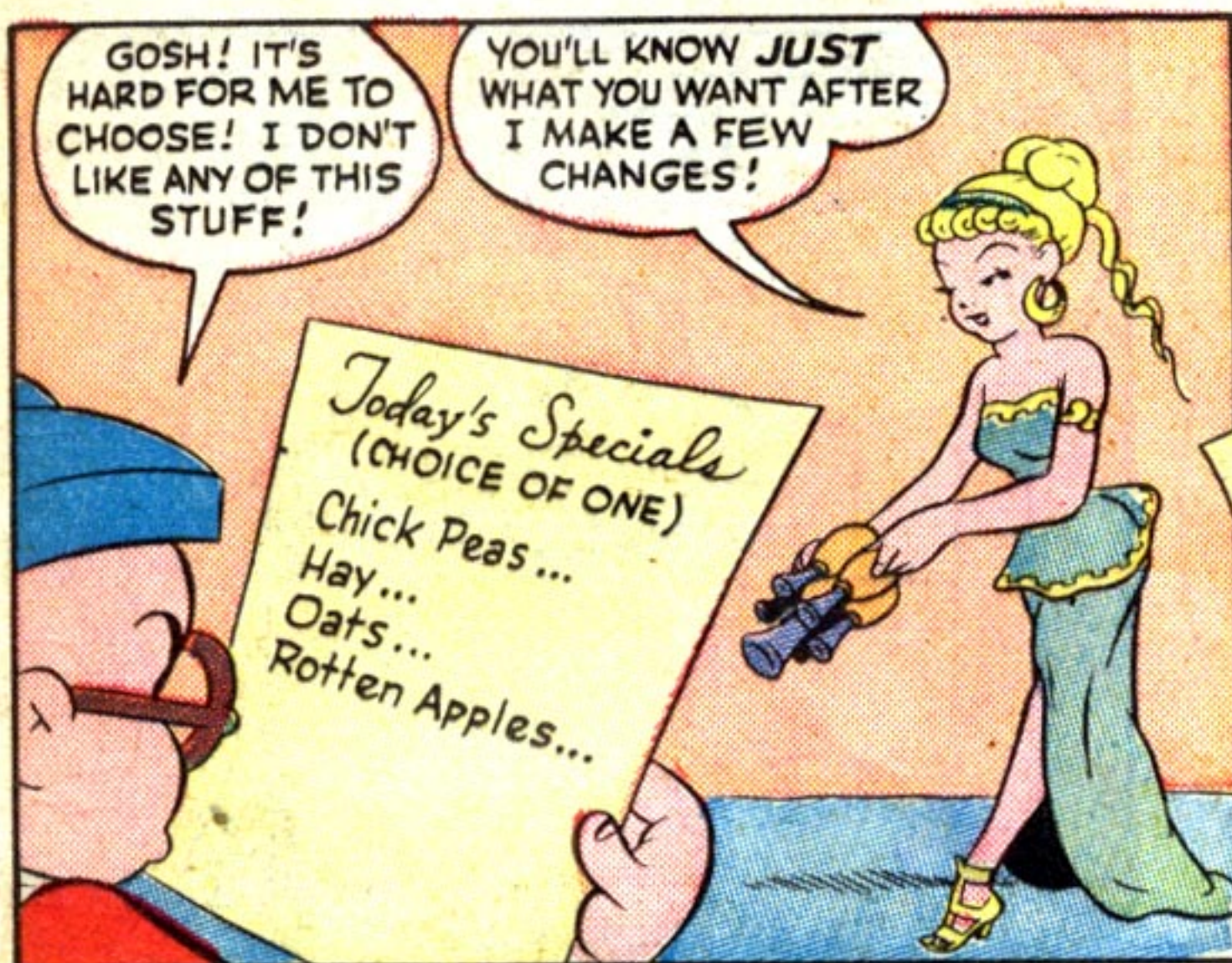
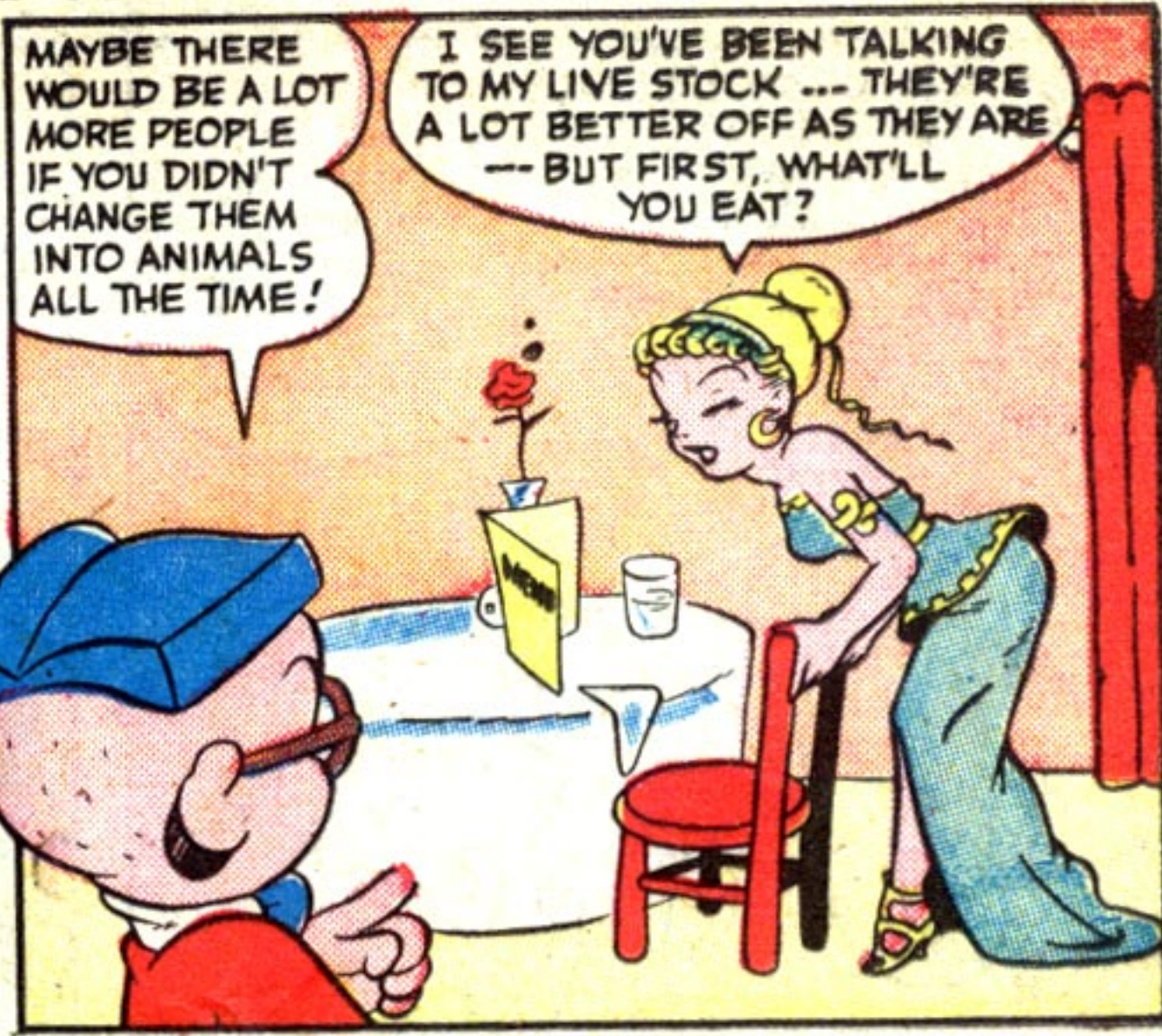
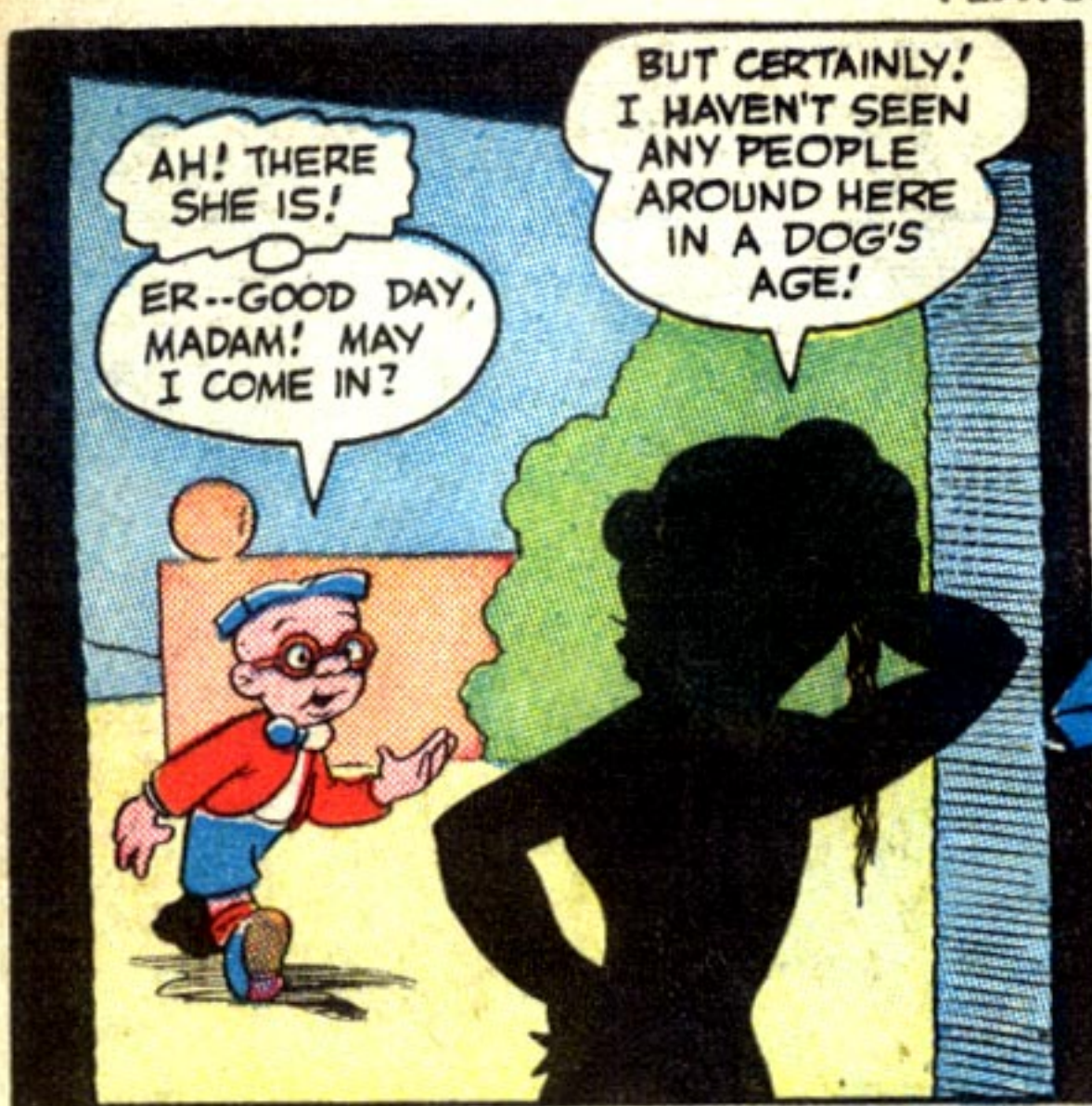


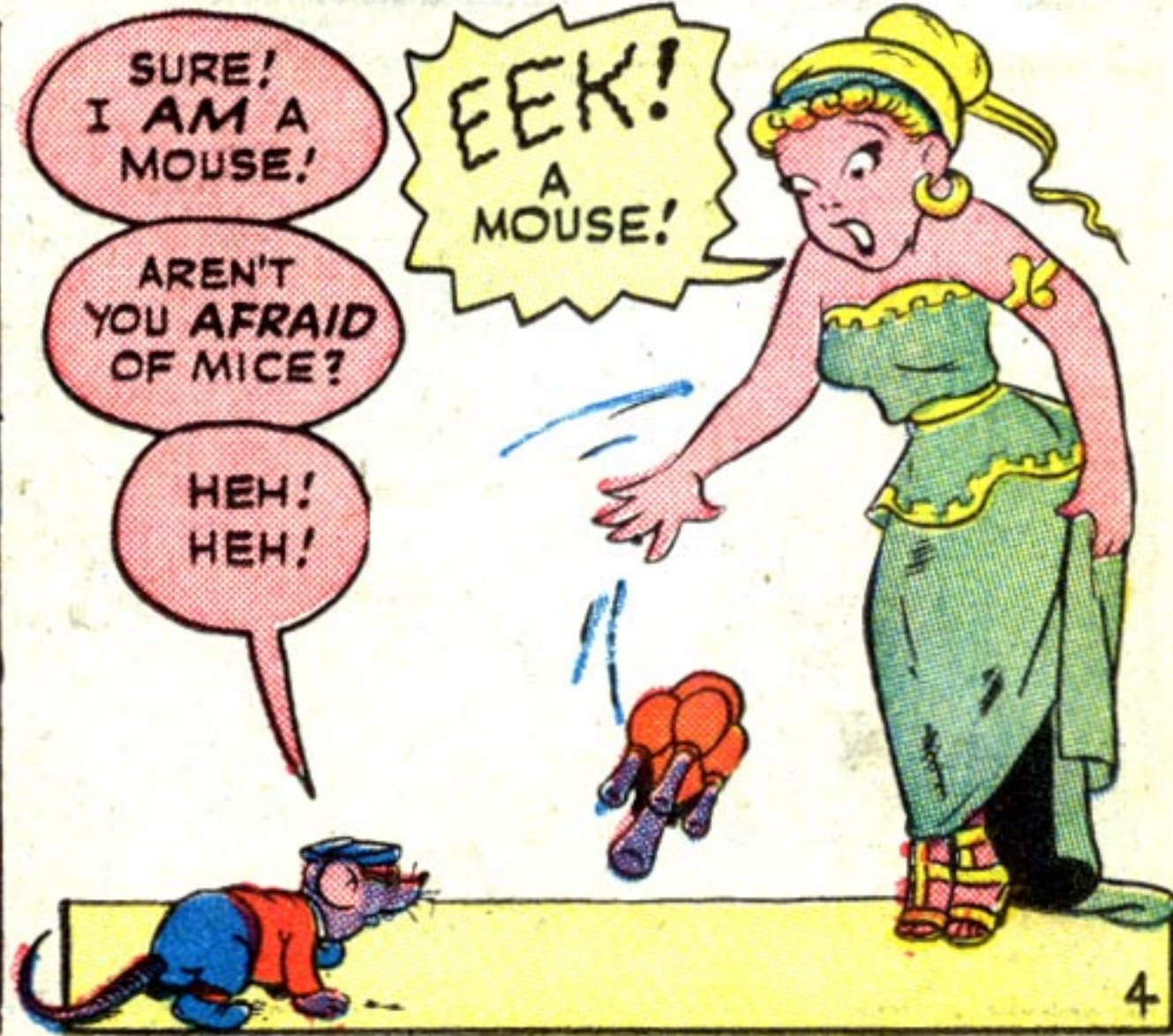
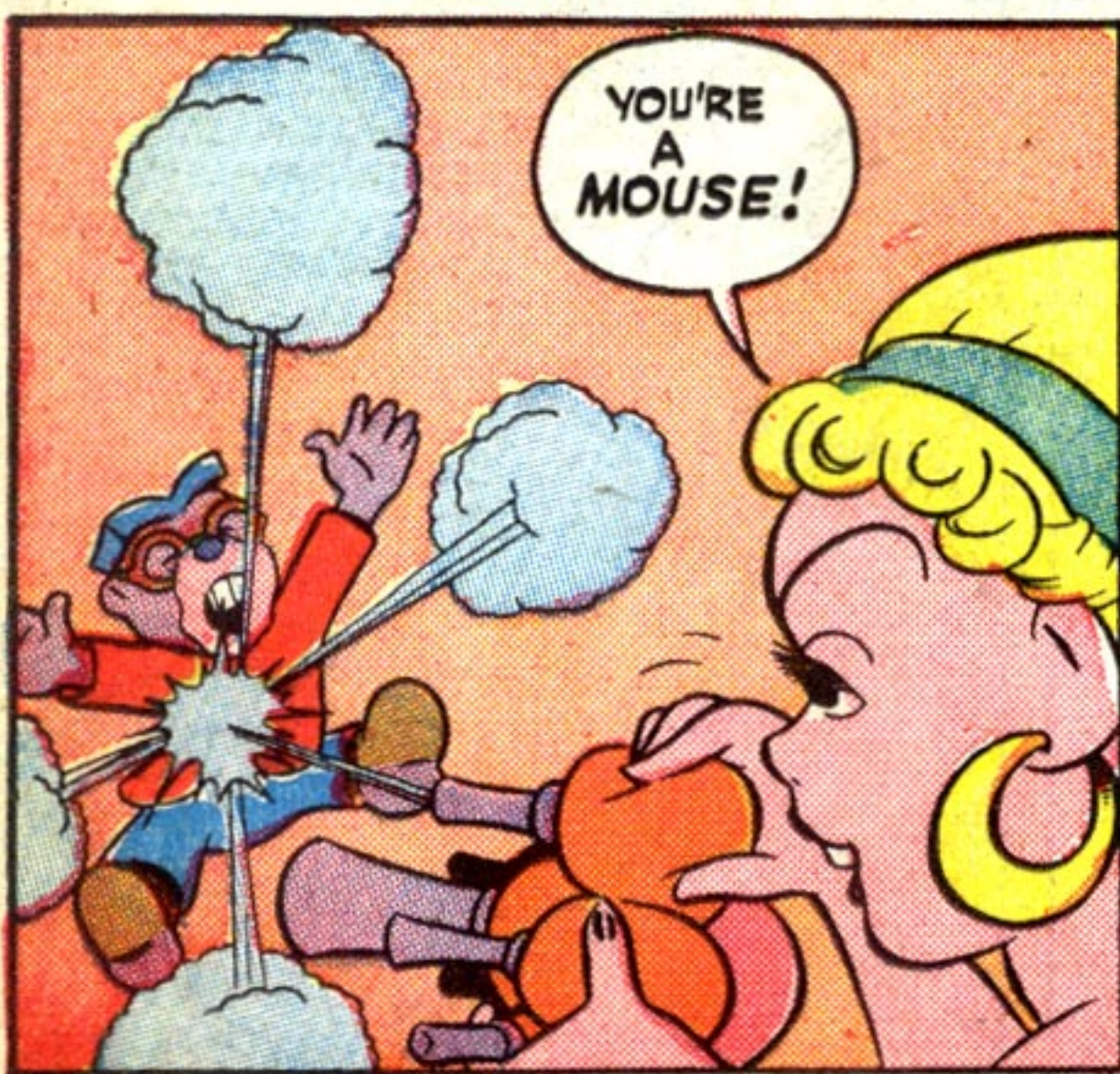
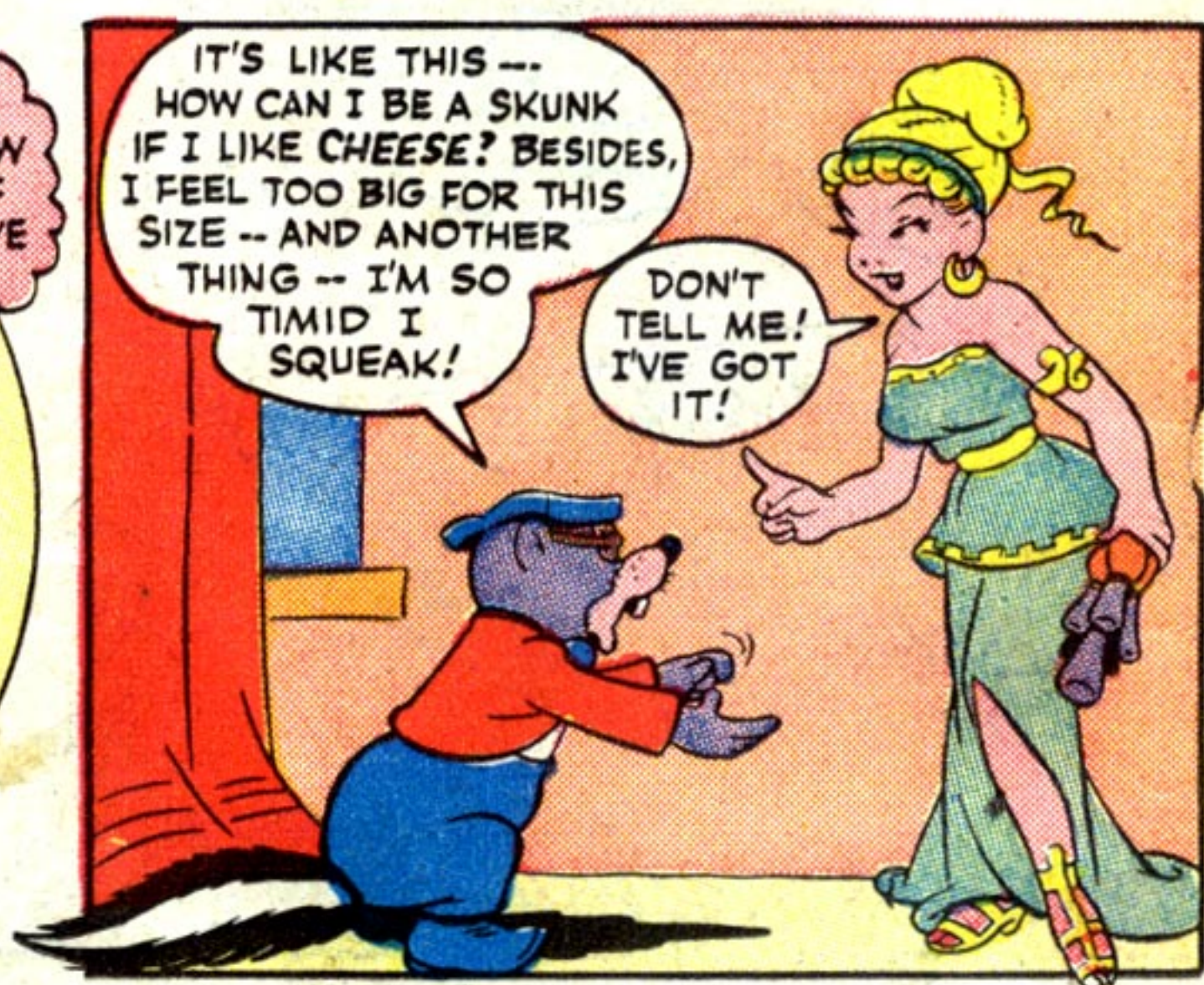
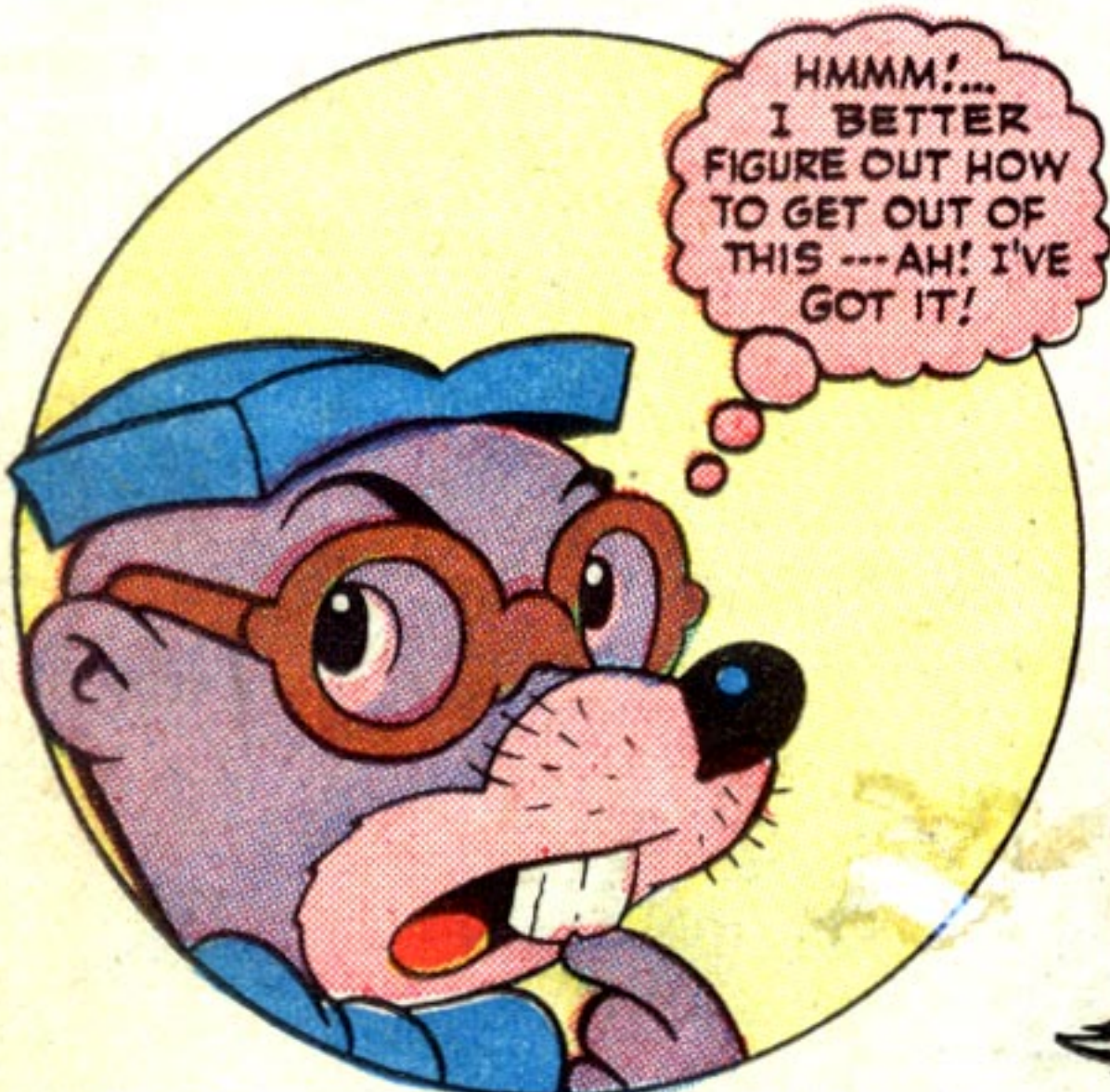


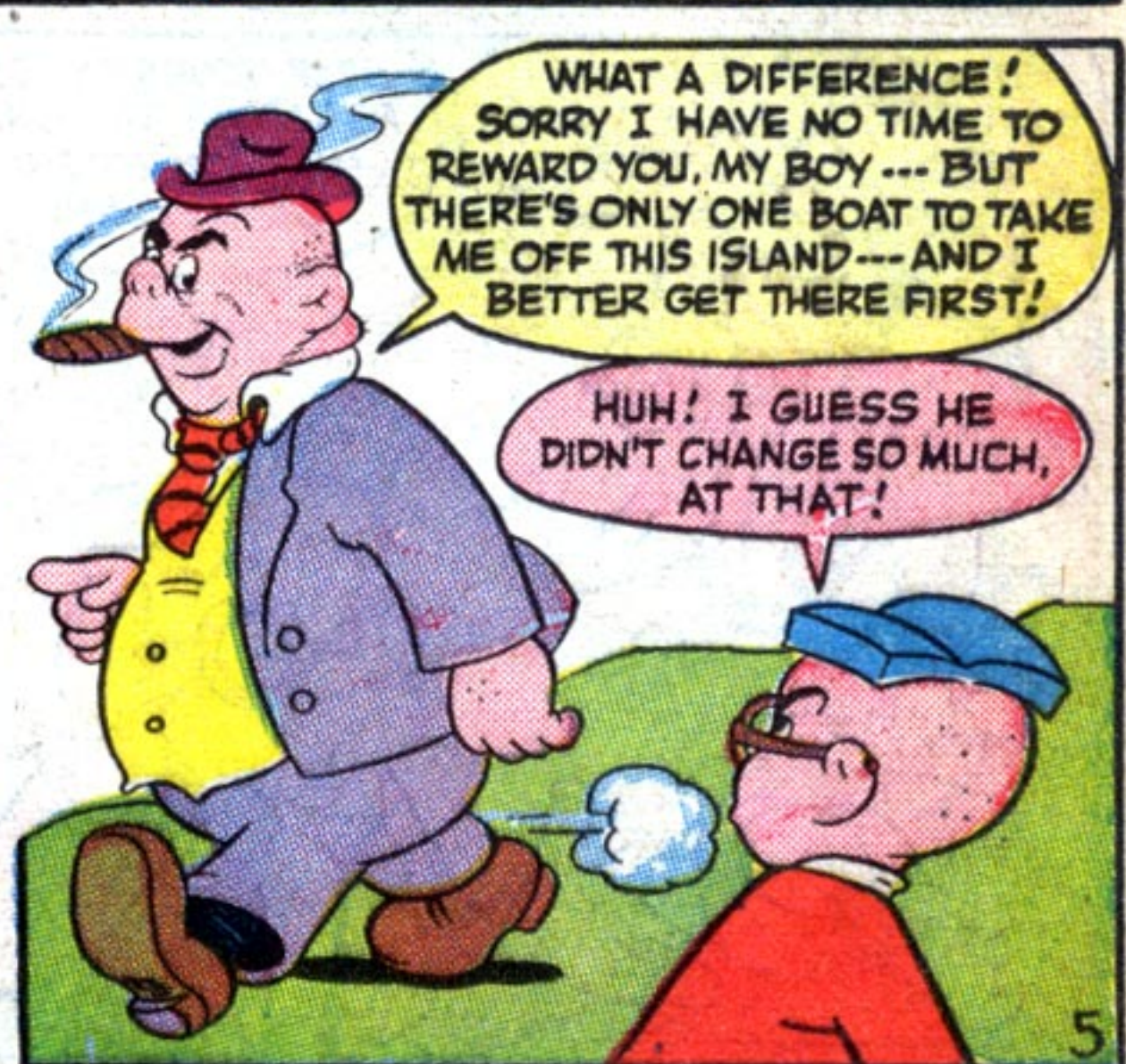
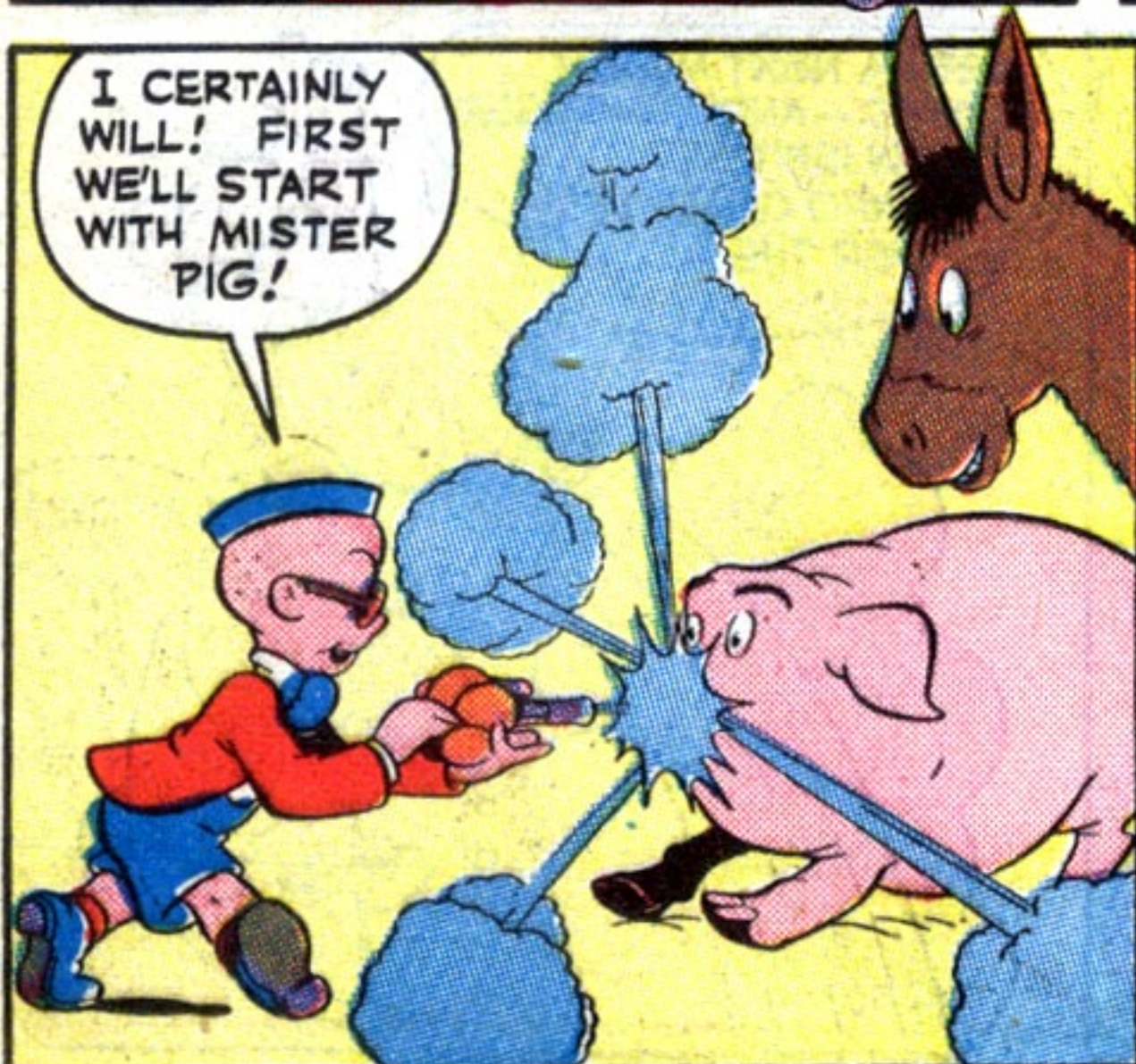
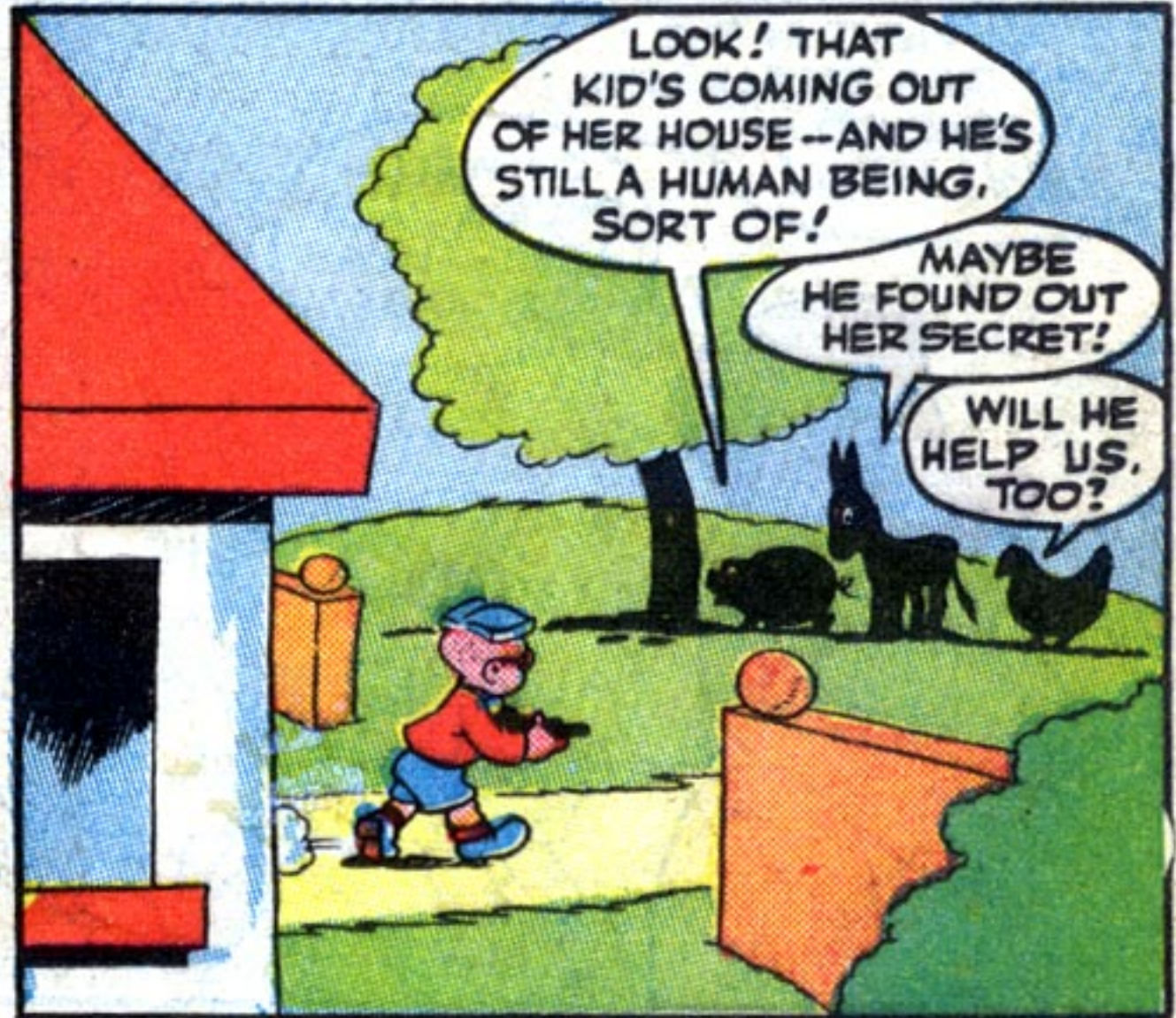
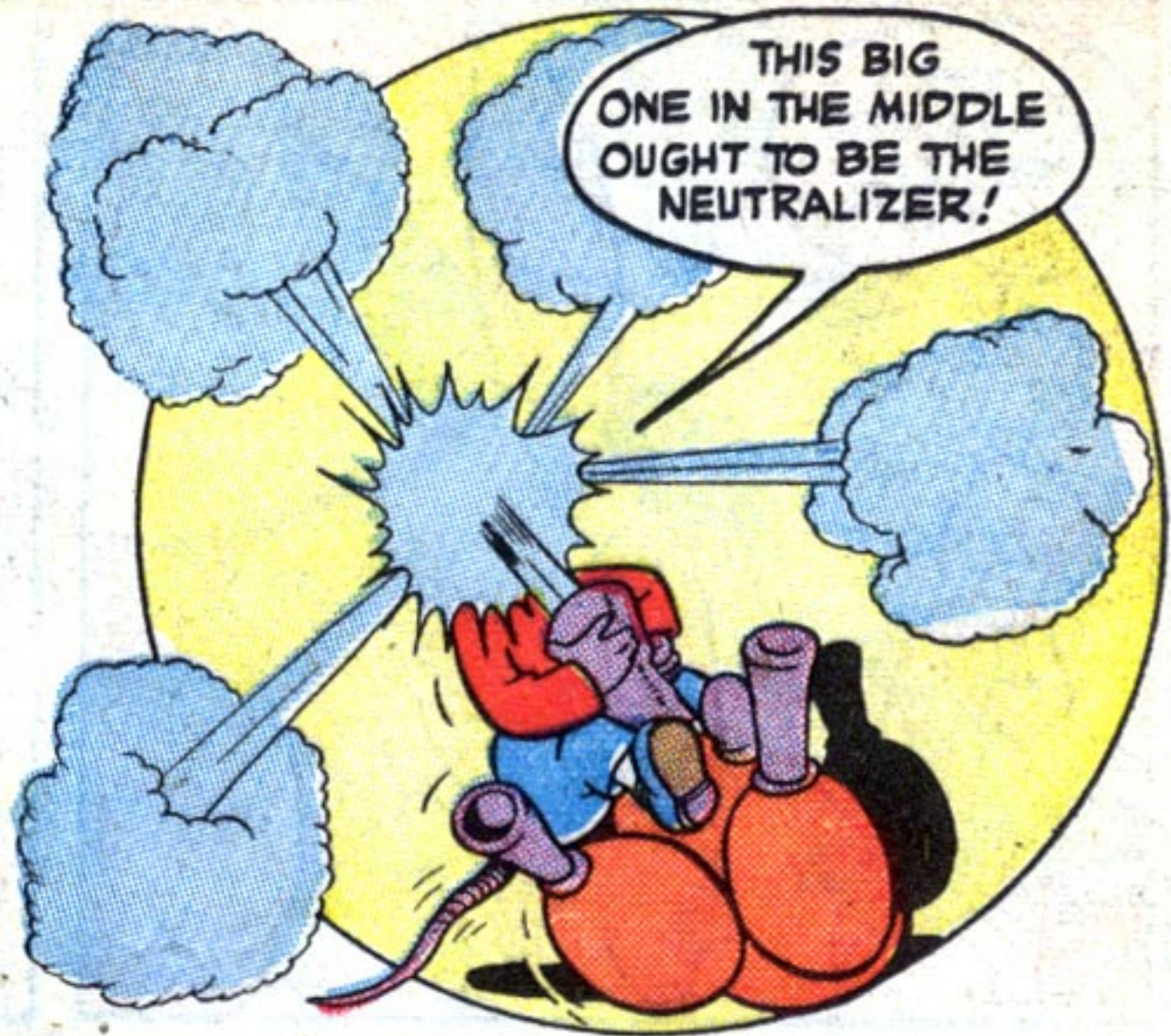


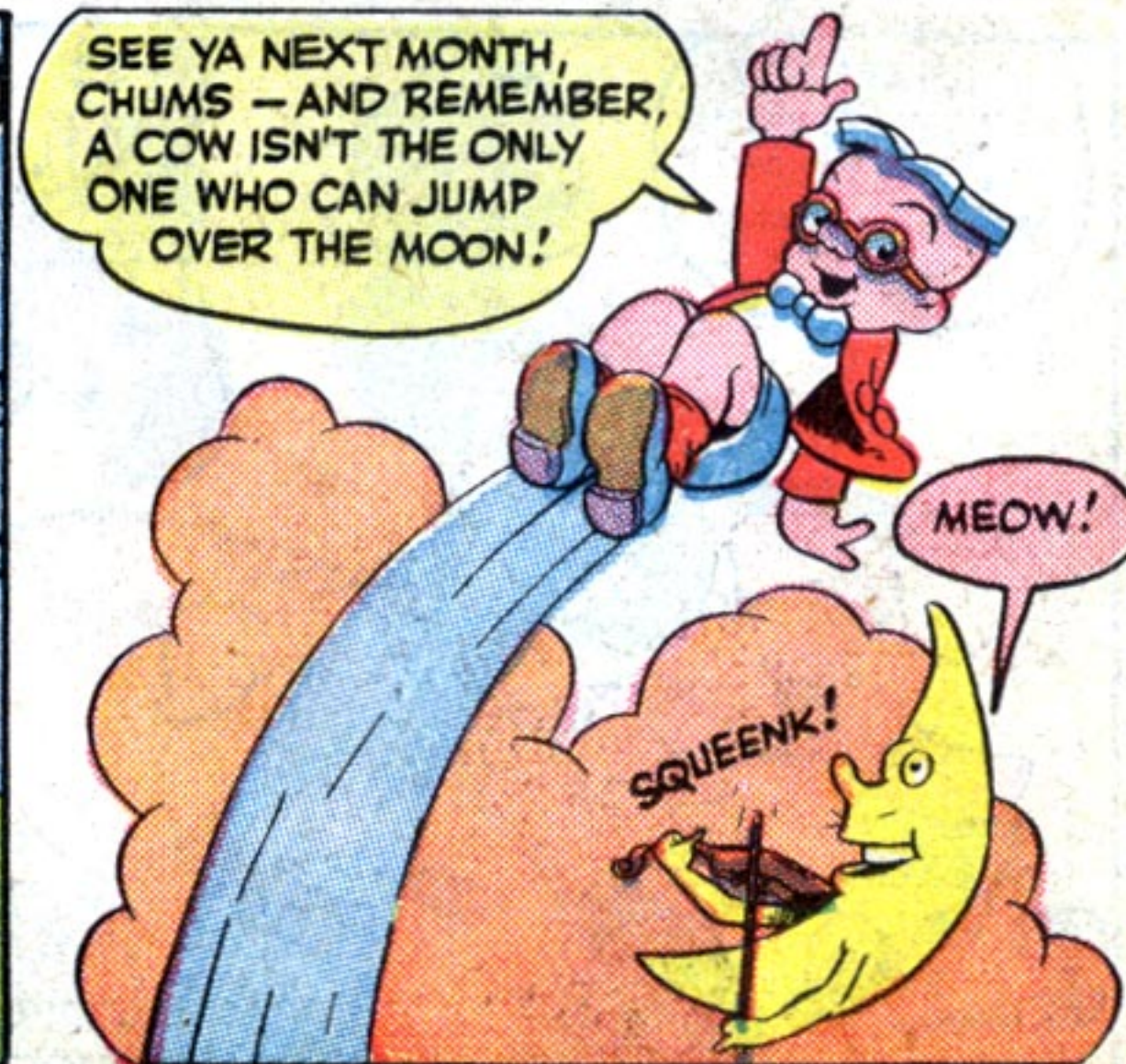
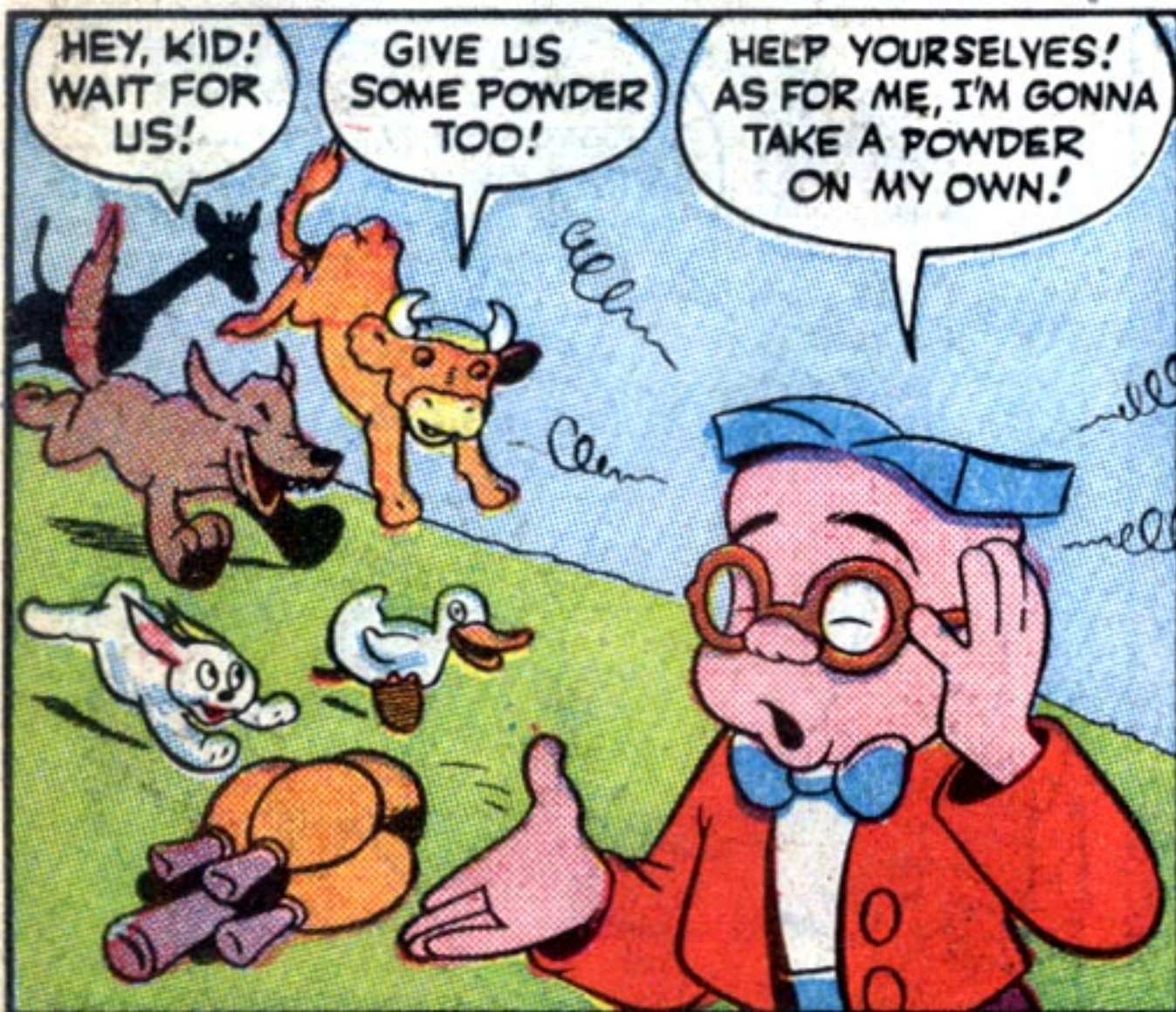
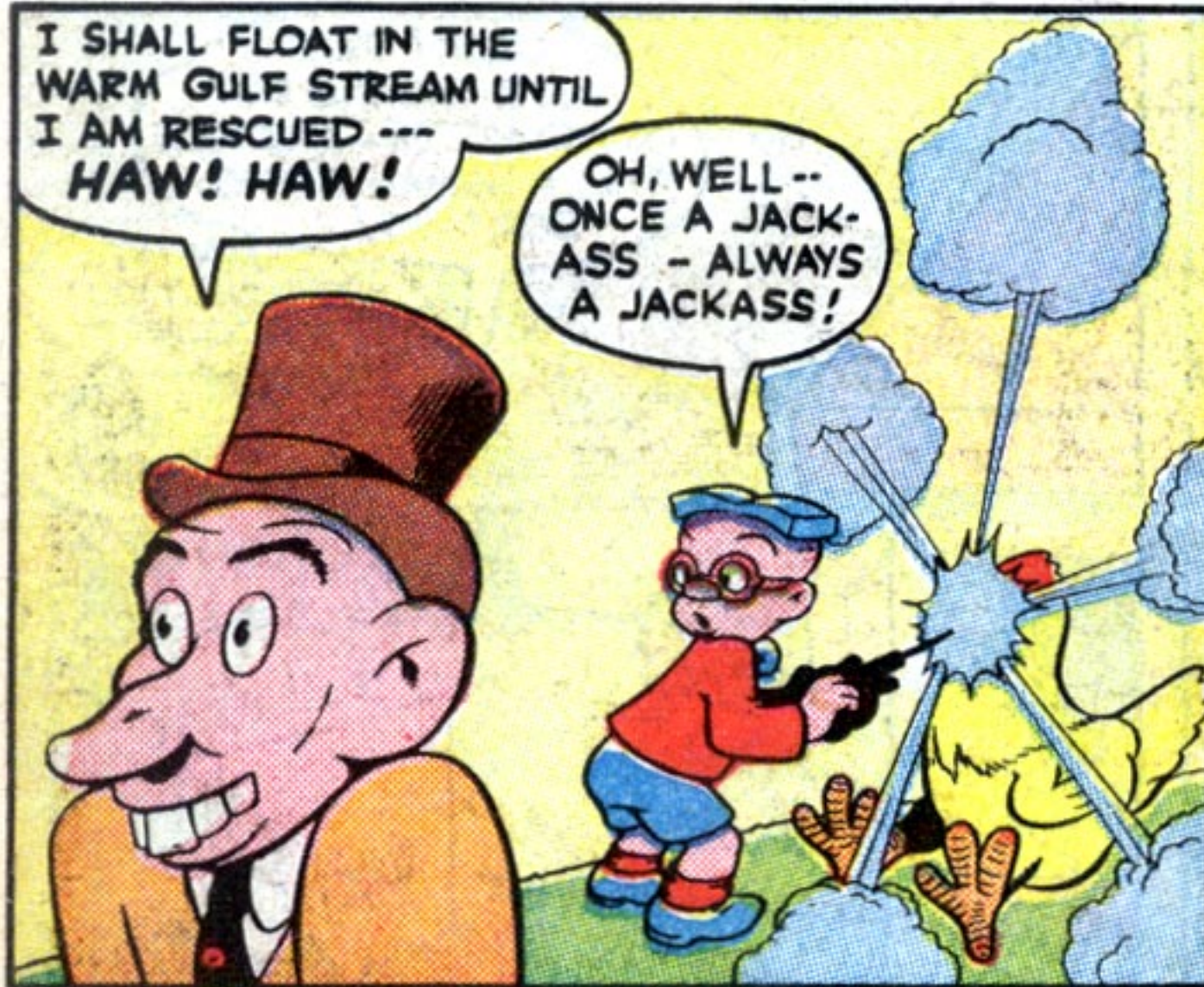
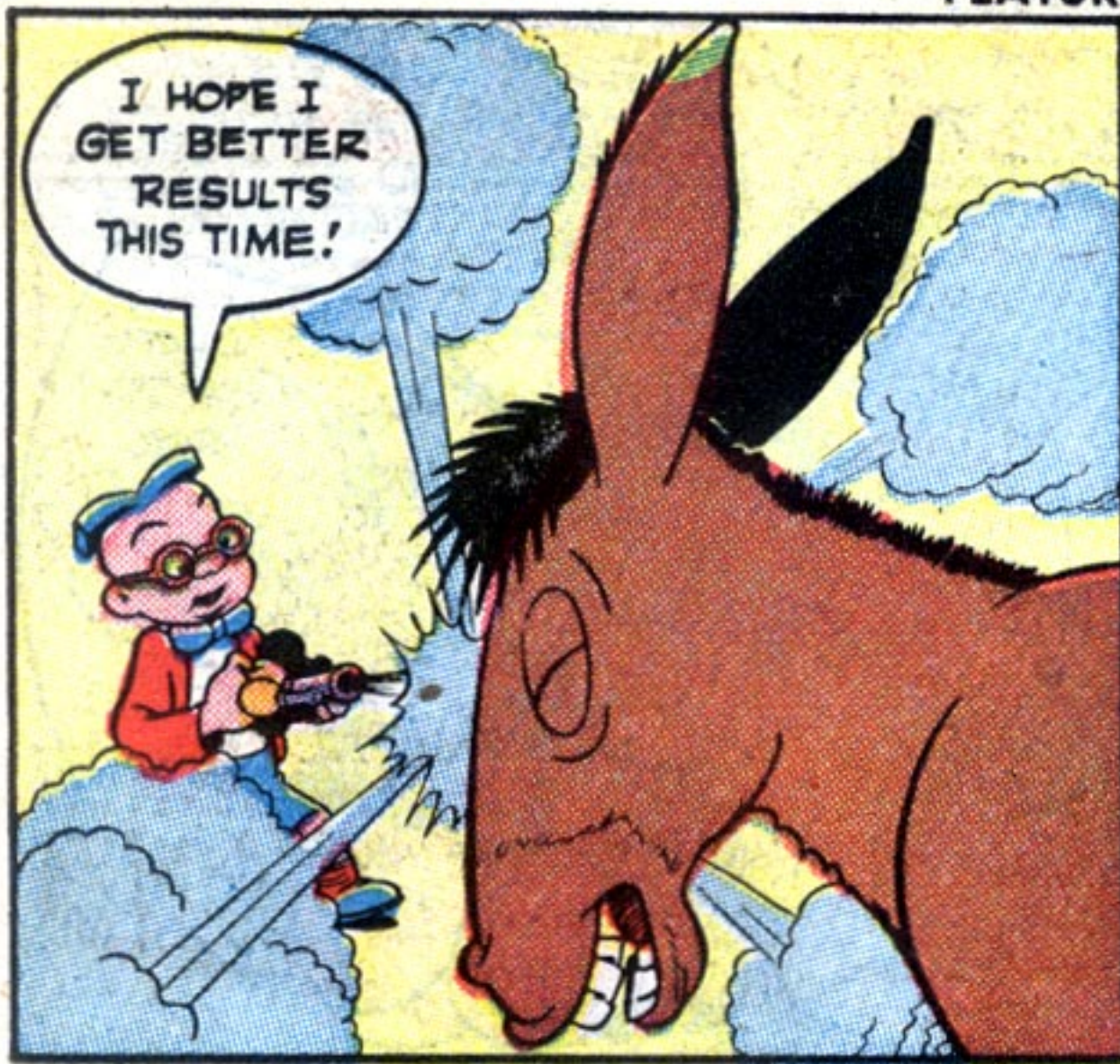




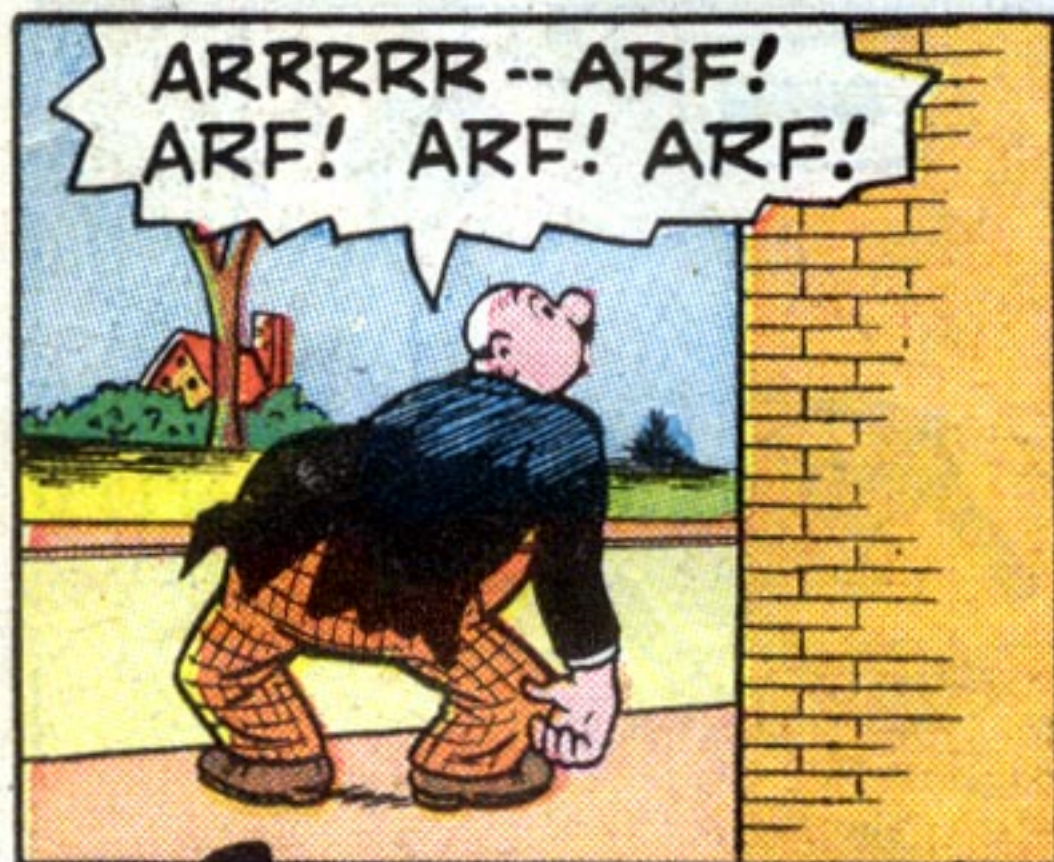
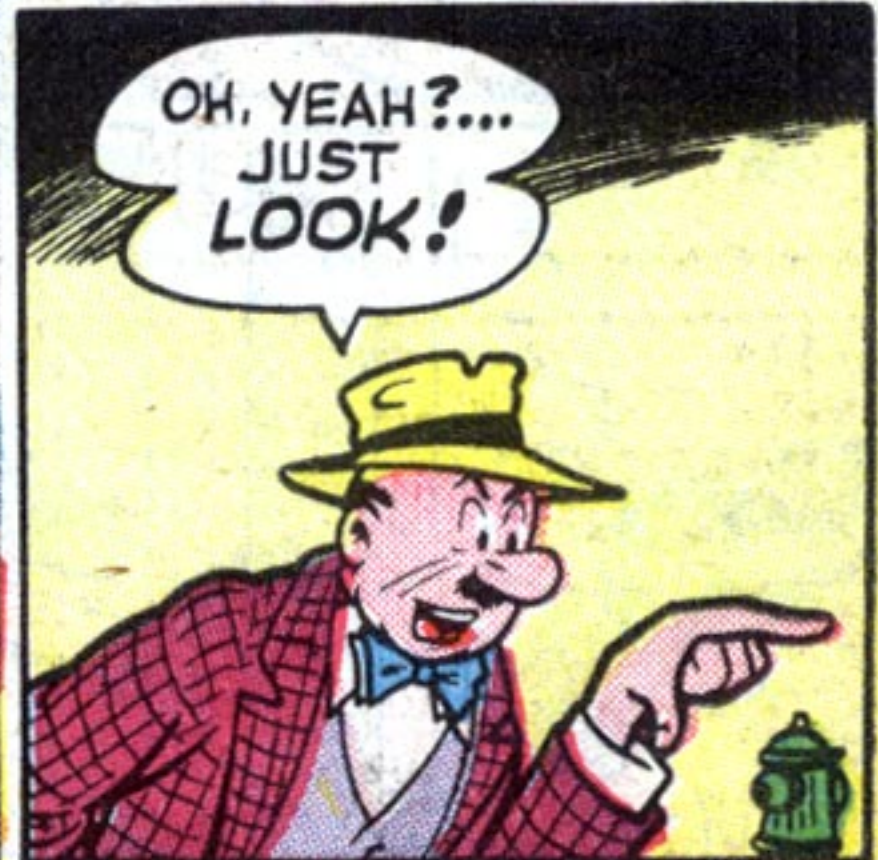
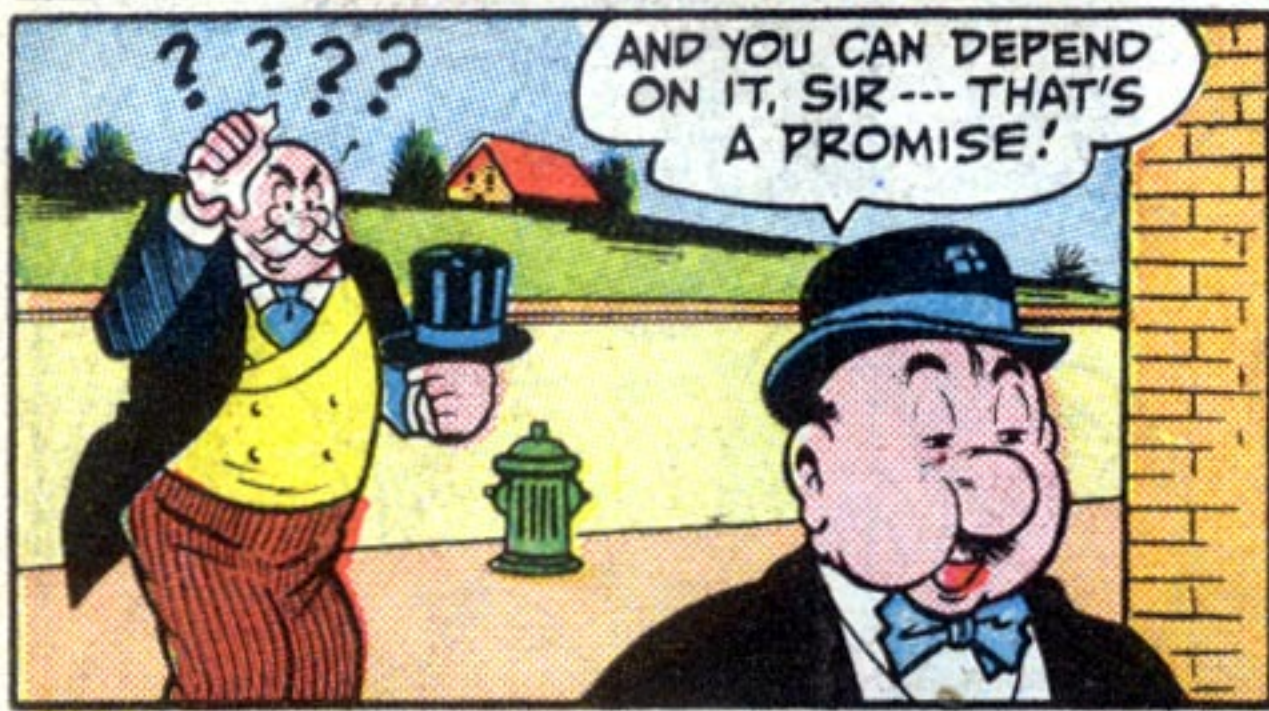




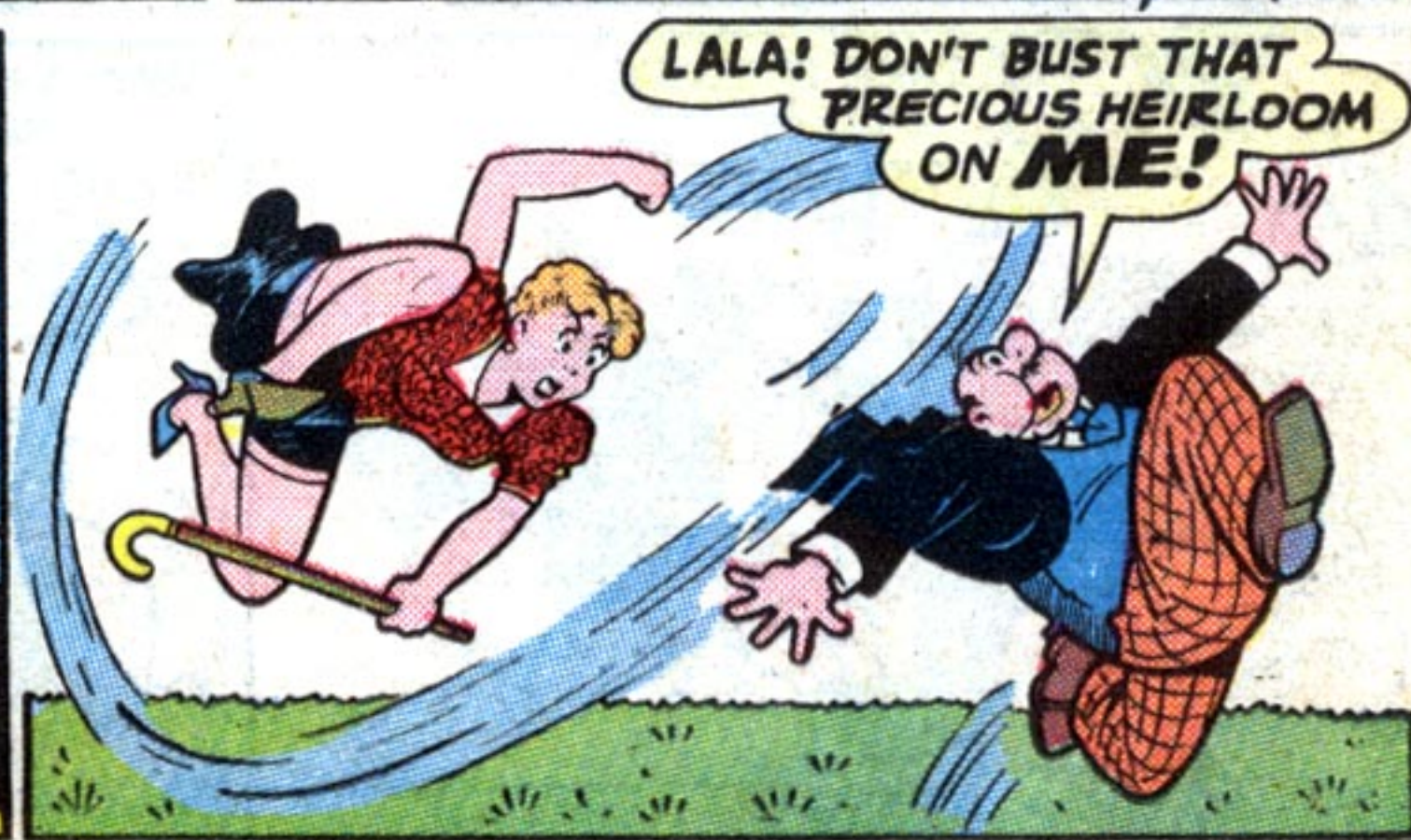
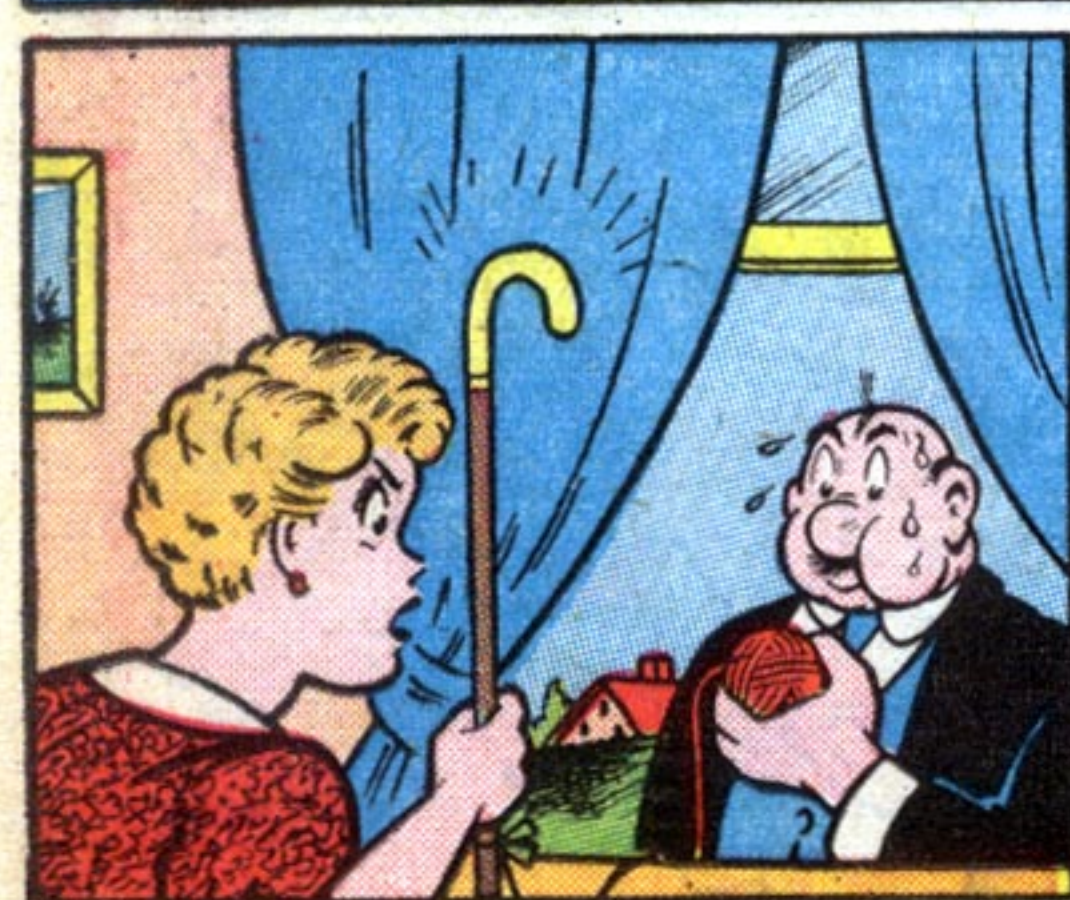
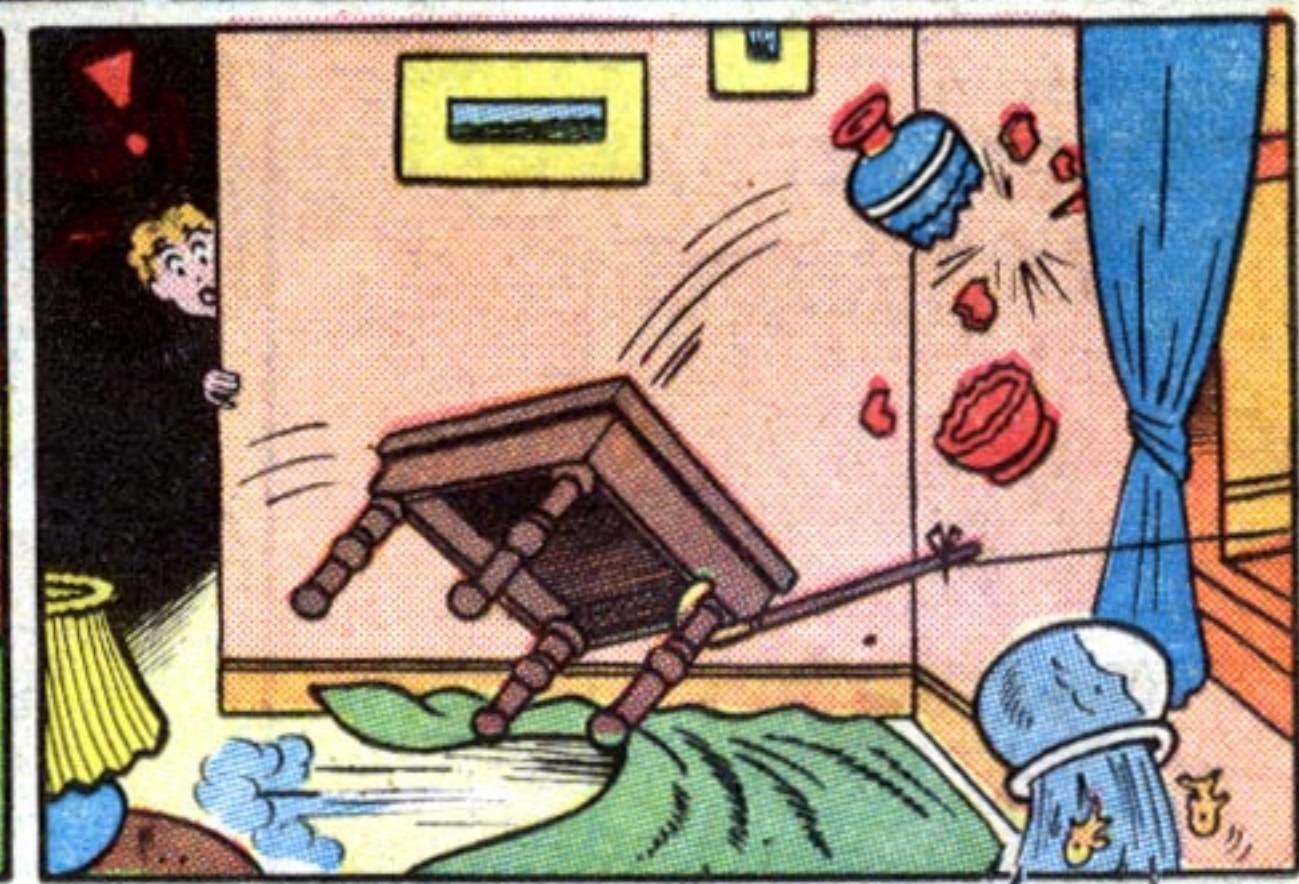
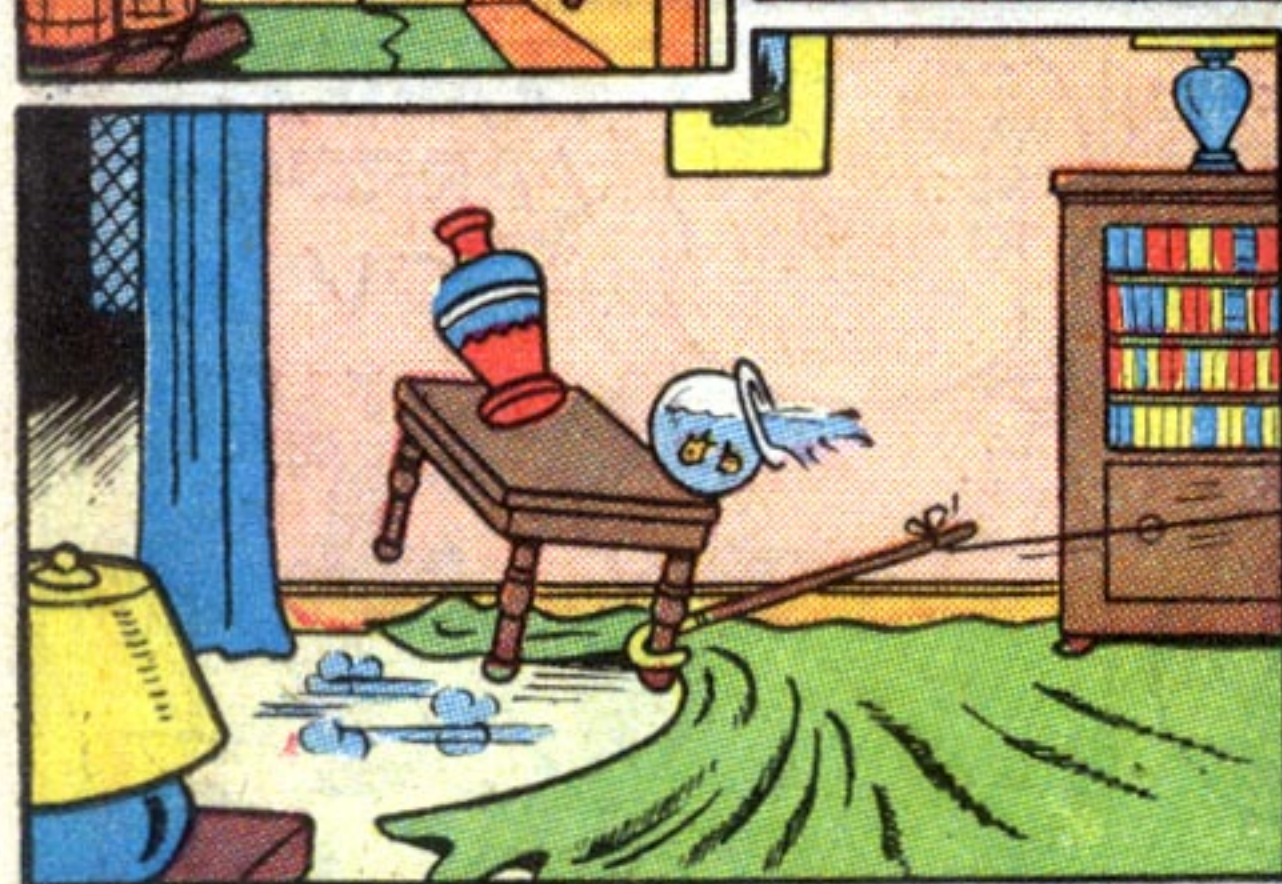
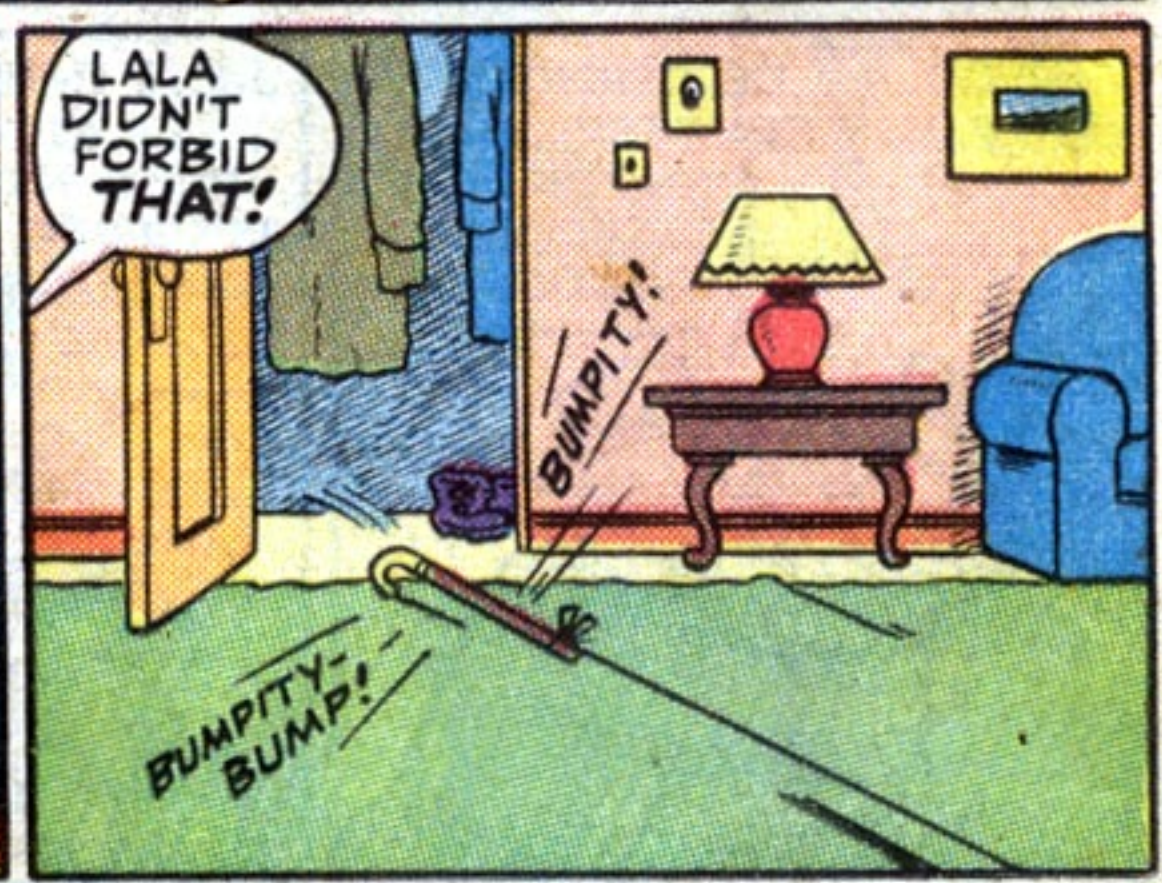
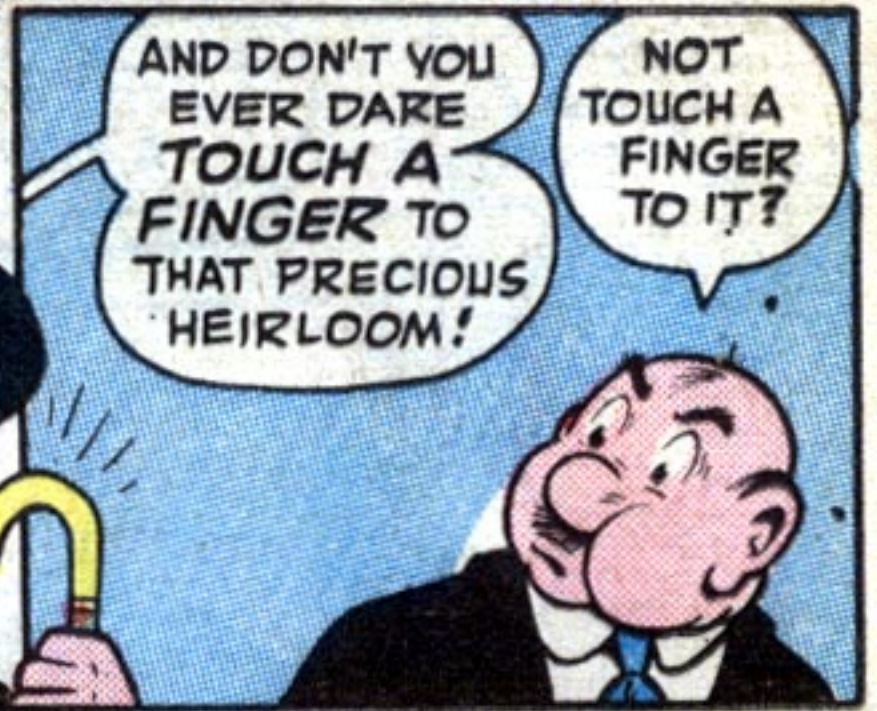
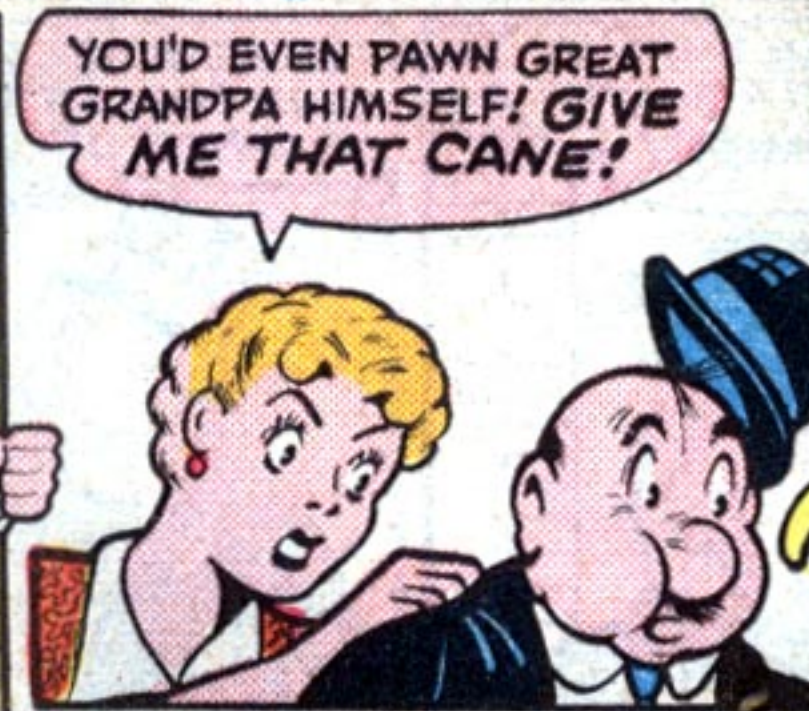
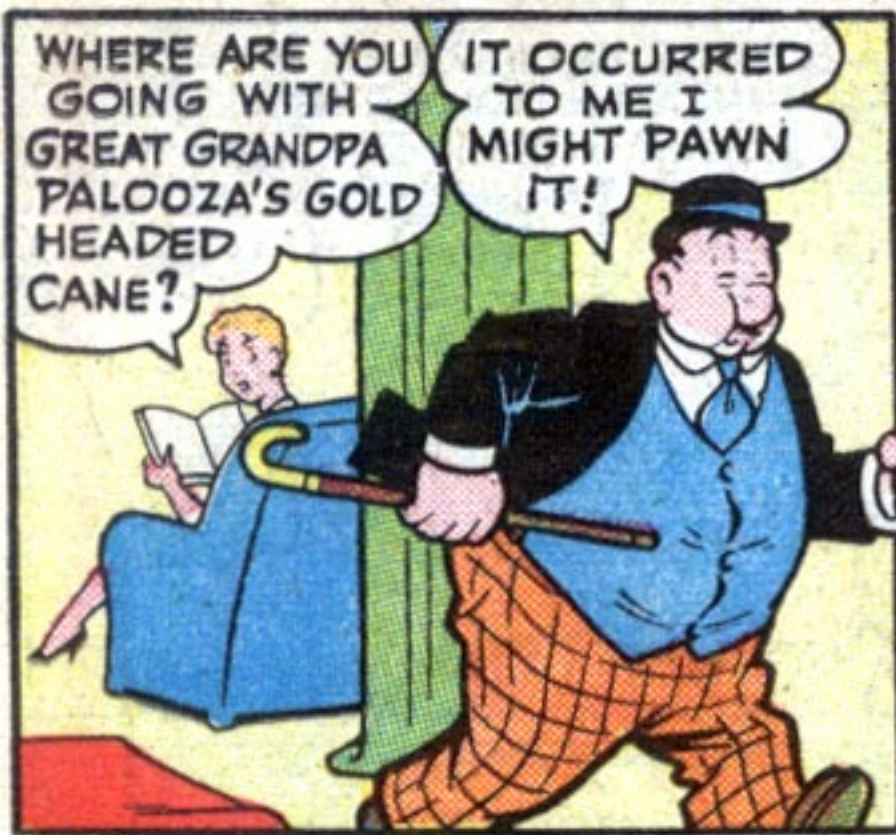




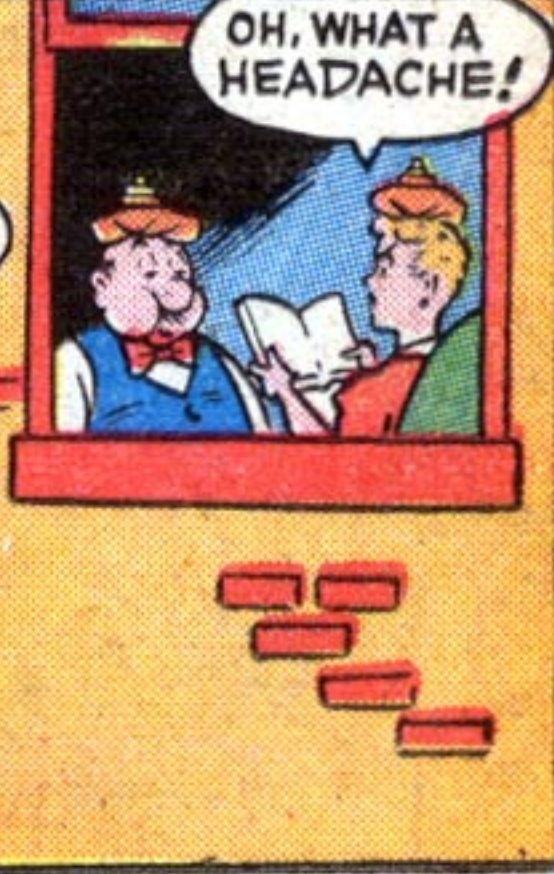
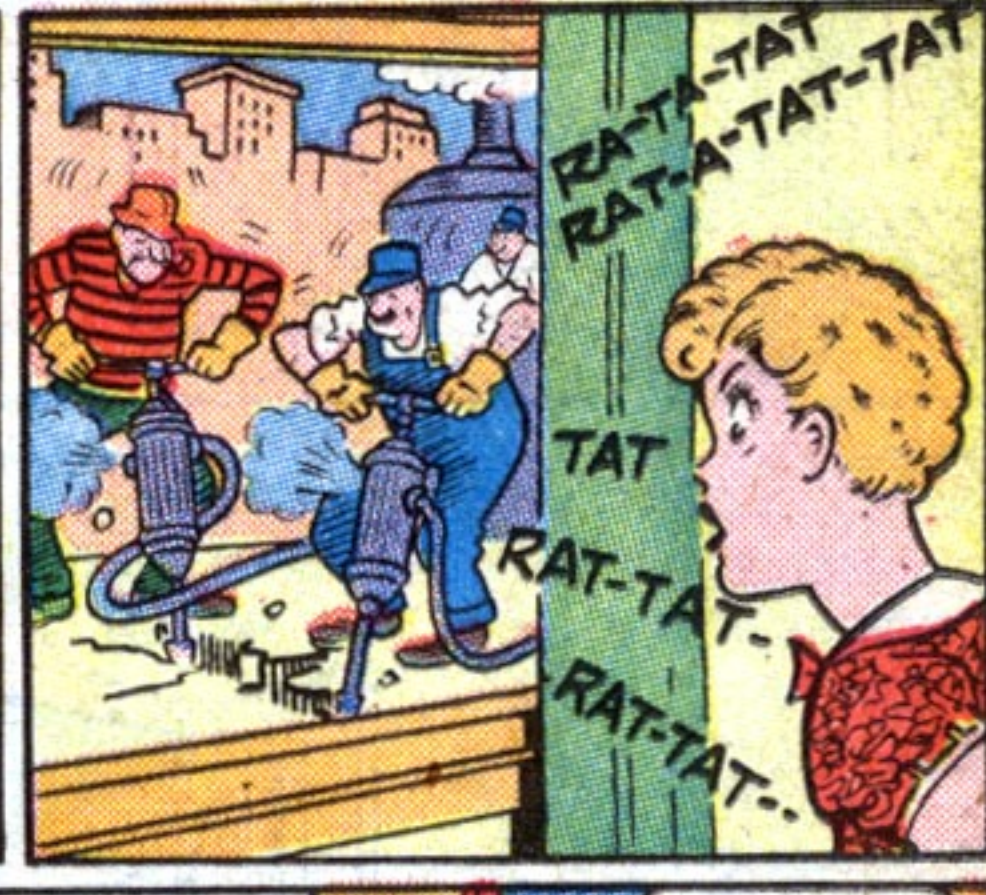
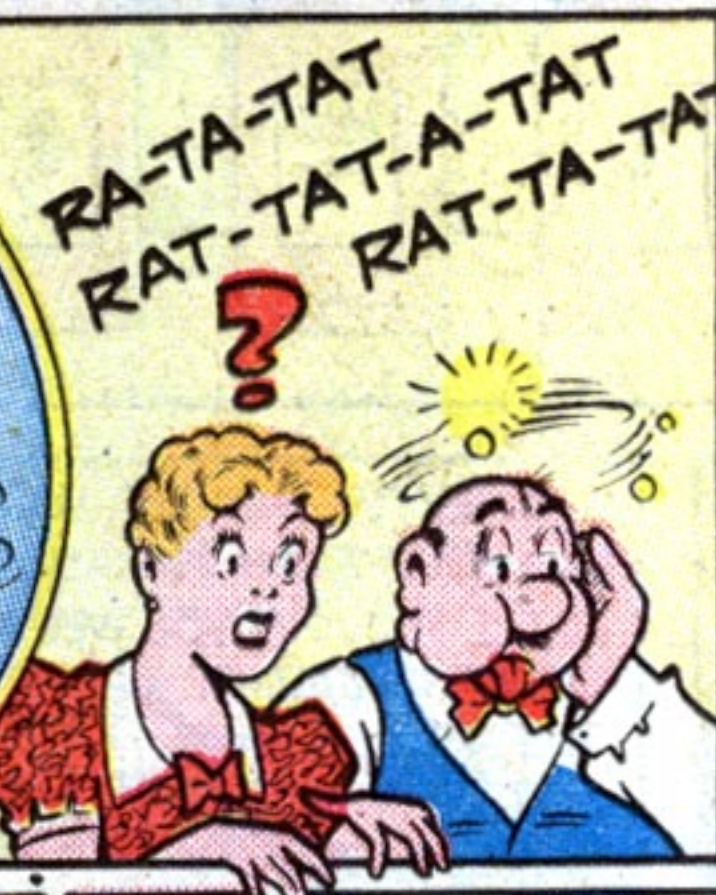
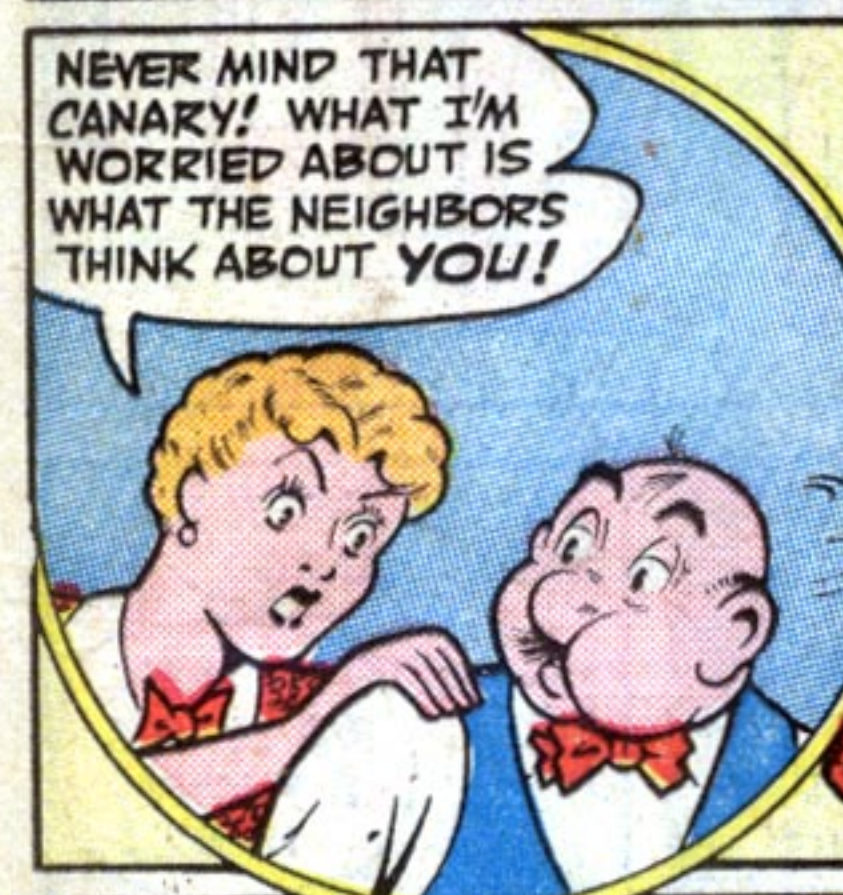
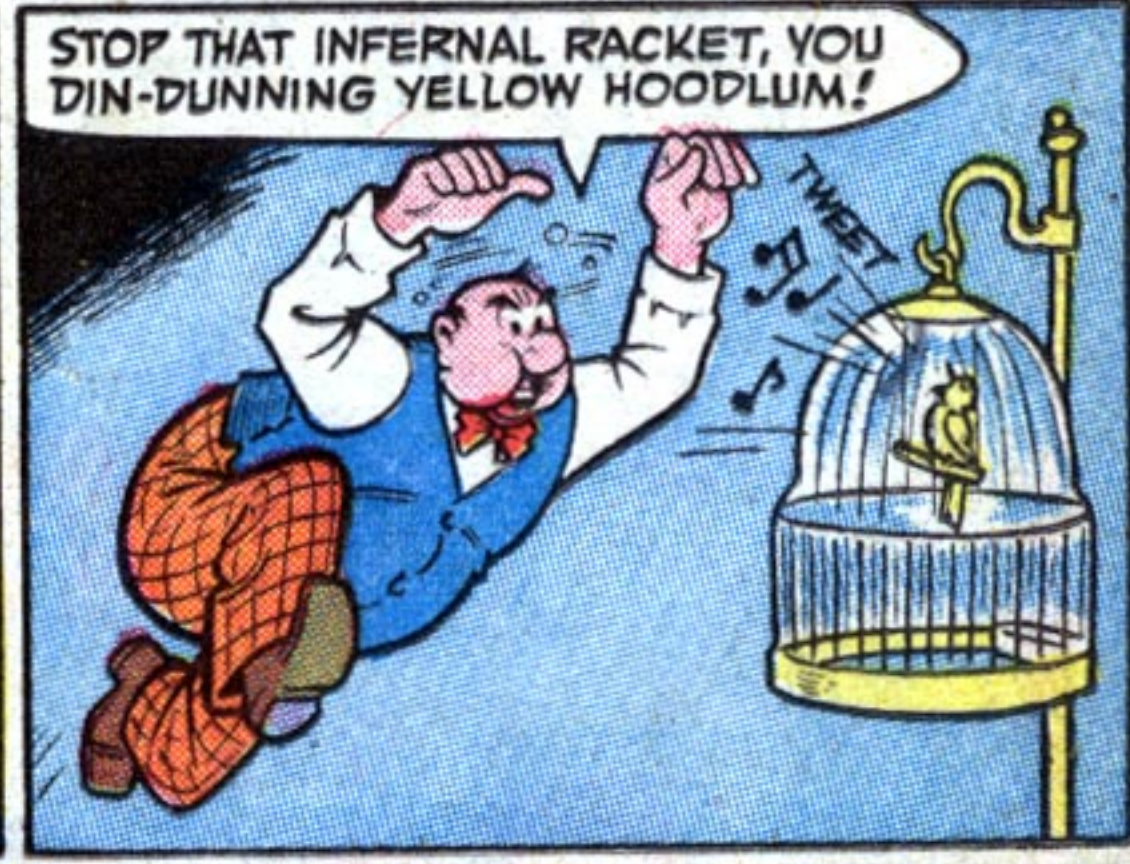
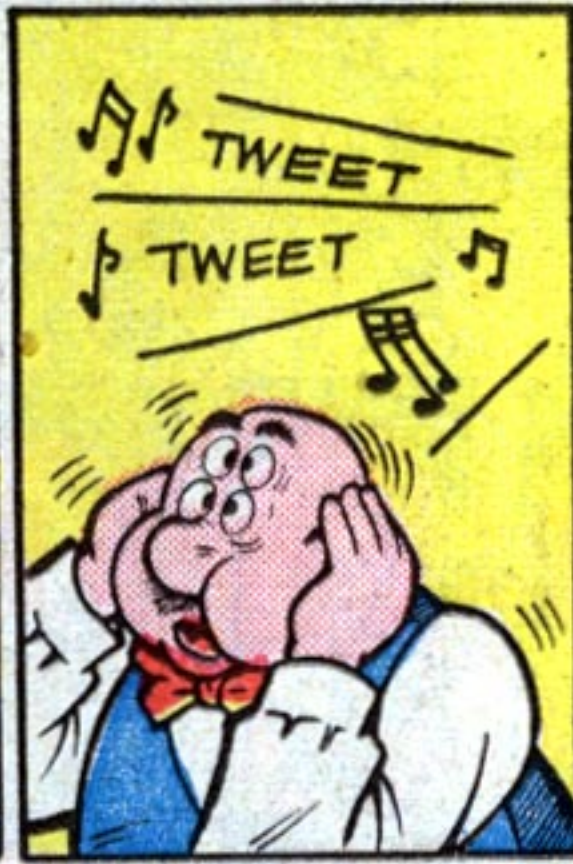
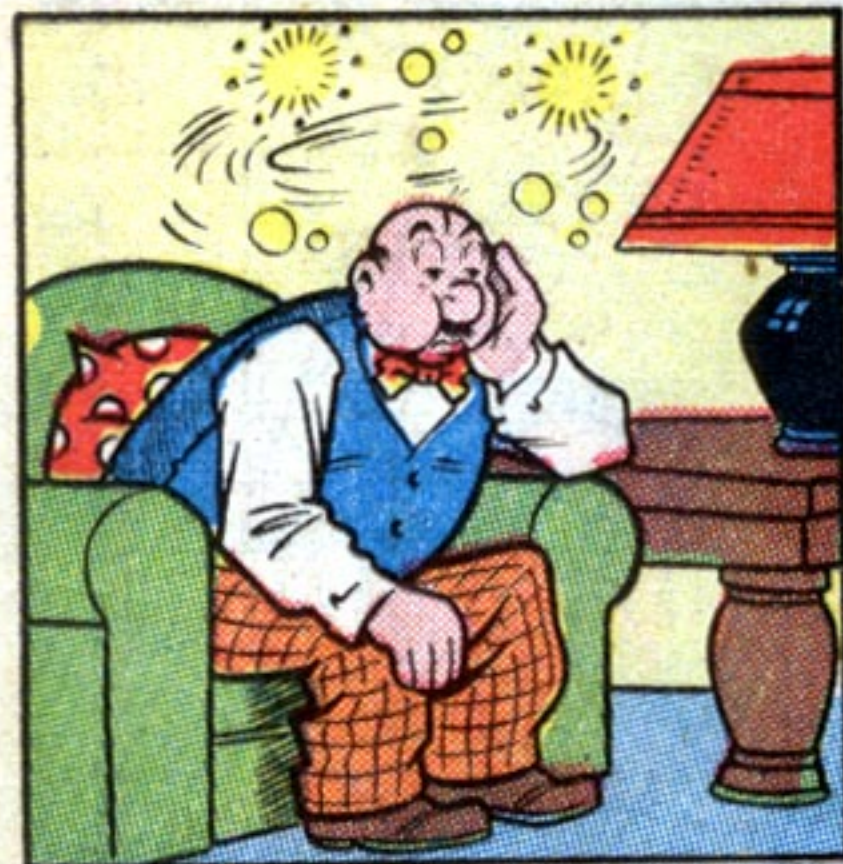
LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA

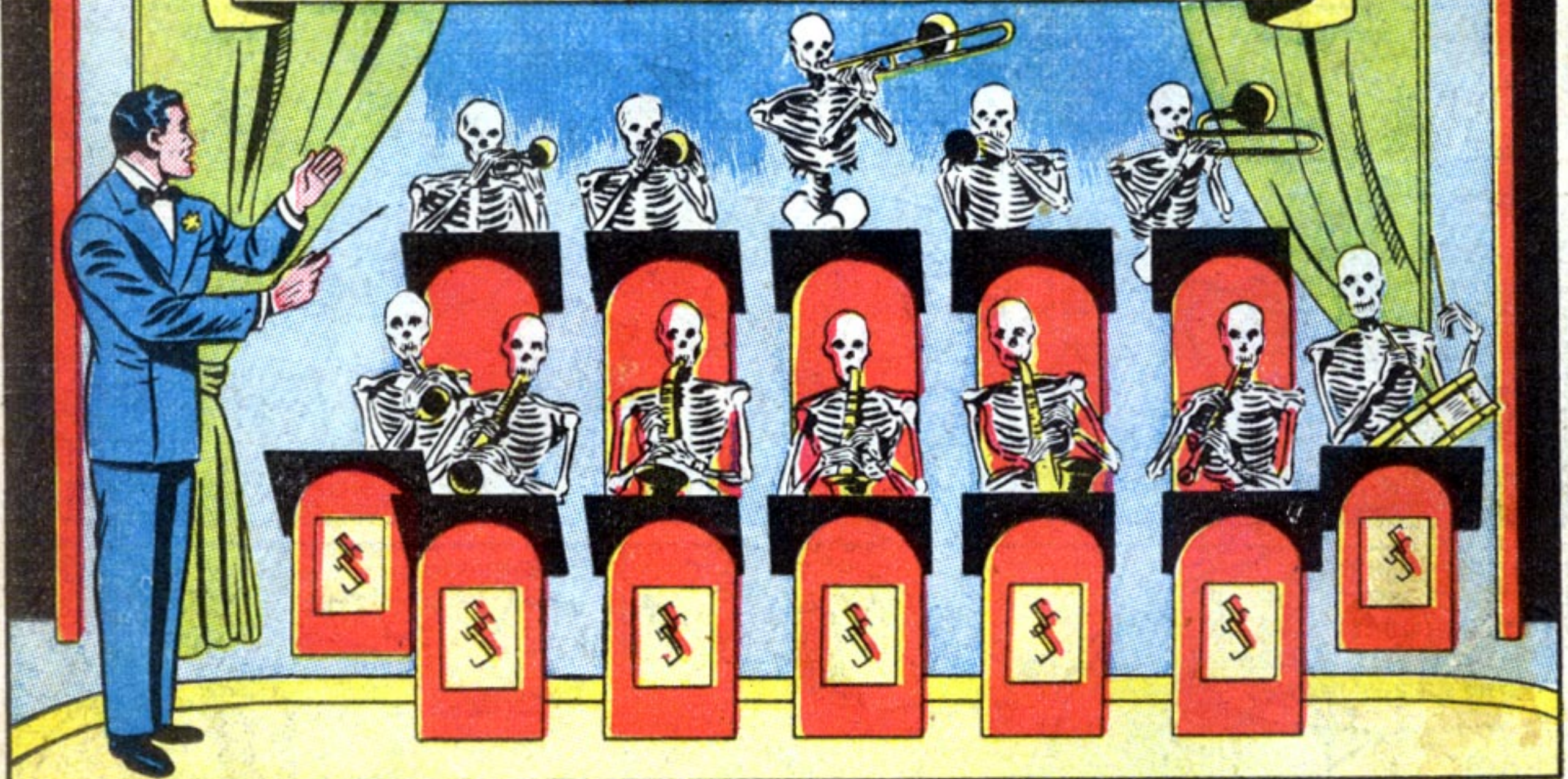


LALA PALOOZA



SWING SISSON

SWING SISSON knew how to send the customers with his solid rythm harmony, but even he had never seen the joint jump the way it did when a **GHOST** sat in on a jam session!



HELLO, DUNDY! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU WERE ABOUT TO CHOKE ON A BONE!

IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, SWING!



WONDERFUL, DUNDY! YOU'VE HAD YOUR SONG PUBLISHED! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO CALL IT THE BEAGLE STREET RAG!

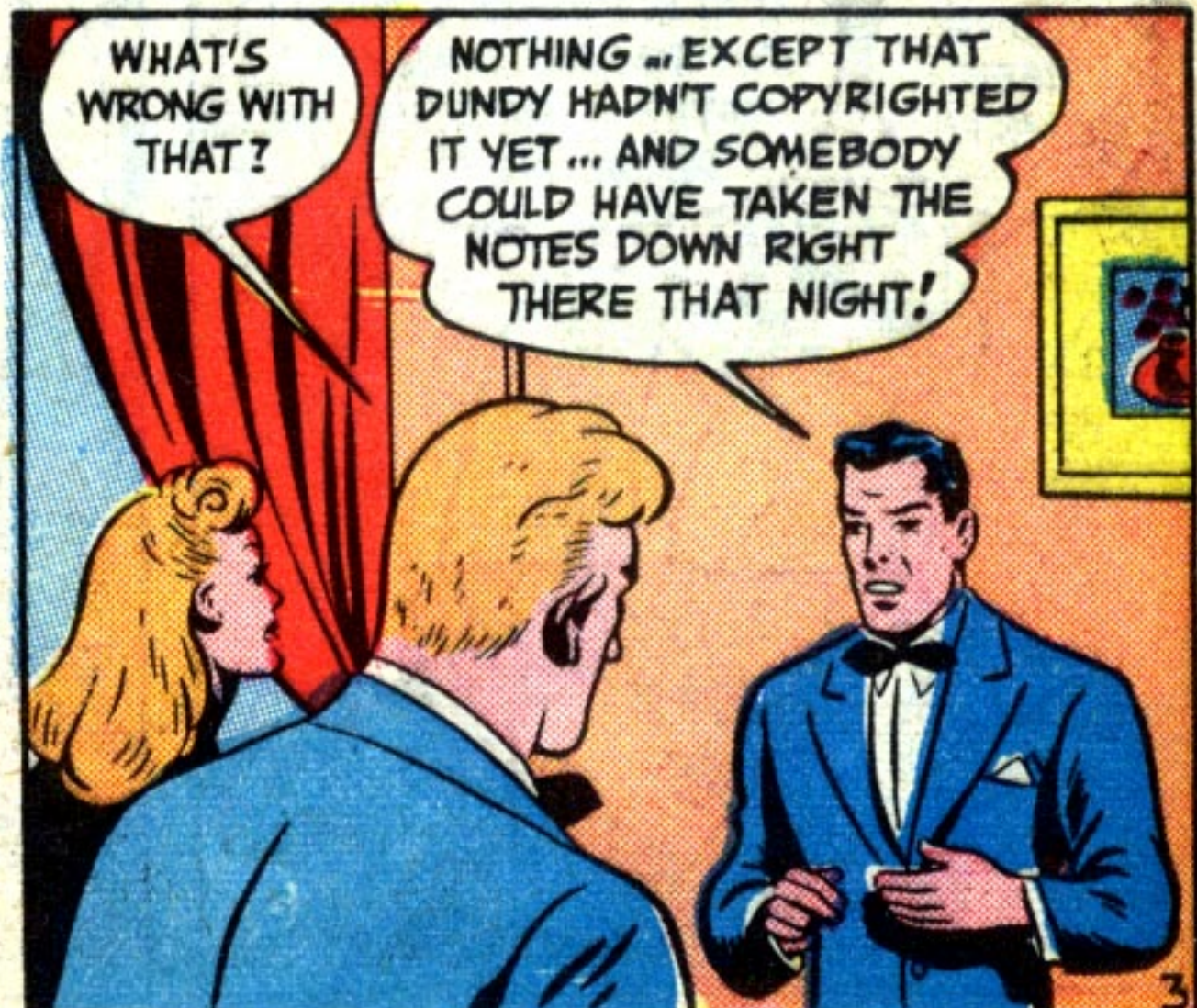
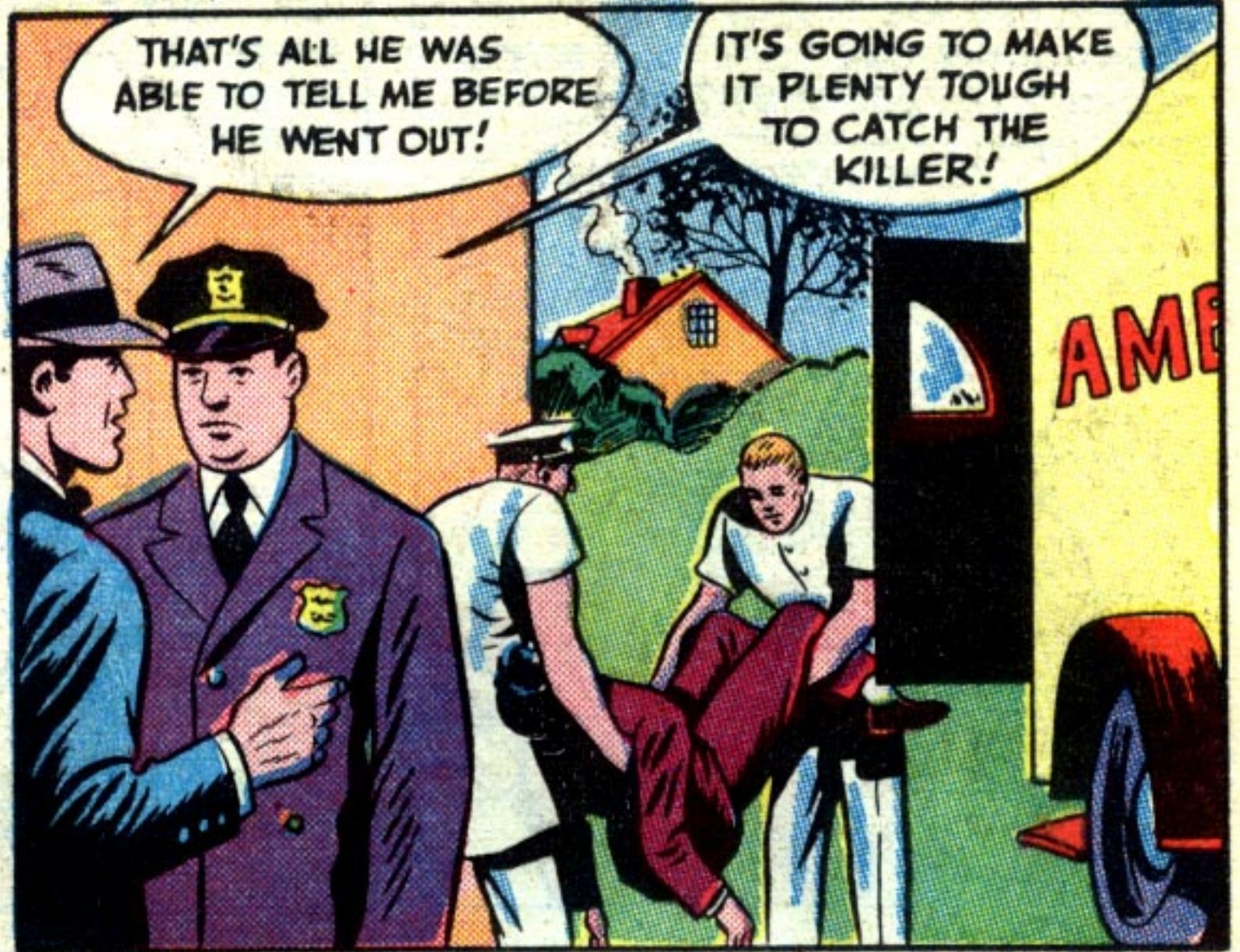
I WAS... AND I DIDN'T HAVE THIS PUBLISHED! LOOK AT THE COMPOSER'S NAME!



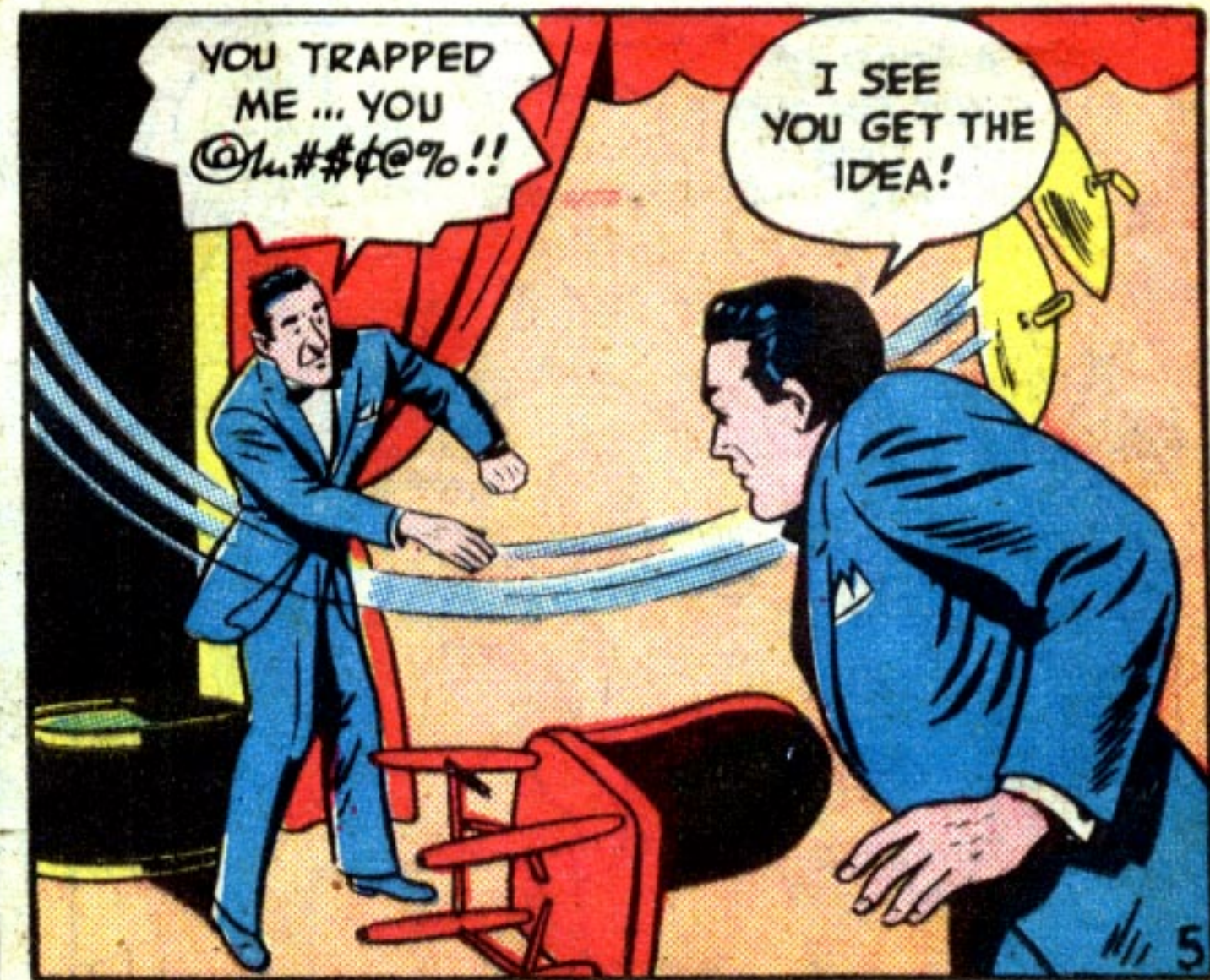
MARVIN TATE! I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

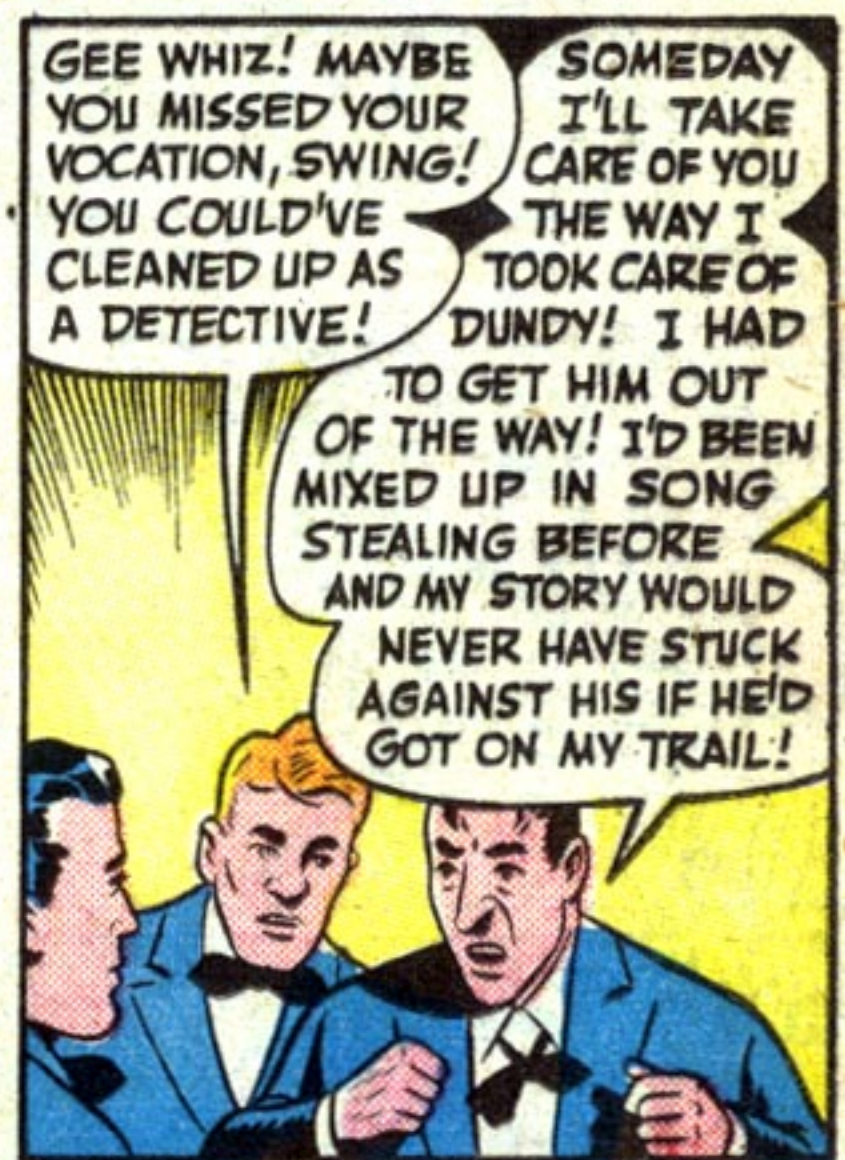
NEITHER DID I! IT'S A PHONY NAME!





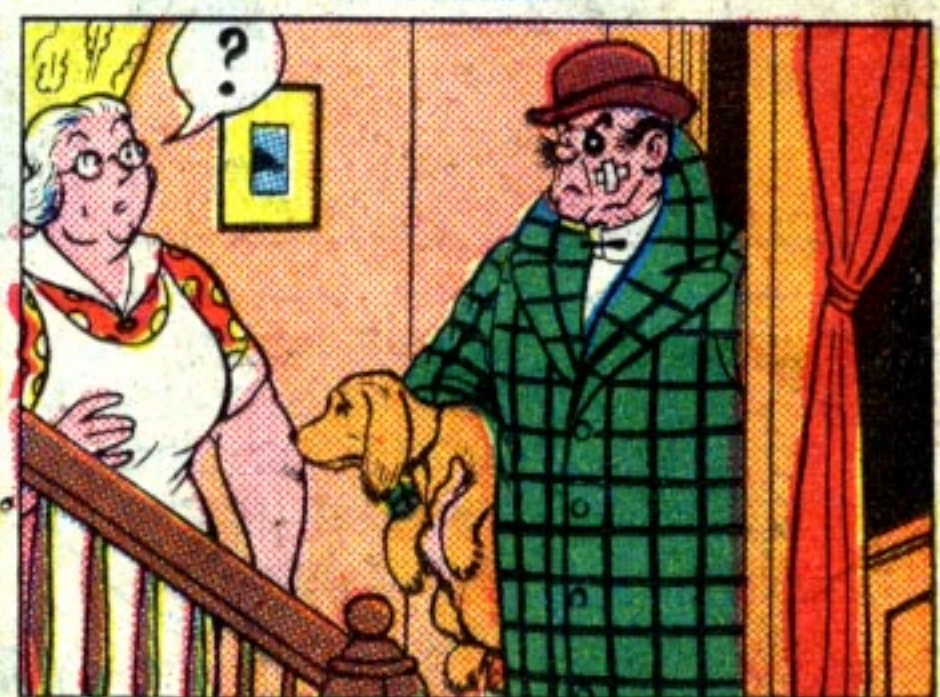
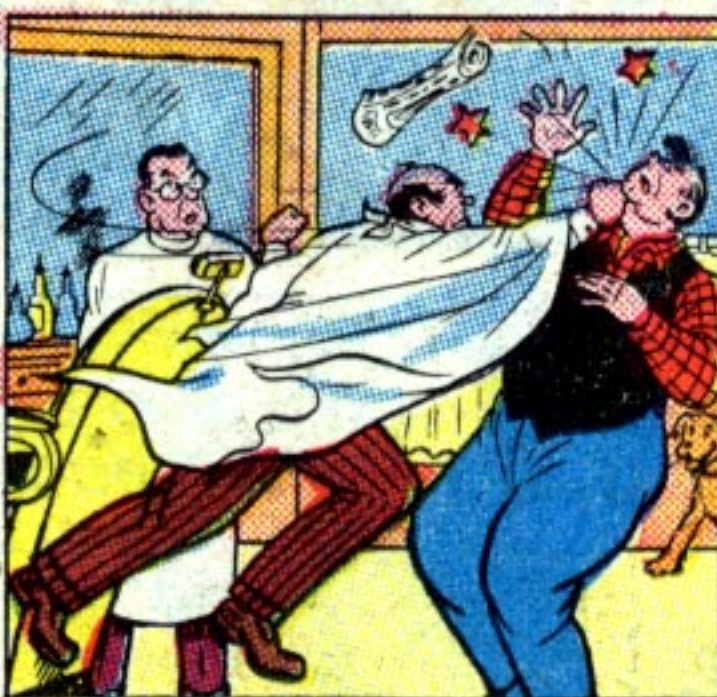
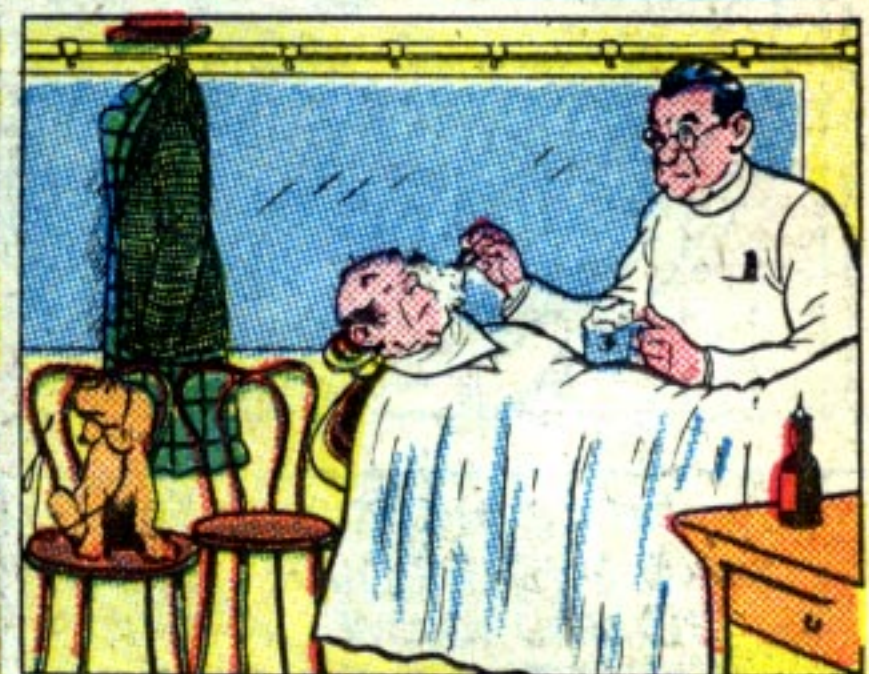
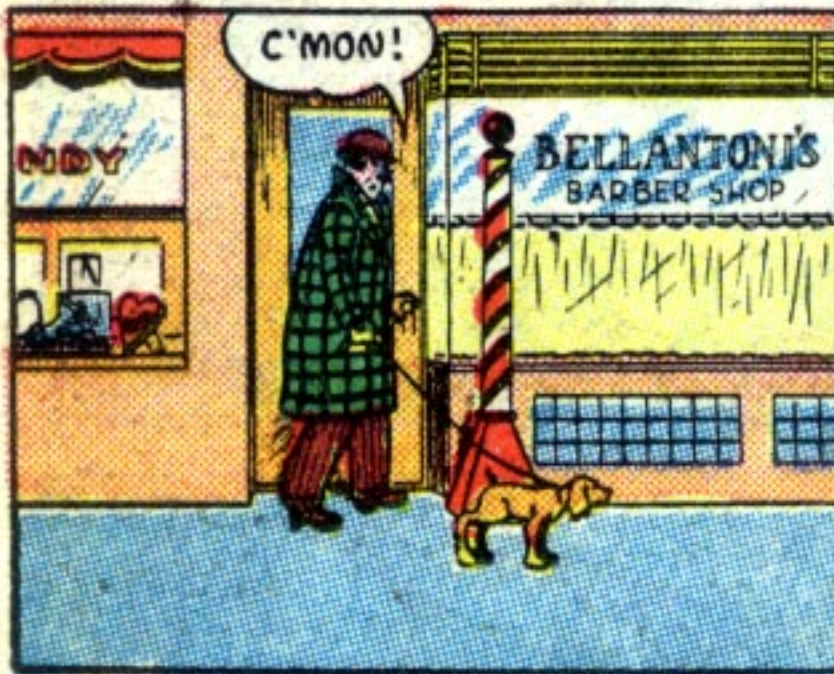






MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



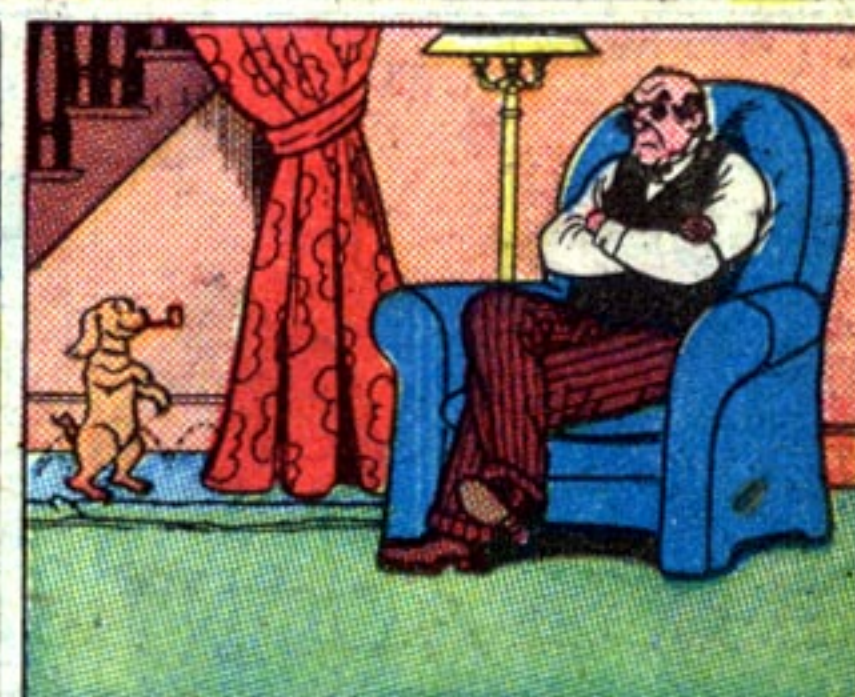
NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



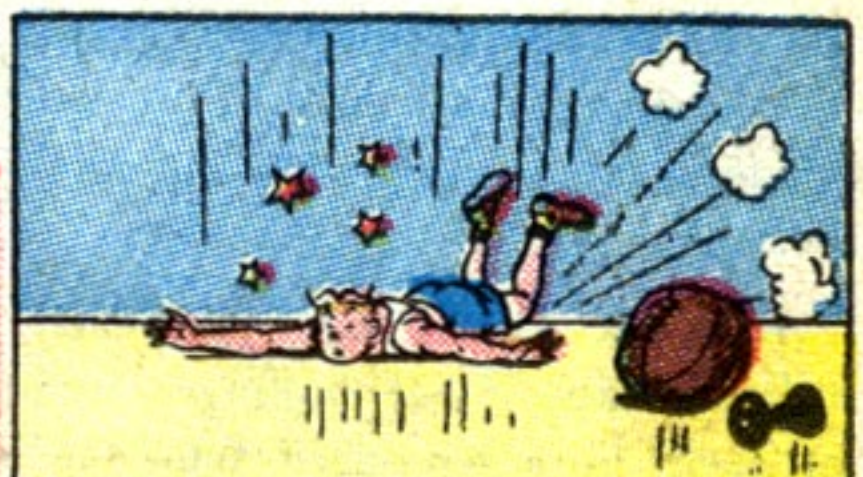
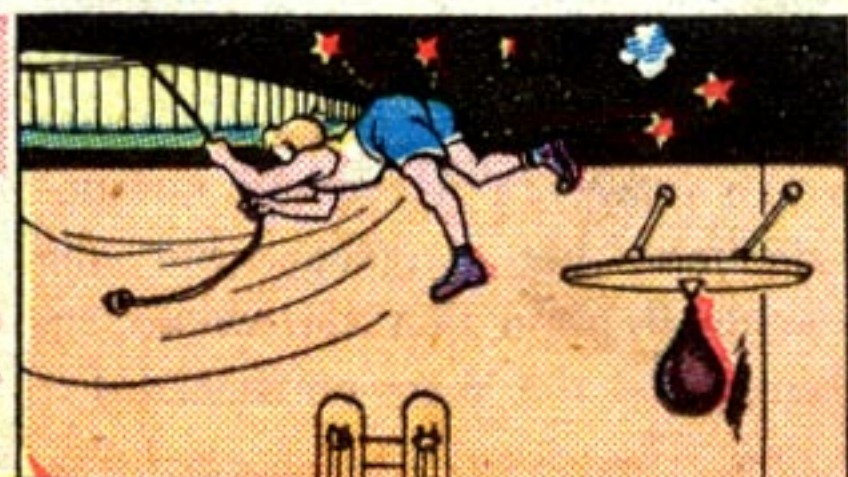
MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



Spook of San Nicolas

ON bright moonlit nights, Juana Maria, dead these many years, stands on the highest point of San Nicolas Island and gazes sadly out to sea. The wild winds whip her robe of bird feathers. Slowly she turns away, as if weary of the sight, and trudges down the rock slope, shaking her head. She is lamenting the tragic fate of her baby, and her people who left her marooned.

Sometimes, according to seafaring men, the evening winds carry to them the sobbing of a child and the savage yelping of wild dogs.

Of these strange things we have only the oft-repeated tales. Mariners tell the story of the ghost of San Nicolas in hushed tones. But we know that it has some basis in fact because there was a Juana Maria, and she was actually marooned on the lonely isle for 18 years.

When Perry Scott's cutter, the *Sark*, put into the tiny cove of San Nicolas not long ago, it was not so much to find the "spook" but to do some exploring for the Santa Cruz Museum of Natural History.

Now, anybody knows that the Channel Islands off the coast of Santa Barbara are rich in historical lore. Santa Cruz is famous for its one-time ancient family of the Cares, who ran sheep on the island until the wild boars made sheep herding virtually impossible.

Anacapa Island has provided valuable aboriginal findings and artifacts of a long-dead tribe of

Indians. This also applies to the island of San Miguel.

Of San Nicolas not so much is known except the almost-legend of Juana Maria, which is not a legend by any means. Perhaps we had better give the highlights of the story briefly, since it ties in with our own yarn.

On a fine morning in July, 1835, a schooner under the captaincy of Charles Hubbard, sailed out of San Pedro harbor to bring the San Nicolas islanders to the mainland.

A storm struck two miles off the island. Small boats were put off and hurriedly the Indians were taken to the ship. In the excitement of final abandonment, a baby was left behind. The mother of the infant, believing her child was carried by a friend, didn't make the discovery until the ship was far at sea. Then she implored the captain to put about. But the storm prohibited this. He promised to return later.

The young mother, desperate, leaped overboard and struck out through the giant waves toward the island. Many years passed and several times ships landed crews on the island. They searched for the lost mother or child, never finding either.

But in 1853, some seal hunters landed on San Nicolas and one Brown, while strolling through the bush, came upon a crude hut. Inside he found a fair Indian woman cowering. He could not understand her language, but she made it plain that she would accompany the men on board the ship.

Arrived in Santa Barbara, the populace poured out on the beach to see "the wild woman from San Nicolas." Wild as she looked, there was nothing wild about this poor creature. She eventually made it clear that wild dogs had eaten her baby soon after she swam back to the island. She had lived like a "wild woman" all those years.

She was friendly and cheerful, but civilization proved fatal to her. One day she sickened and died. A priest was called just before she gasped her last breath. The sign of the cross was pressed to her cooling brow, and the unknown and nameless creature was christened "Juana Maria" by Father Sanchez.

In the walled cemetery, from whose portals leer ghastly skulls, close to the shelter of the tower of Mission Santa Barbara, is the neglected grave of a devoted mother, the heroine of San Nicolas.

The Mission fathers sent Juana Maria's feather robes to Rome. They were made of the satiny plumage of the green cormorant, the feathers pointing downward and so cleverly matched as to seem one continuous sheen of changeful lustre. Record of that early baptism is in the church register.

And that's the story of Juana Maria, the ghost of San Nicolas.

It was not the "spook" that took Perry Scott to San Nicolas. It was a far more tangible thing. It was a thing that had been worrying Uncle Sam for several months. Perry had his own ideas of what constituted the menace. So did the

Coast Guard. The latter scoffed at Perry's idea; it was too preposterous.

"Maybe," was Perry's comment. But he went right on with his plans.

The problem was this: for months a vast quantity of valuable gems had been flooding American markets, yet there was no customs record of their entry. Someone was smuggling the stones into the country, but who? All customs men had been working overtime, on the lookout of the culprit. Nothing had been found.

The thing that had given Perry his first inkling of skullduggery was the report of a "strange whale" reportedly seen several times with other whales roaming and disporting themselves near the Channel Islands. This "whale" didn't act strictly whalish, said the men on whale boats. It had been fired upon but the harpoons had taken no effect; always the big beast had got away.

Perry's cutter, the *Sark*, was exceptionally fast—faster than any whale. For a couple of weeks the *Sark* cruised in and around the islands, several times sighting whales. But not once had he spotted the mysterious whale.

Then one bright afternoon the mate picked up a strangely acting whale some three miles off the starboard quarter. Perry ordered full speed. The cutter soon came up within hailing distance of the big creature. Then it did a strange thing: it gradually nosed down till it was lost to view under the waves.

"That isn't the way a whale sounds," said Perry. "We'll lay to and watch; whales have to come up now and then for a gulp of air, being mammals."

For two hours the *Sark* idled up-

on the waters but not once did the odd whale appear.

"It's no whale," said Perry positively. "I've said that a dozen times. Whales have to breathe. And that fellow didn't submerge as whales do."

"You mean," said the mate, "it's a wh—"

"I mean that it's no whale. It's a sub fixed up to resemble a whale!"

"Cripes!"

"A clever stunt and it's fooled not only the whalers but the Coast Guard," said Perry. "They don't believe it yet."

"What can we do?" the mate wanted to know.

"Tell Sparks to radio the nearest Coast Guard boat," Perry said. "Tell 'em to get here on the double-quick."

The mate ran aft to the radio house.

It was nearly an hour later that the Coast Guard's *Cygnat* hove to a hundred yards off. The commander came aboard.

"So you think it's a camouflaged sub," he said.

"I know it is, sir," Perry replied. "I know a whale sounds every so often. Our mysterious little job stays down."

"Have any plan?" the Coast Guard officer asked.

"Lay to—watch—and fire on her when she shows. Depth charges if she gets away and submerges."

The officer nodded. He called the deck of his boat by hand-talky radio and gave the orders. Then he turned to Perry. "Interesting, if true," he said. "But another angle comes up: how, if she is a sub, does she get the gems to shore?"

Perry grinned. "I've got another idea that is just as far-fetched as the sub-whale idea," he said. "But I think it's the answer."

"Carrier pigeon?" asked the officer, smiling.

"It was my first idea. I am not so sure now."

"Look!" cried the C. G. officer, pointing upward.

Four fast homing pigeons were streaking toward the distant shore.

Perry nodded. "I've seen several of 'em. But I think it's a neat decoy. I've had all shore-bound pigeon cotes inspected. Nary a clue. Of course, the bird may be housed farther inland."

It was toward two o'clock that afternoon that Perry, watching through his glasses, said quietly, "I think I see our man—or men." He held out the glasses.

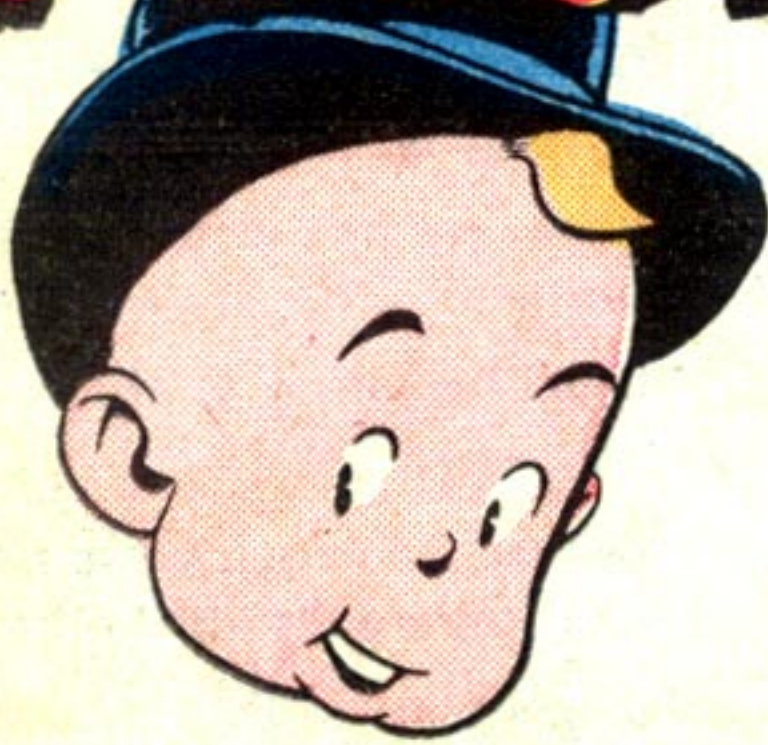
The officer gazed through them, lowered them.

"But that's merely an old fishing trawler. I even know its owner—Horton. Been fishing these waters for years. Perfectly honest."

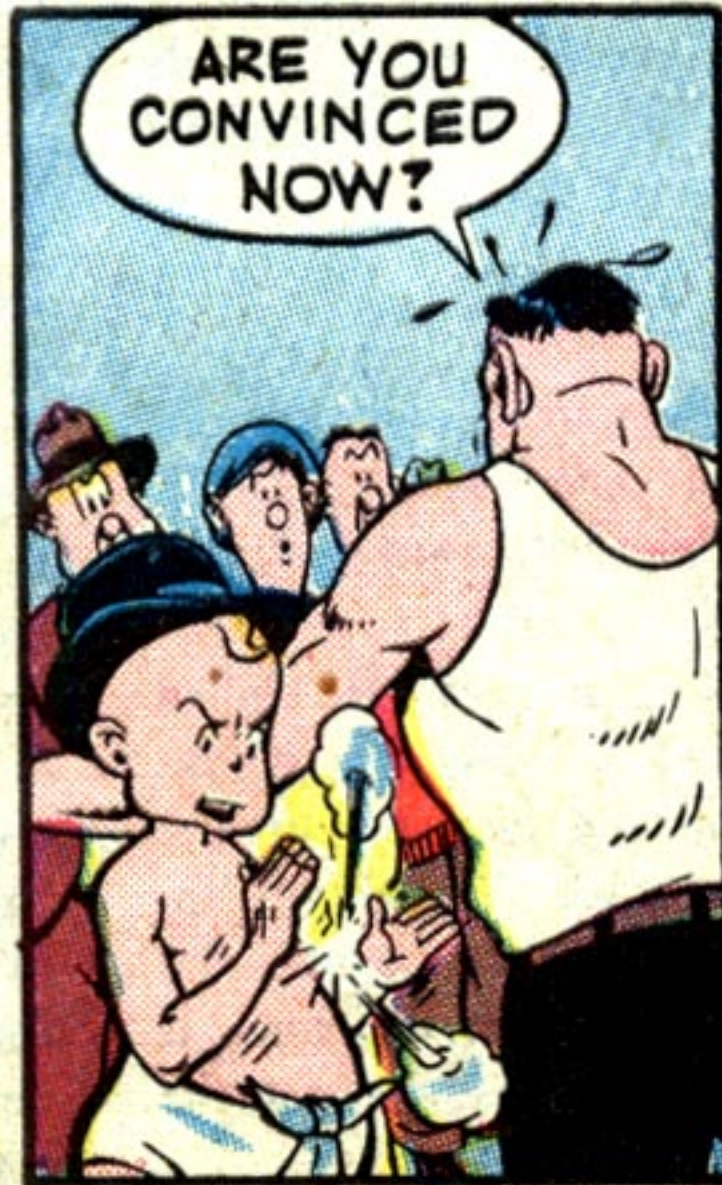
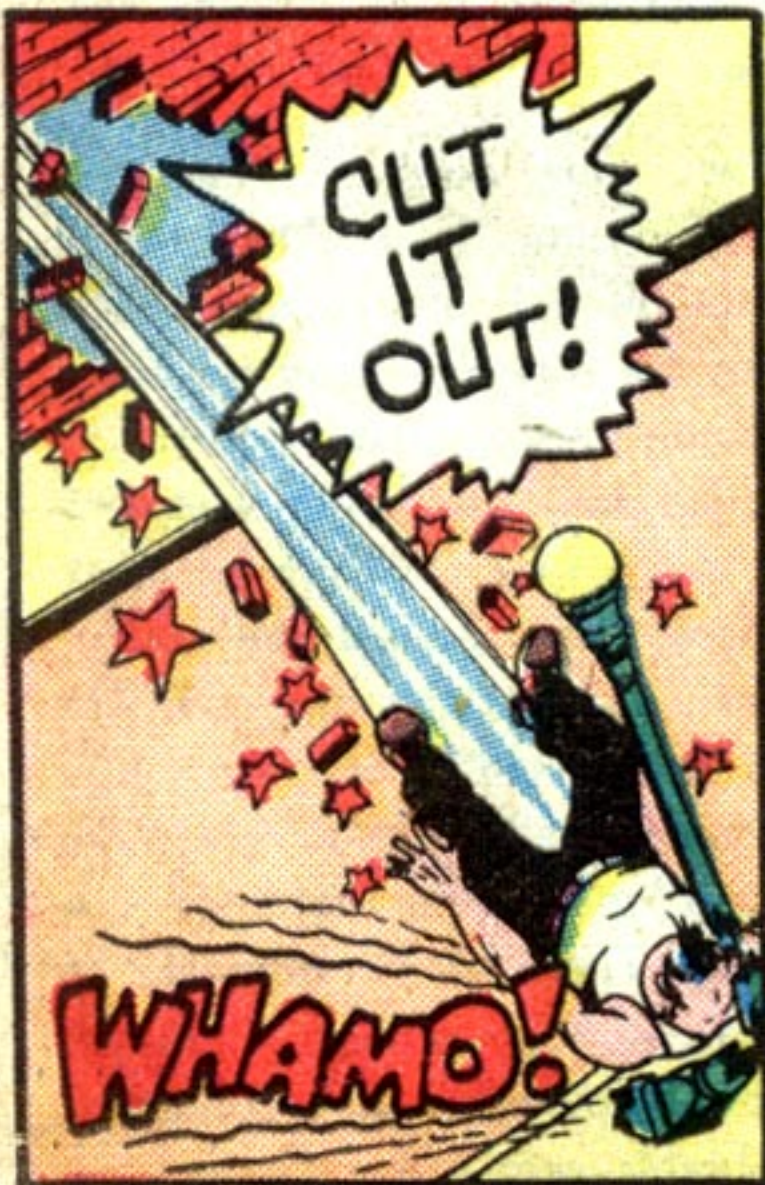
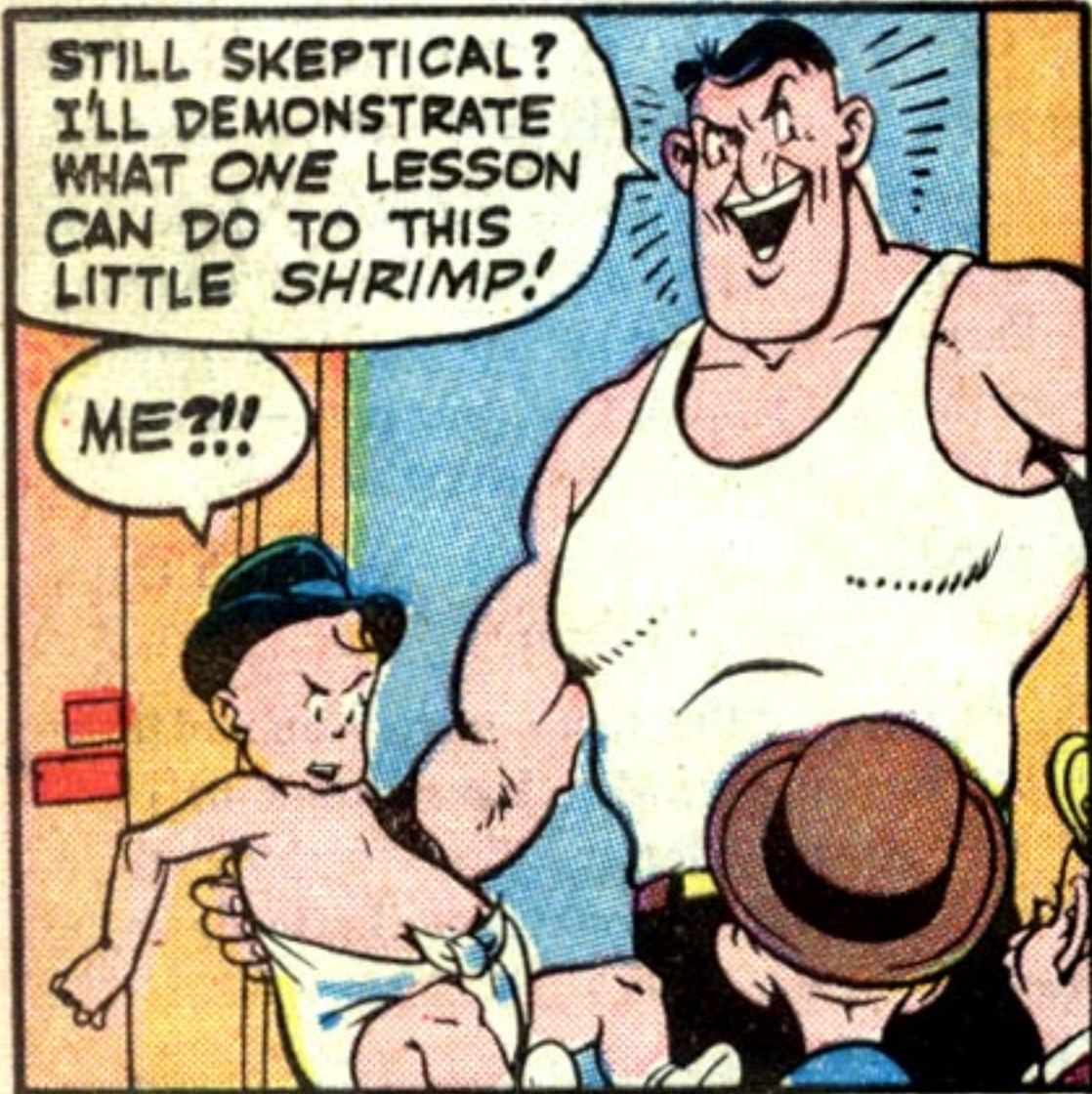
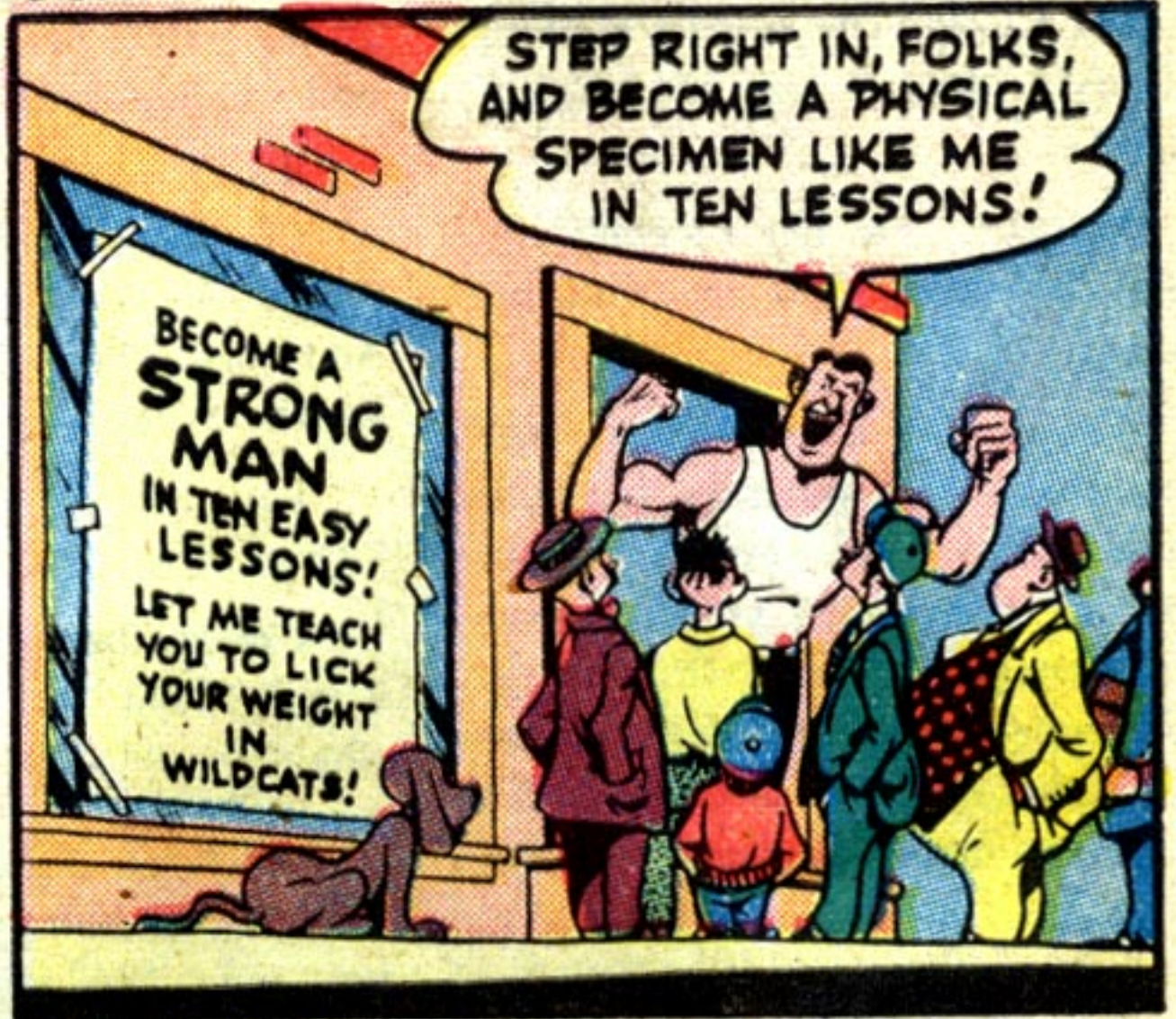
"Maybe Horton is not operating his boat these days," Perry suggested. "Let's go find out."

They bore down on the boat a few minutes later. They found Horton bound and gagged below decks. He was unable to tell them anything; just that some men had boarded him one night and tied him up. A nice catch of fish were on deck. Perry picked one up, cut it open, but found nothing. It was the Coast Guard Officer who found the box of albacore to one side. He cut one of the valuable fish in half. There, in its stomach, he found a huge uncut diamond. Each of the other fish contained a valuable gem.

POISON



IVY



SPIN SHAW



The Admiral's headquarters

IF THIS CAPTAIN SHAW IS REALLY YOUR BEST OFFICER, PLEASE ASSIGN HIM TO ME!

AT ONCE, DR. MAYBELLE! JUST NOW HE'S COACHING SOME OF OUR MEN TO PLAY FOOTBALL! SPRING PRACTICE!

OF COURSE, I WANT YOU TO PLAY **FAIR** --- BUT LIKE WISE PLAY **ROUGH**! LIKE THIS ---

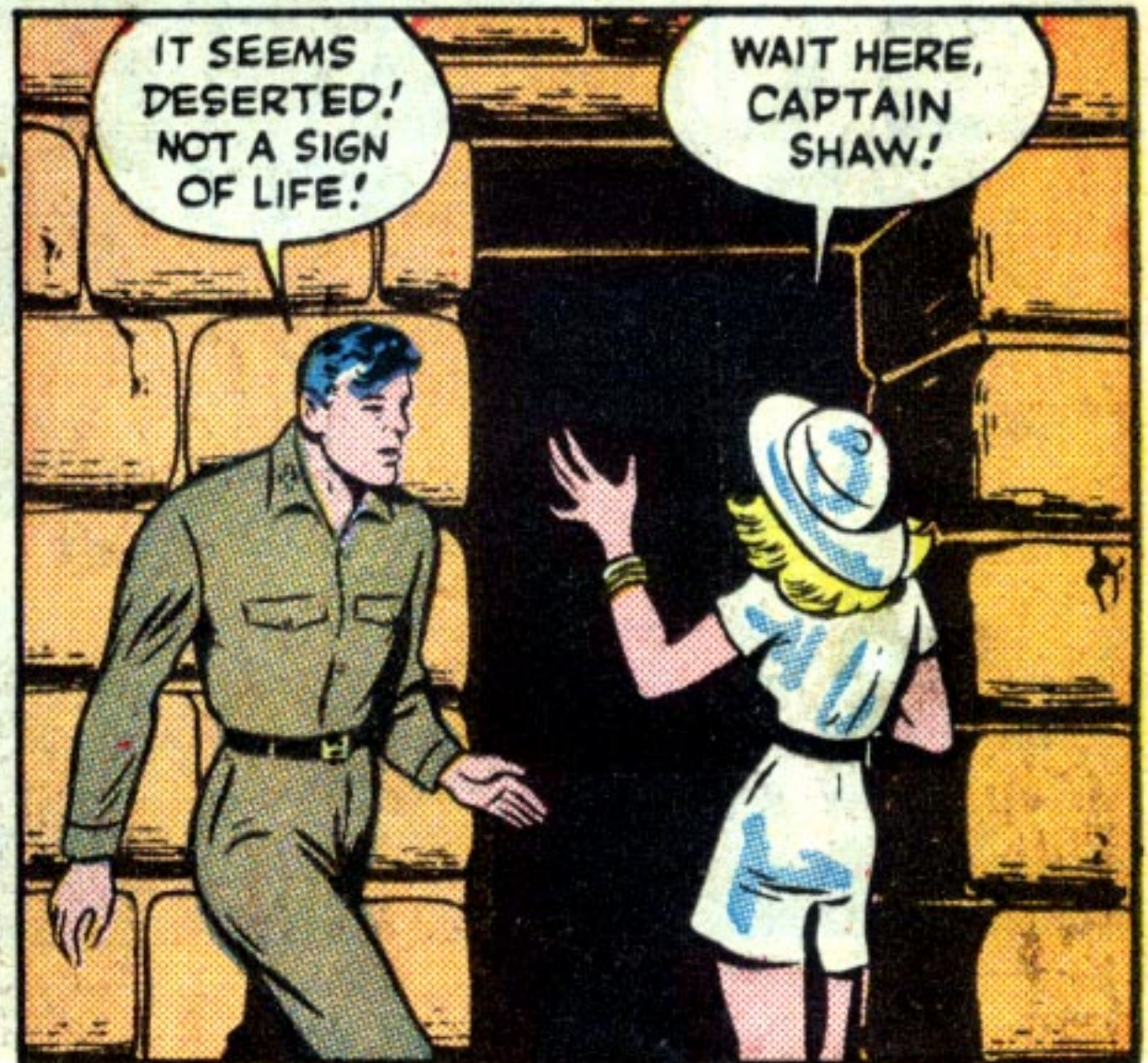
CAPTAIN SHAW! ADMIRAL WANTS TO SEE YOU!

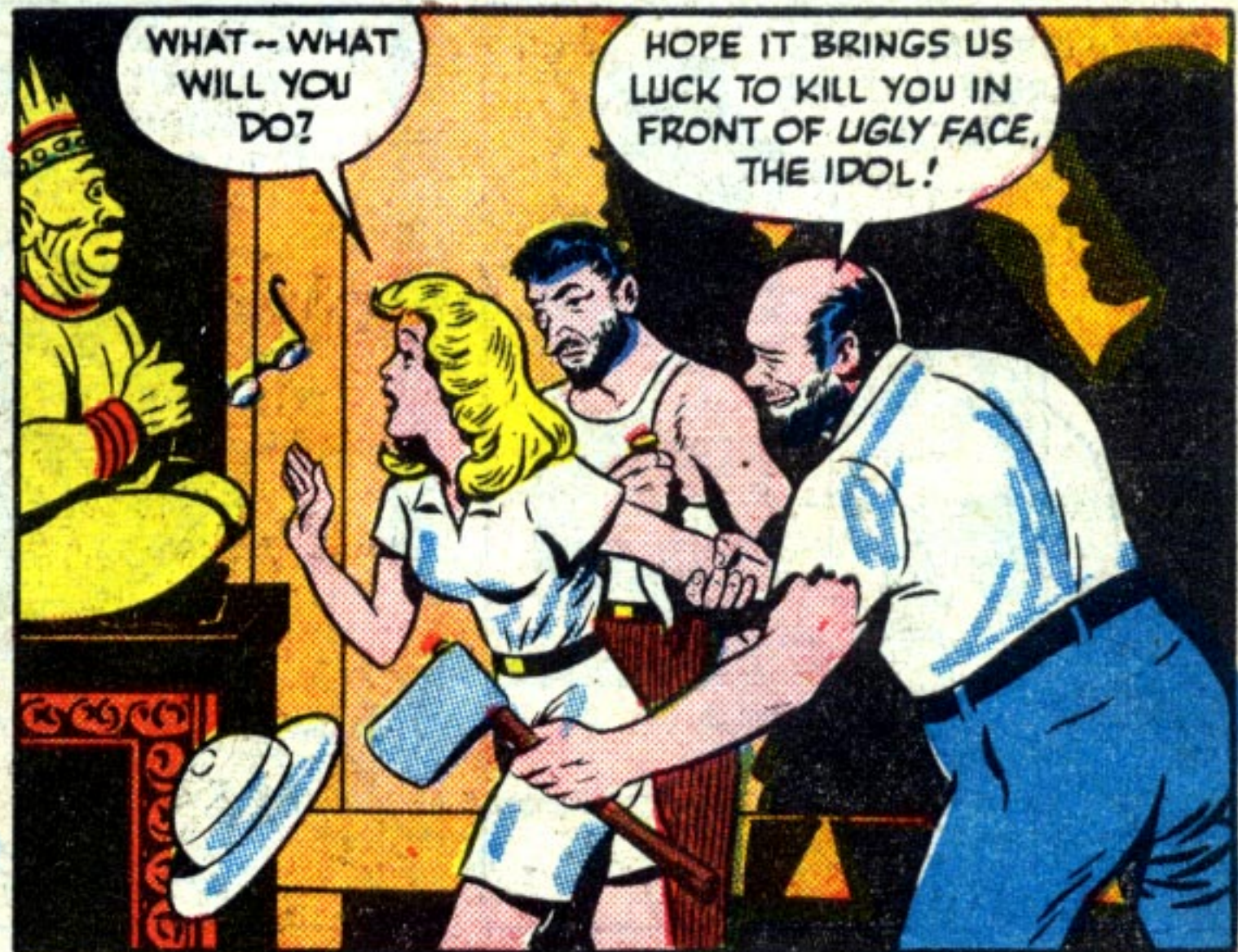


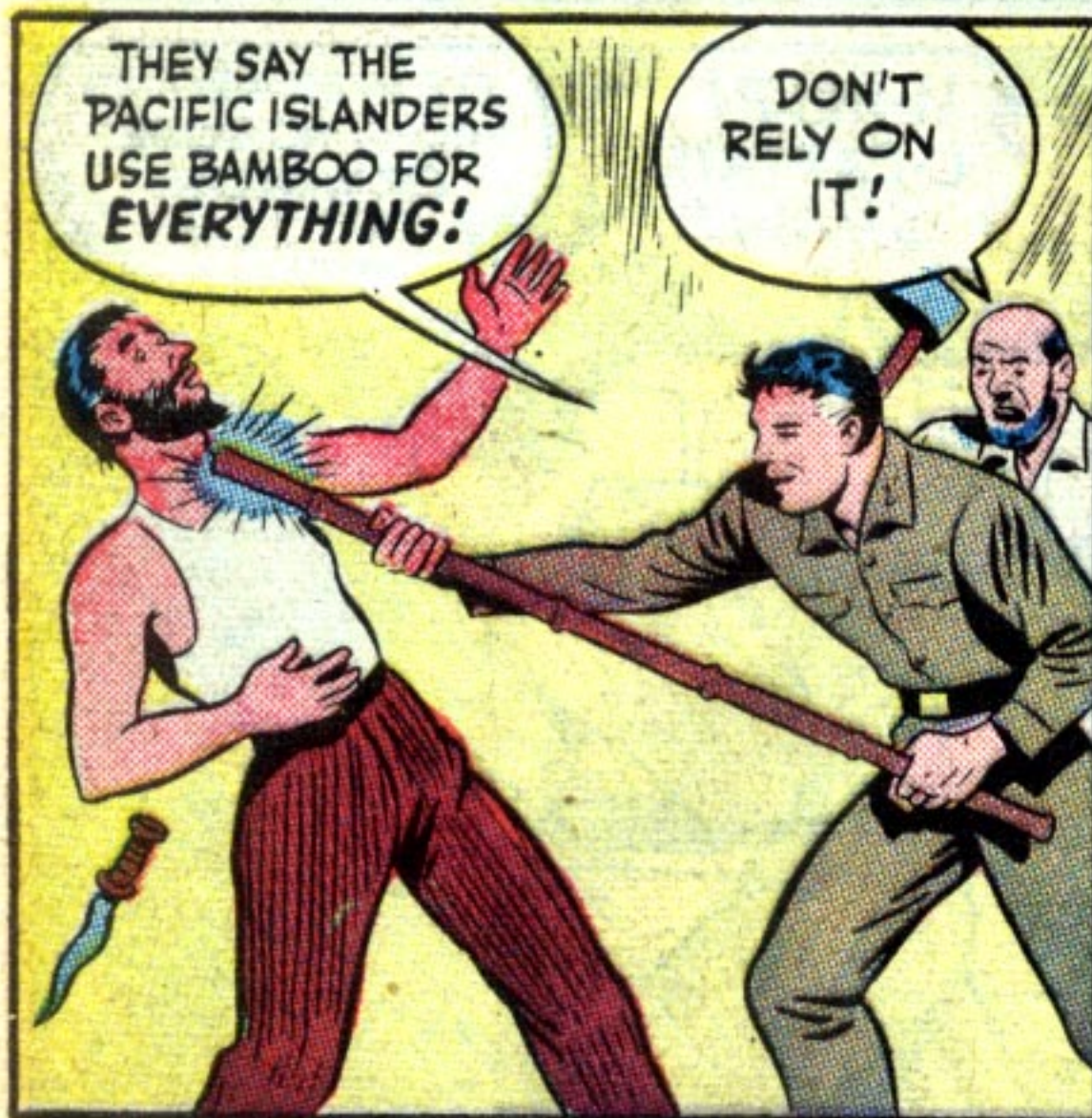
OKAY, MEN, KEEP AT IT! I'LL BE BACK!

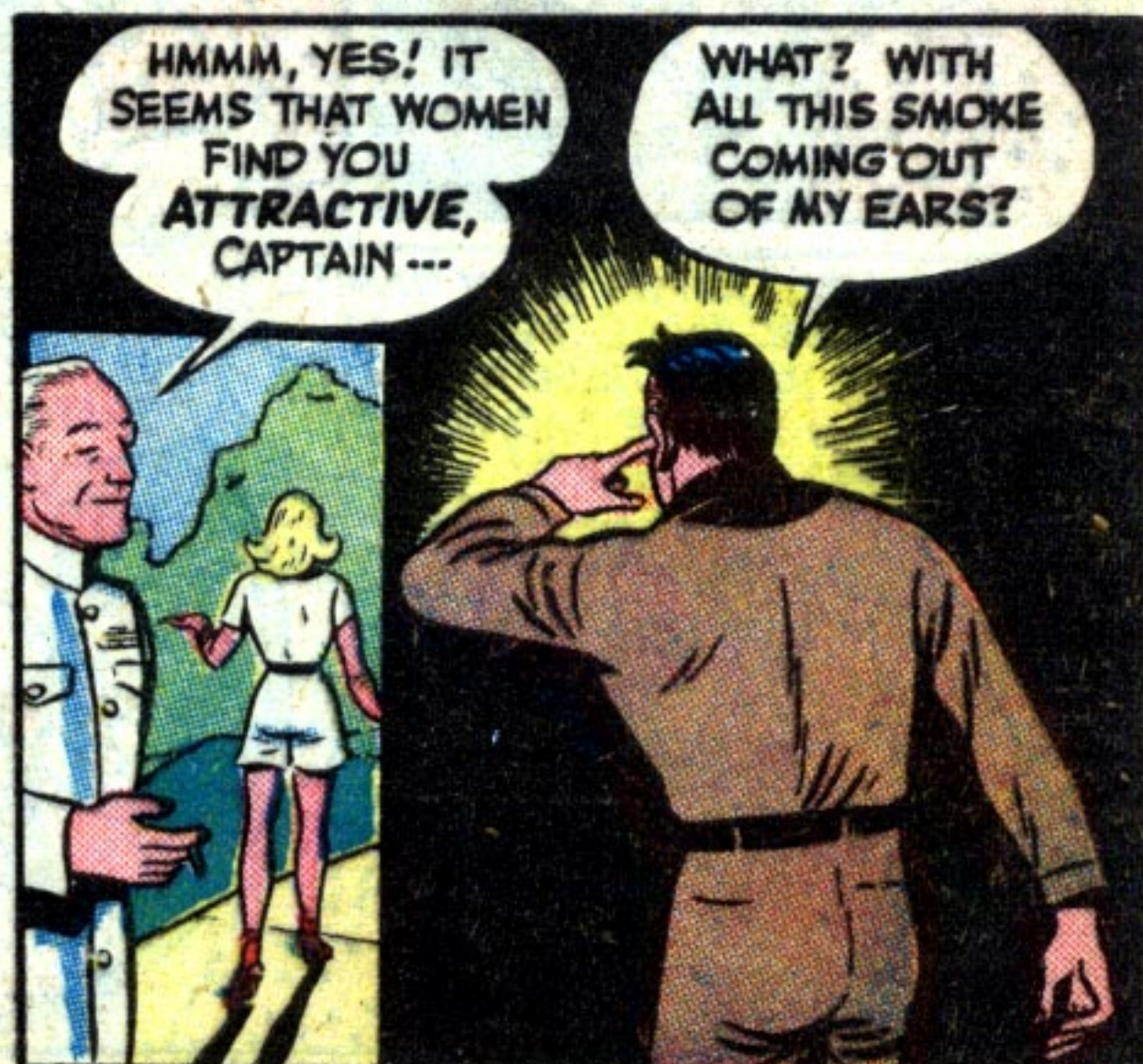
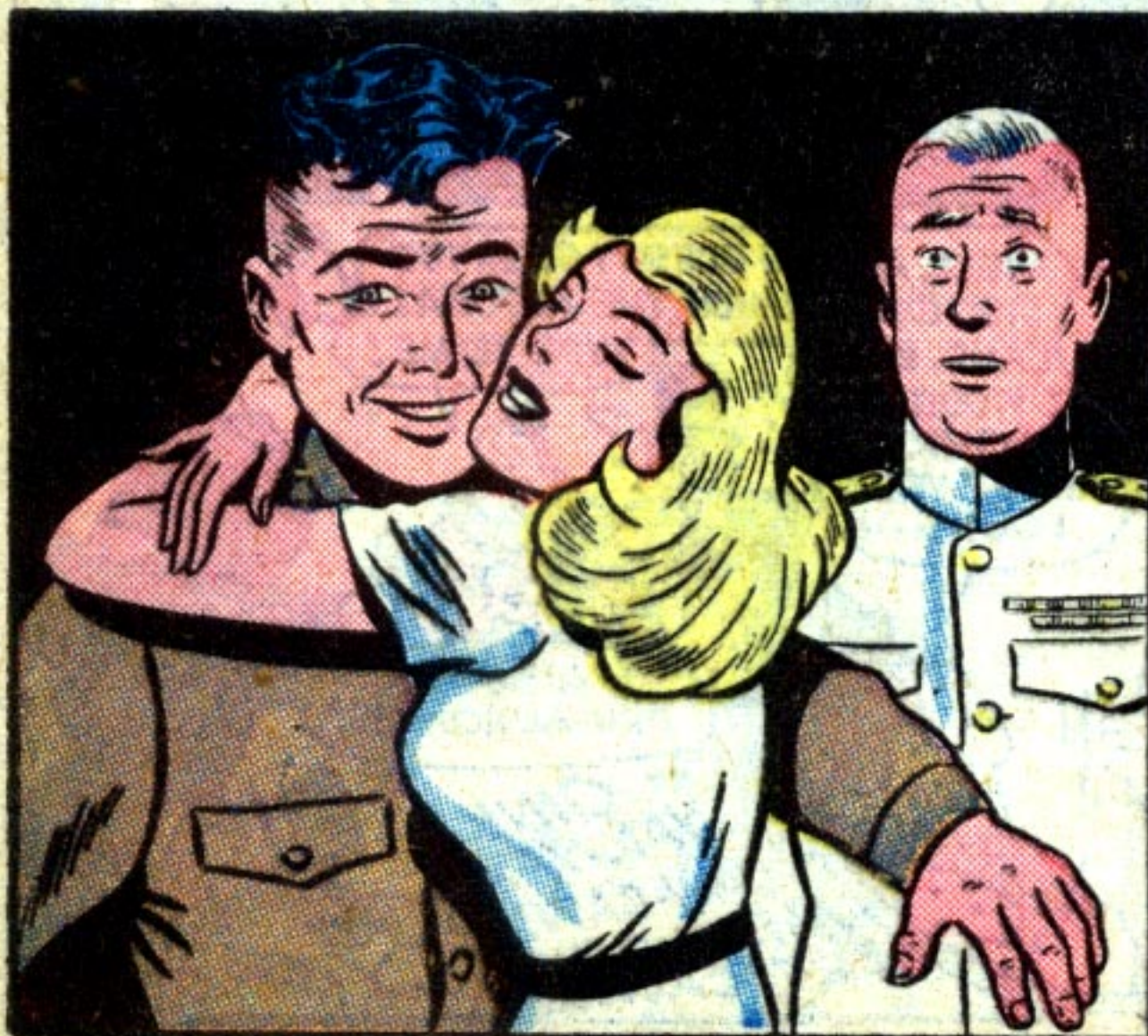
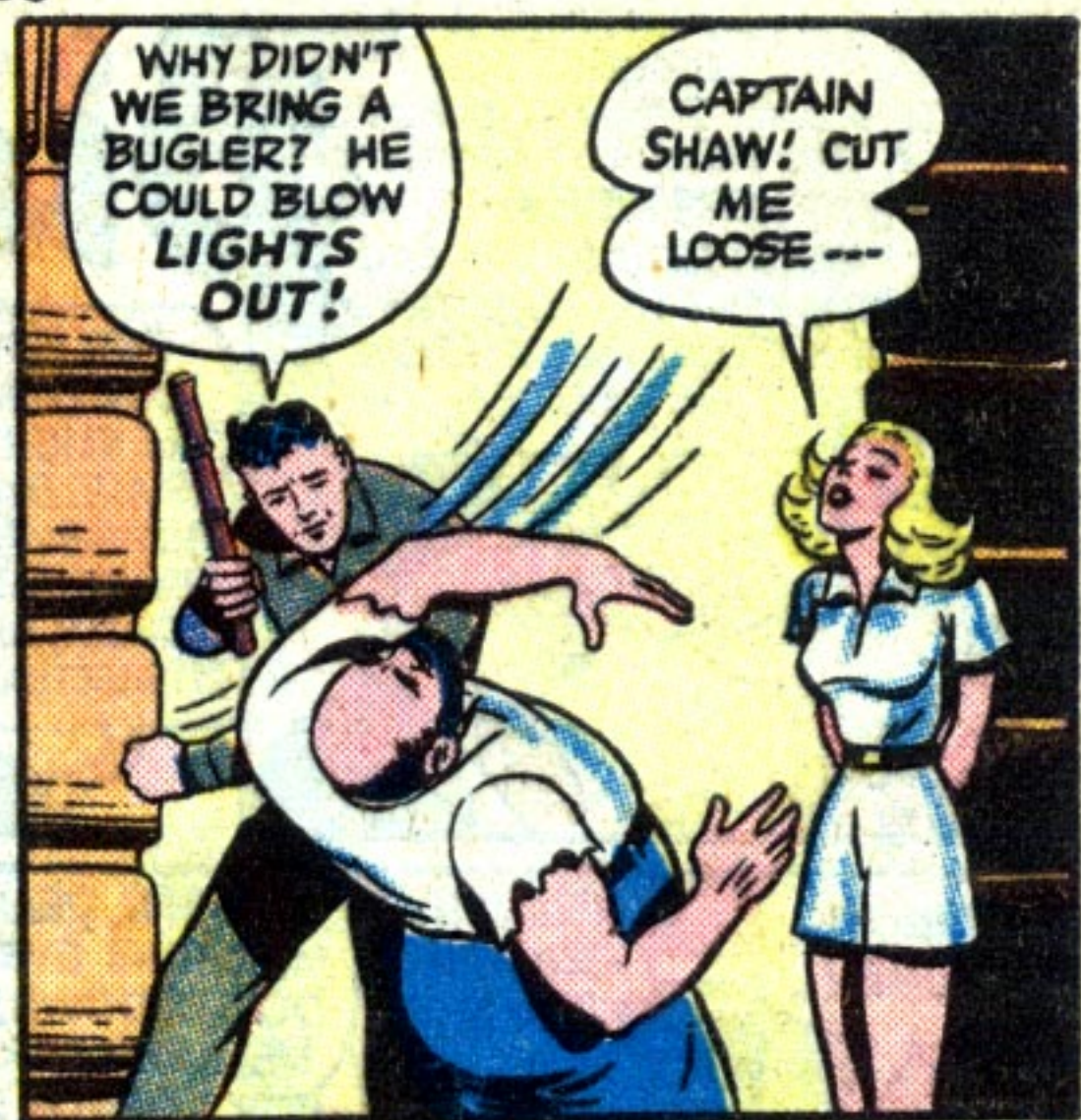
RATHER A BRUTAL TYPE, ISN'T HE? OR AM I MISJUDGING HIM?











Big Top

BUTCH, I'M EXPECTING A BIG BANKER HERE IN TEN MINUTES AND I WANT TO PUT OVER A BIG DEAL WITH HIM! IF HE GETS HERE BEFORE I FINISH CHANGING CLOTHES AND SHAVING, GREET HIM AND TRY TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION TILL I GET HERE!



OKAY!

FOR GOODNESS SALES, WATCH YOUR GRAMMAR AND DON'T MAKE THE SLIGHTEST MISTAKE! THIS BIRD IS MR. BIG, HIMSELF... FINANCIALLY, SOCIALLY, AND INTELLECTUALLY!



-EVERY WAY!

WE'VE JUST GOT TO IMPRESS HIM AS SOUND, SOLID PEOPLE! HIS NAME'S EUCLID P. RITZROX!

I KNOW THE TYPE! HERE IT COMES NOW!



H'RUMPH... H'RUMPH...

H'RUMPH, -RUMPH, -RUMPH!

MY DEAR, DEAR SIR.... GOOD MORNING EVER SO MUCH! PRAY, DO SIT DOWN! MR. BANGS WILL BE HERE DIRECTLY, MOST NOBLE SIR!

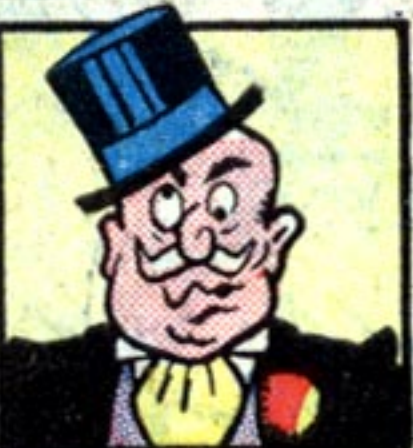


WOULD YOUR MOST AUGUST AND WEALTHY DIGNITY CARE FOR A CUP OF TEA AND A BIT OF TIFFIN WHILE WAITING, SIR?

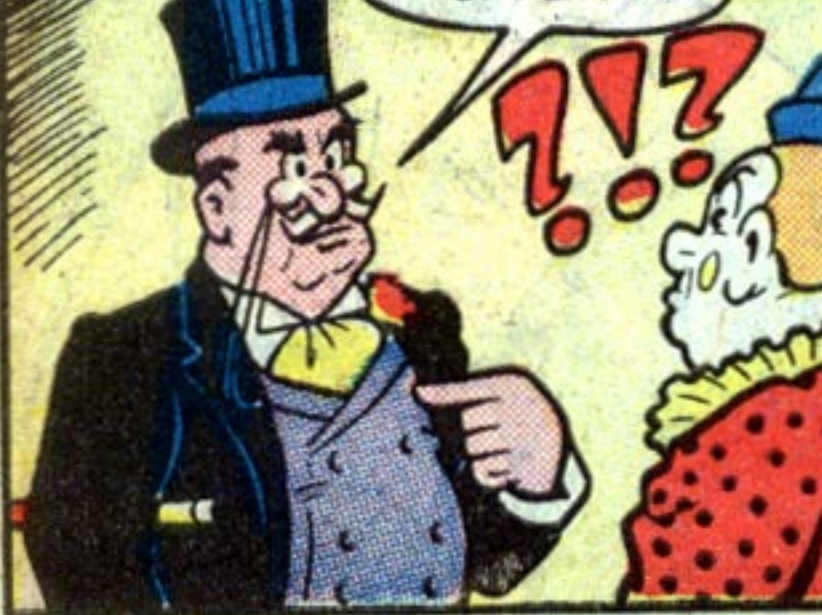


NO, THANK YOU!

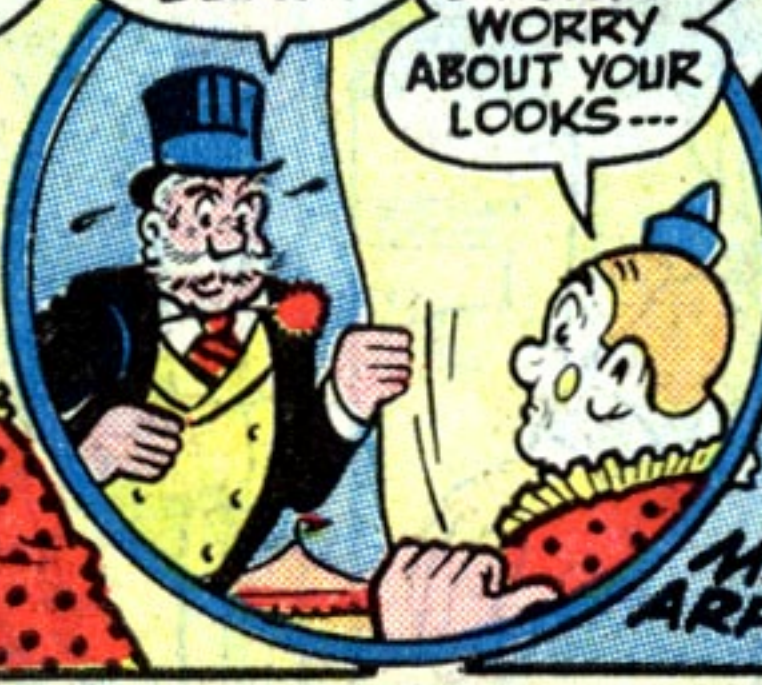
WHEN ONE HAS BUSINESS TO TRANSACT, I BELIEVE IN COMING TO THE POINT AT ONCE!



RUBBER-FACED RUFUS IS MY NAME... ORIGINAL COMIC FACES TAUGHT AT REASONABLE RATES... ALSO ASSORTED ANTICS AND COMICAL CAPERS!



OUR VISITOR... DID HE COME, BUTCH?



WELL, A VISITOR CAME, BUT I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR LOOKS...

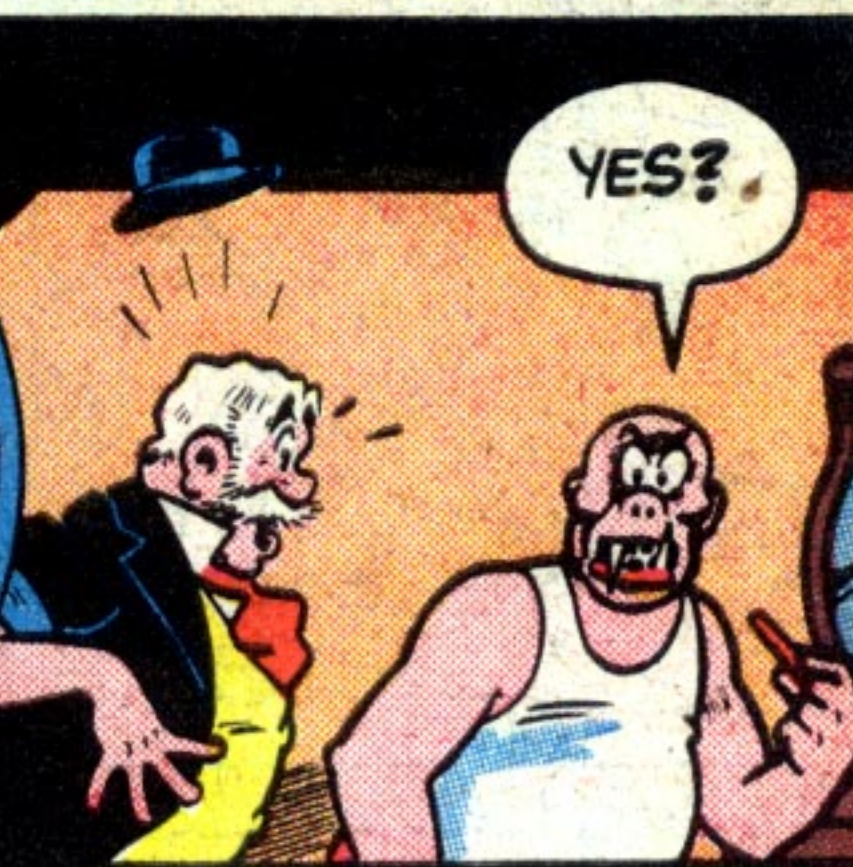
HE DOESN'T SEEM TOO MUCH THE FORMAL TYPE TO ME!



I ALSO DO ANIMAL NOISES!

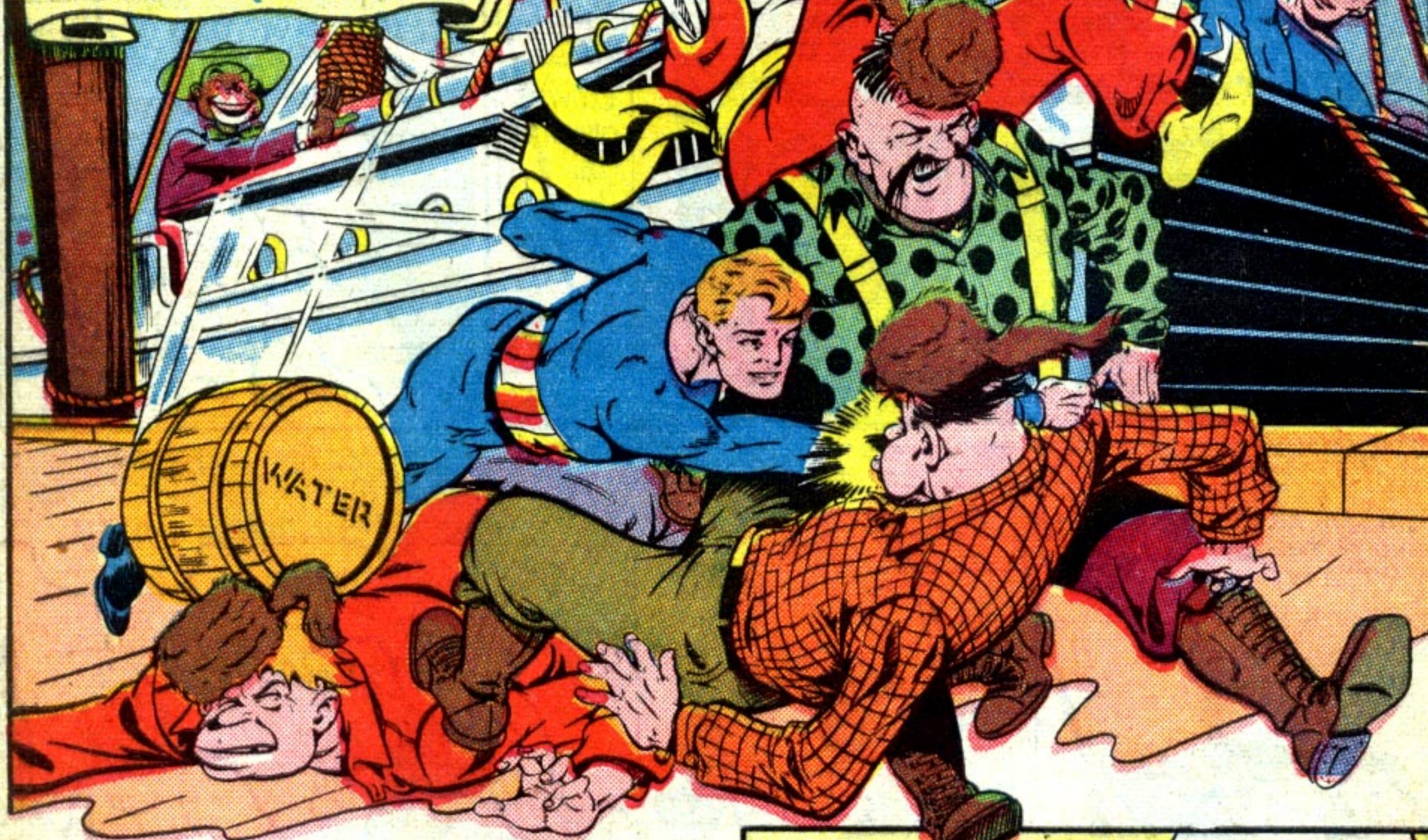
OINK! YAK-YAK! CAW-CAW! MEOWRRR! ARF! CACKLE!





Rusty Ryan and The
BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS

Rusty Ryan has led the Boyville Brigadiers through a hundred triumphant adventures on land and sea--and now straight into new trouble as they disembark in the little coastal town of **SLEEPY WILLOW!**



A sleepy town...and just now a sorrowful one...

I'M RUSTY RYAN,
STRANGER! WHO ARE
YOU AND WHY ARE
YOU SO GLOOMY?

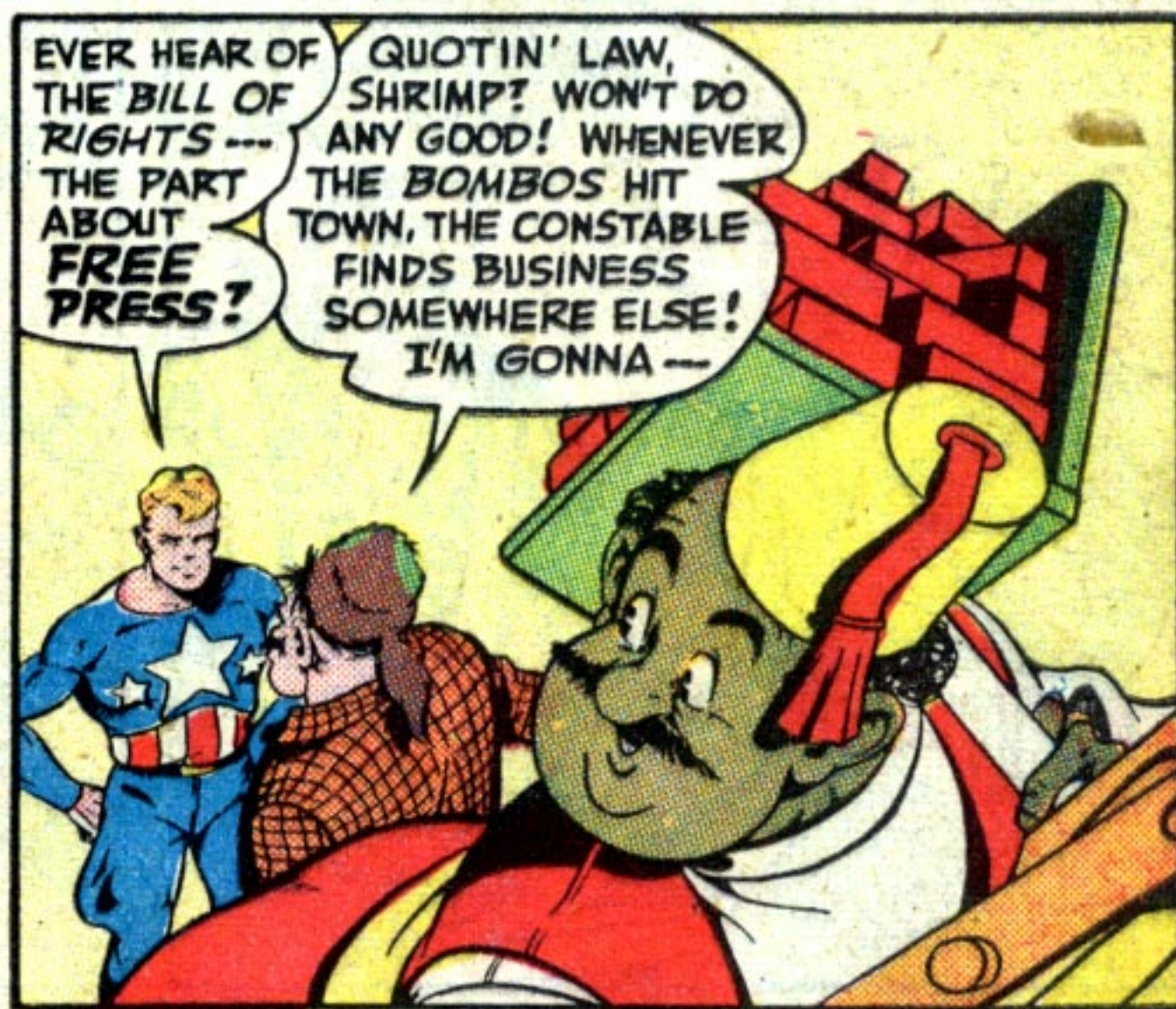
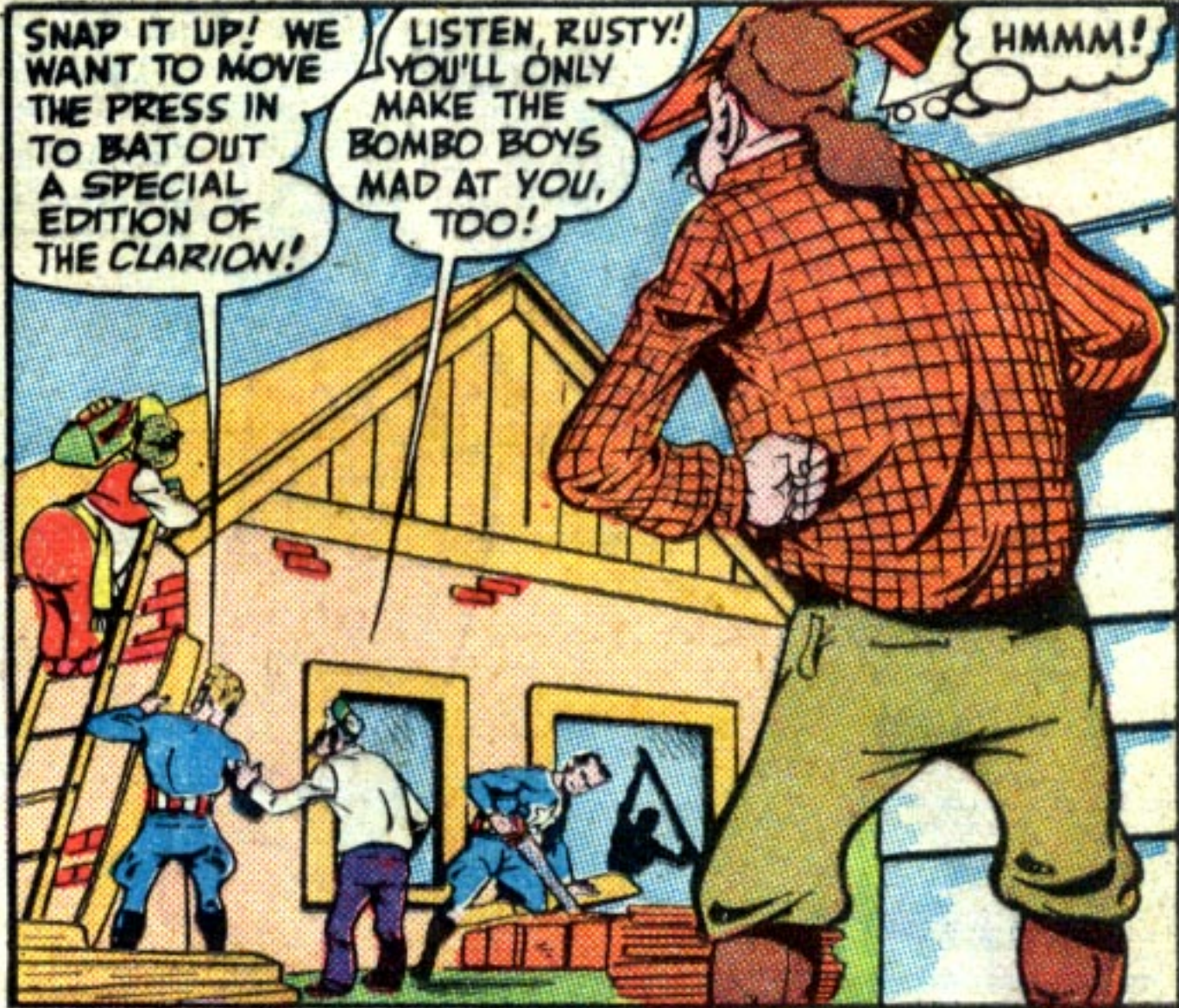
PARKINS IS MY NAME, AND
I **WAS** EDITOR OF THE
SLEEPY WILLOW CLARION!
BUT LOOK AT MY
OFFICE ---
WRECKED!

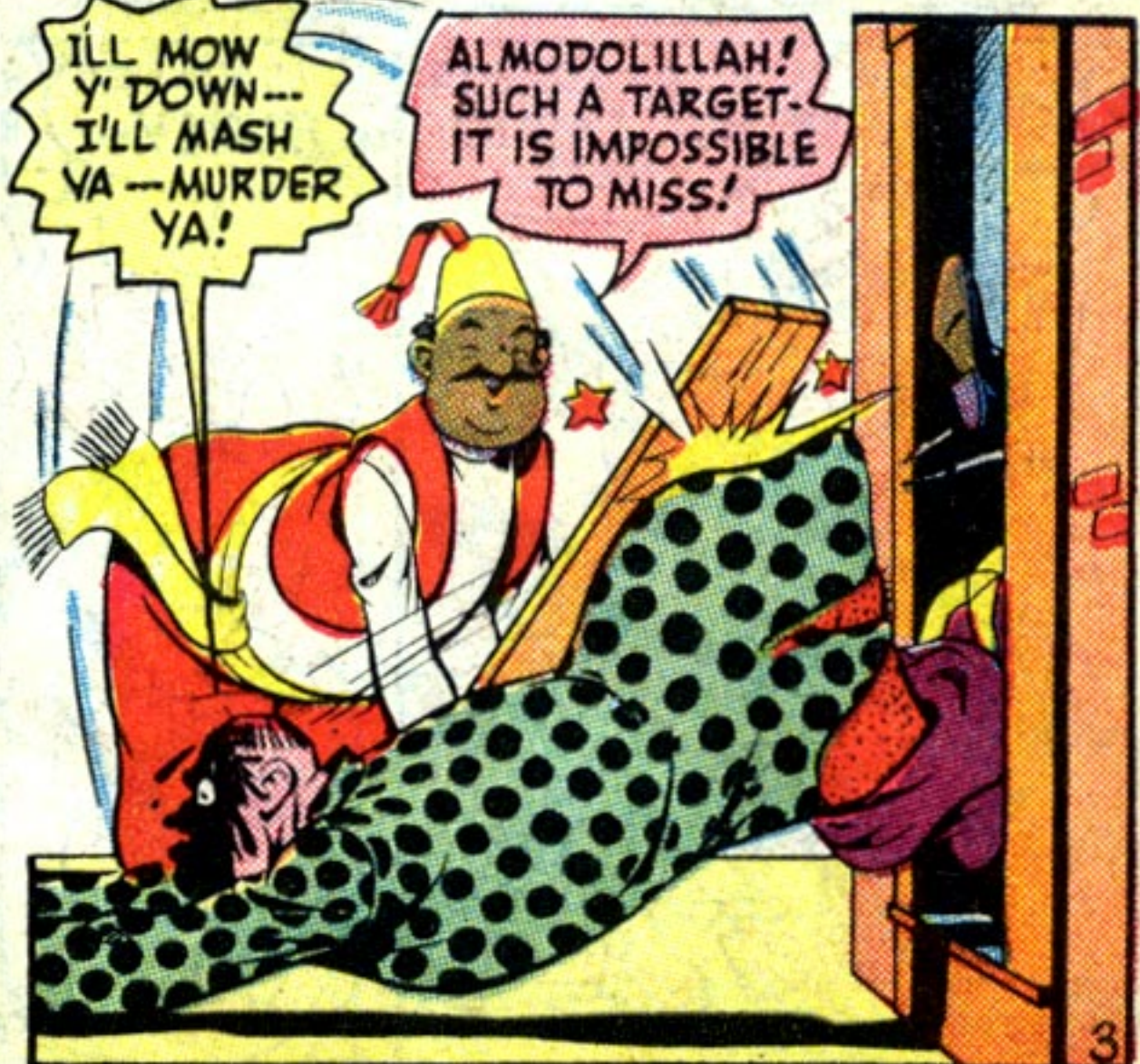
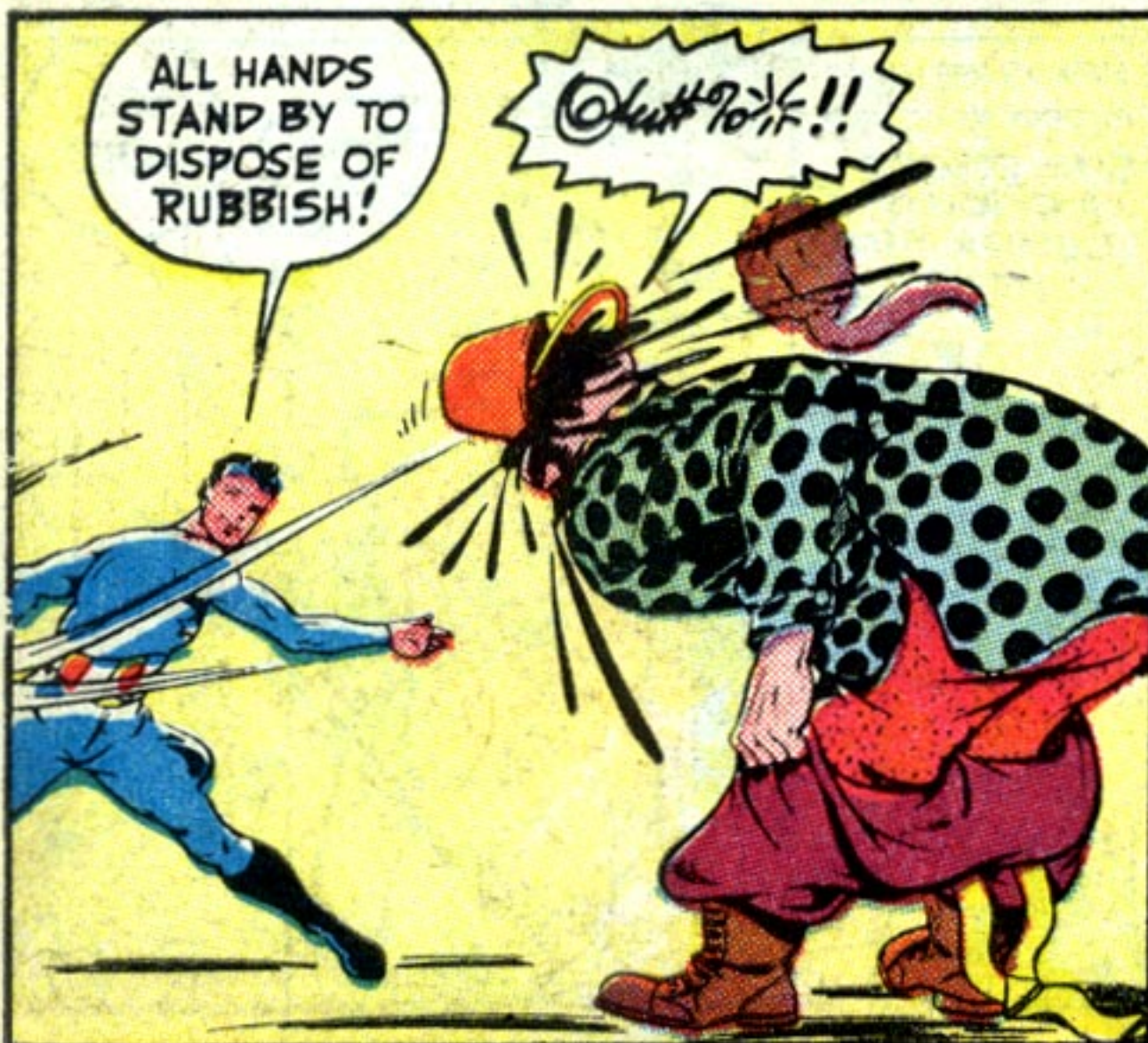


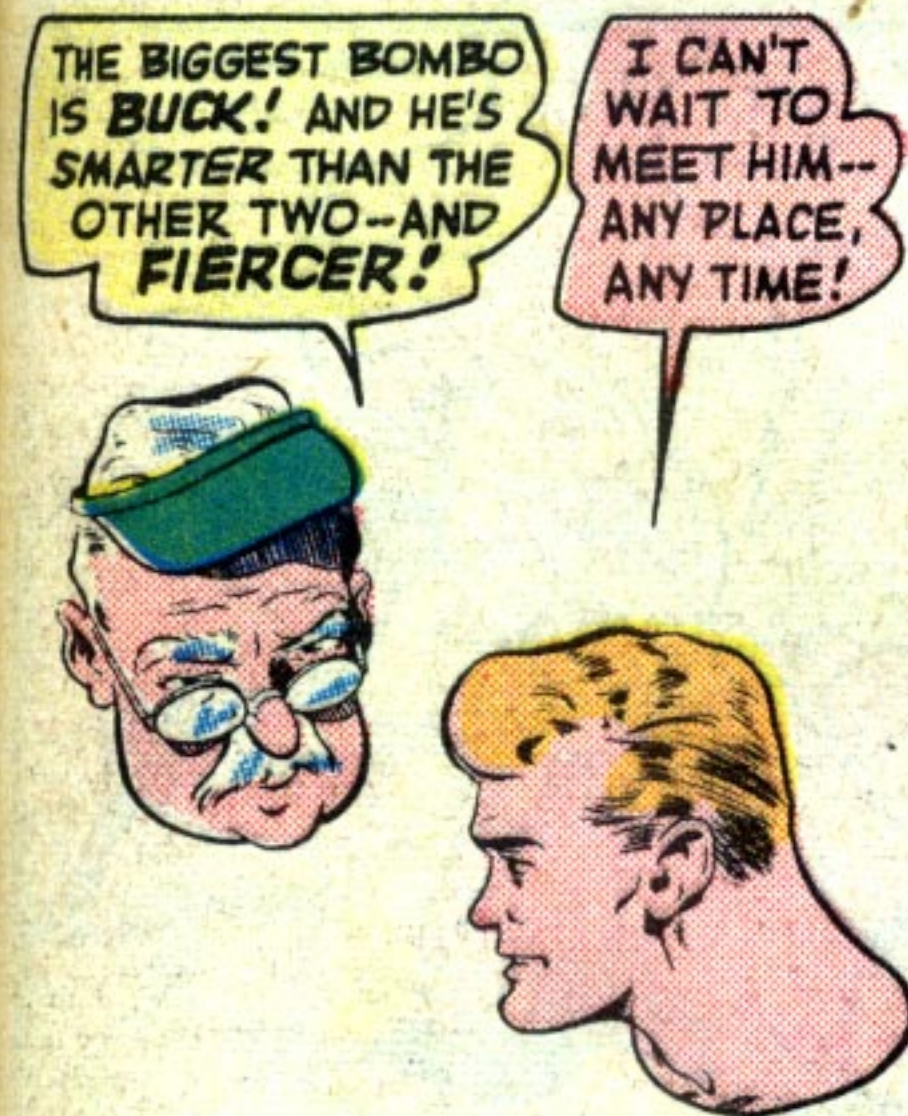
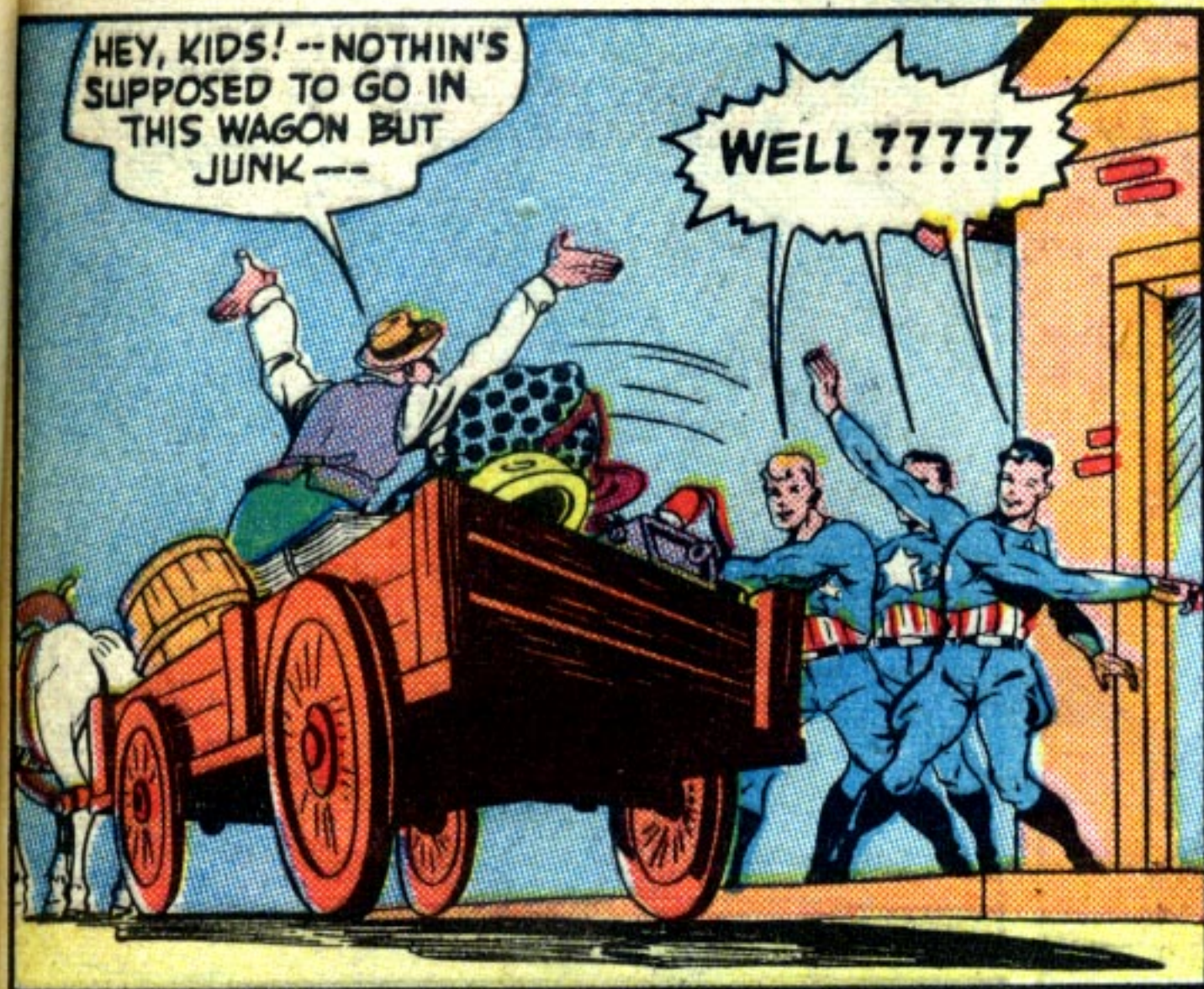
IT CAN
BE FIXED UP,
MR. PARKINS!
WERE YOU
INSURED?

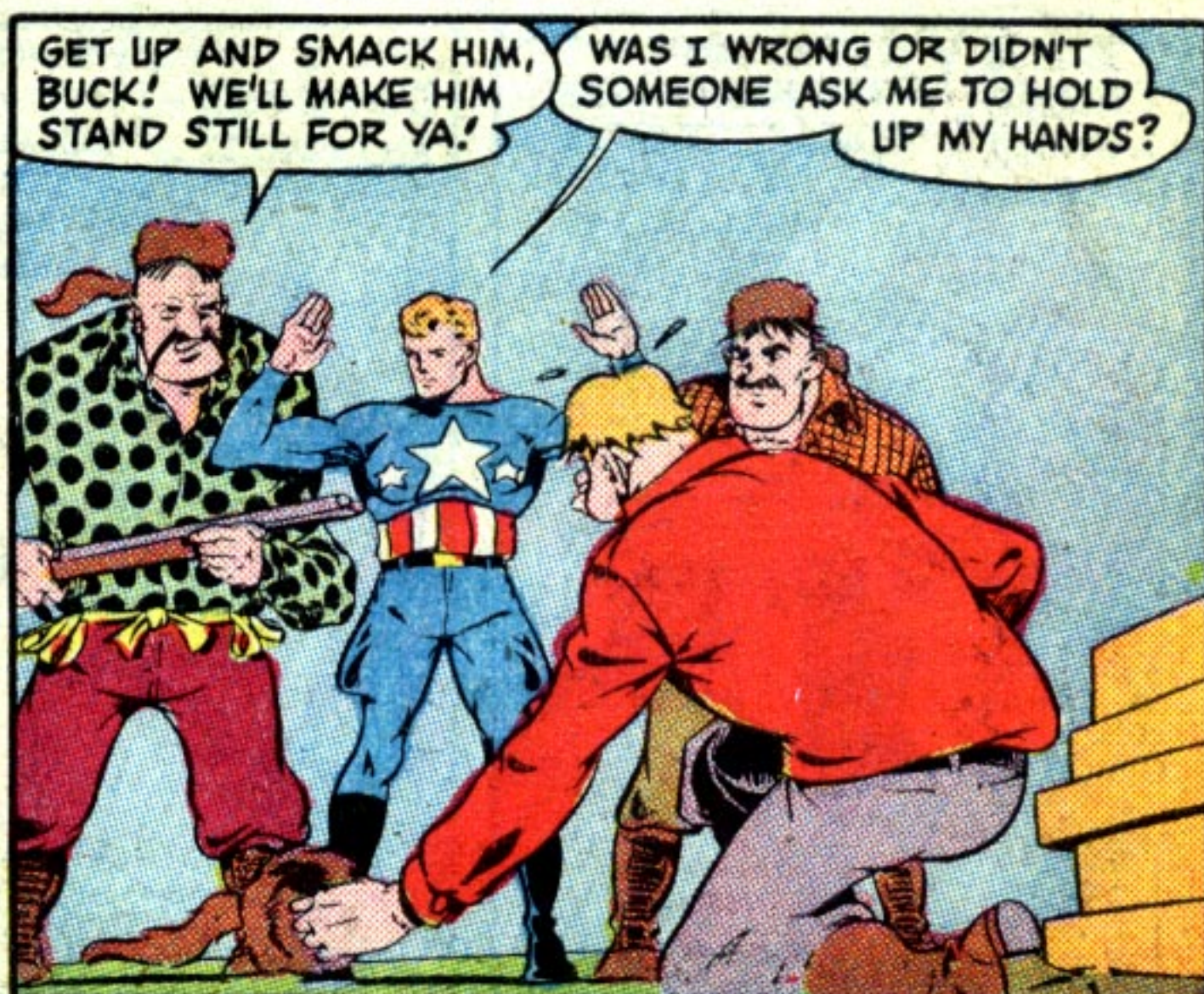
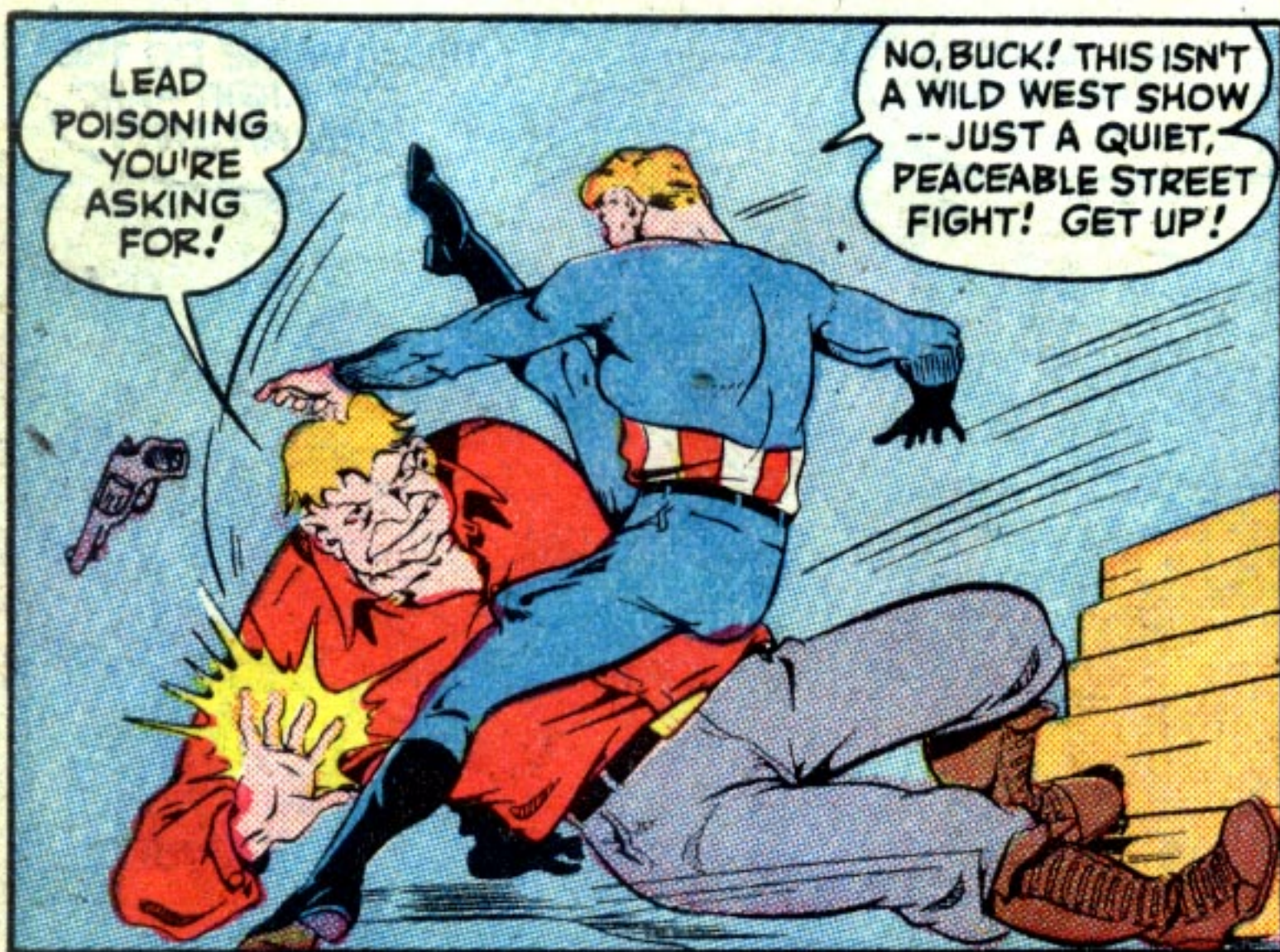
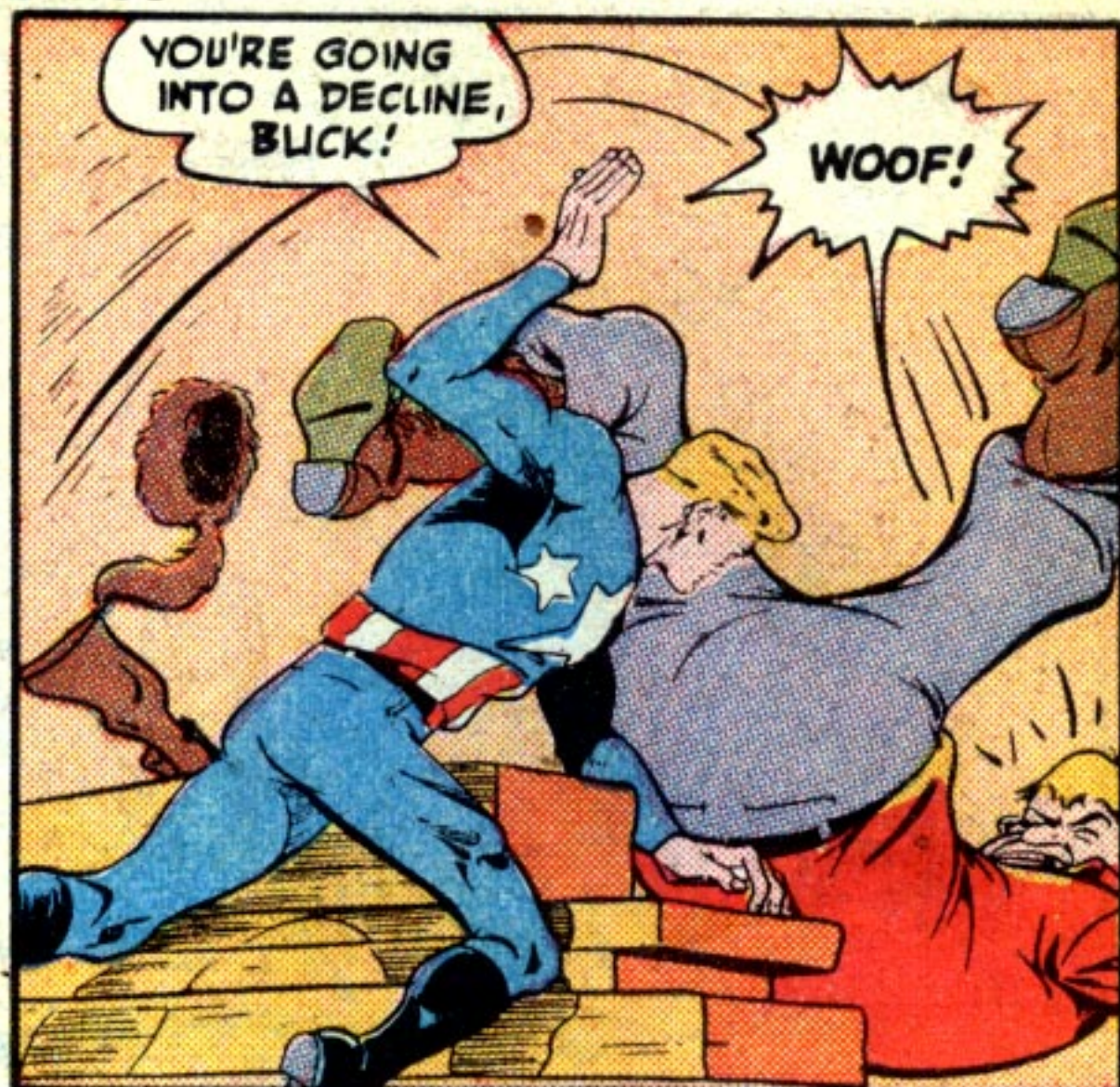
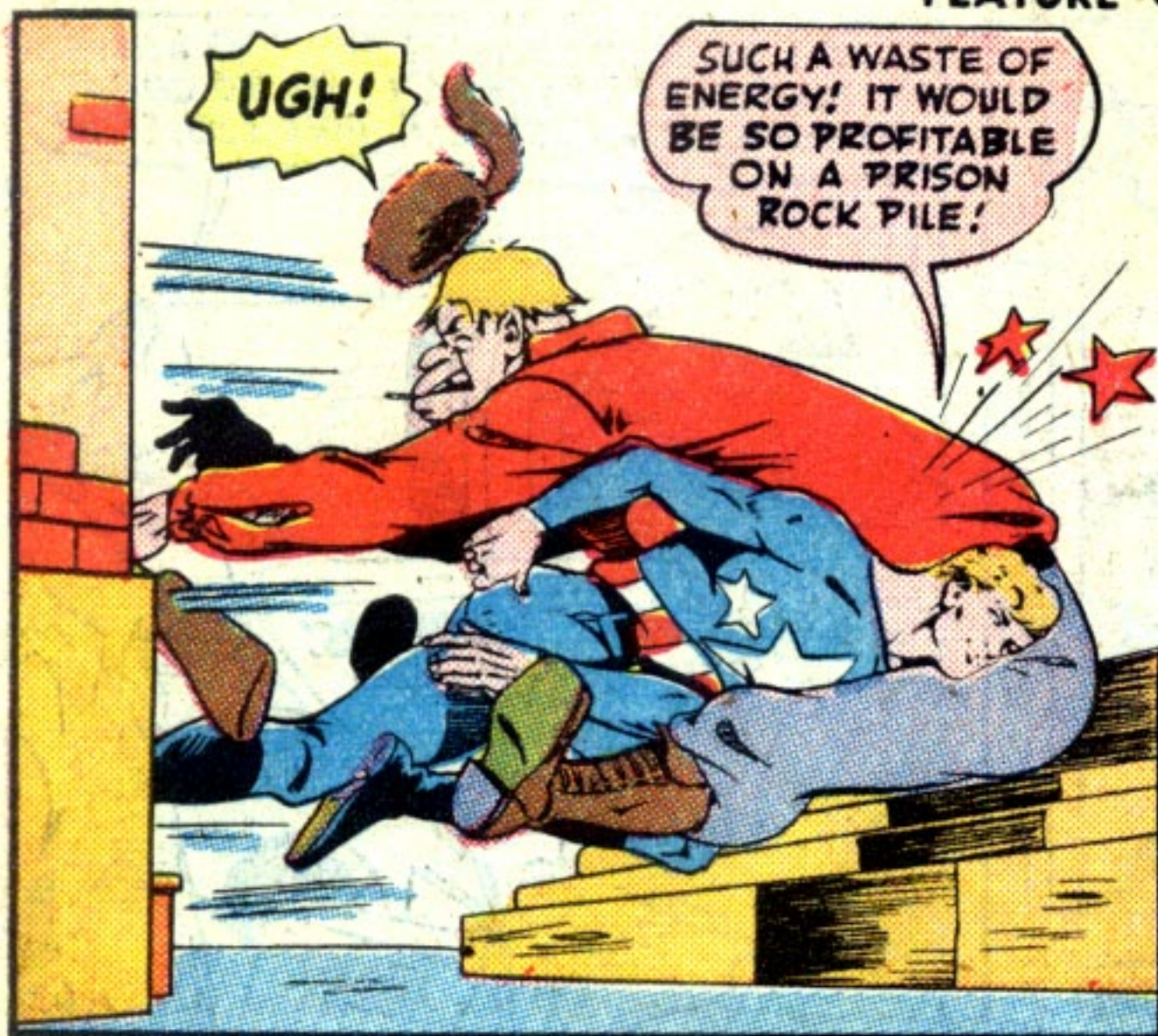
I WAS --- BUT IF I
REBUILD, THE
BOMBO BOYS
WILL SMASH
ME AGAIN!

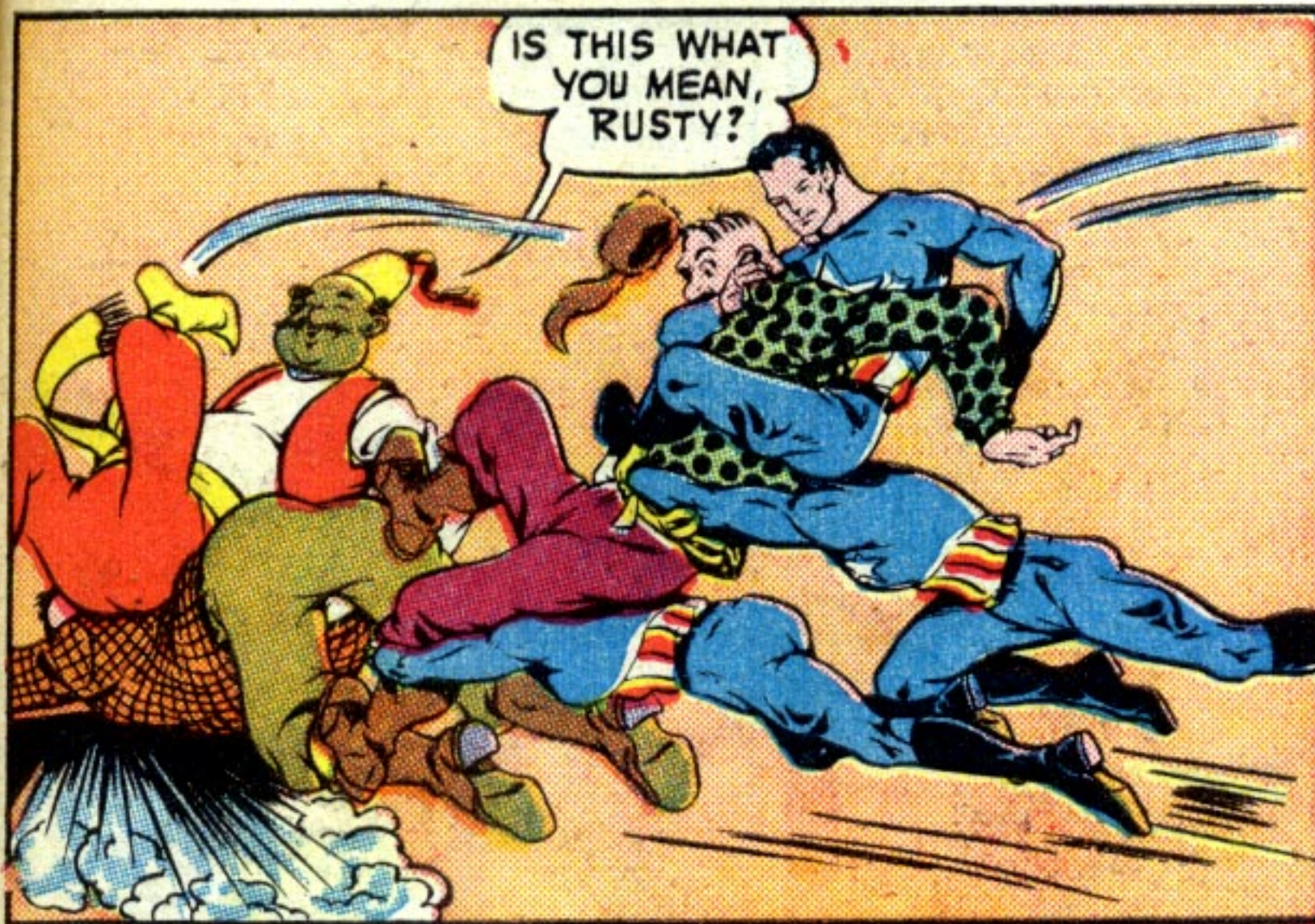
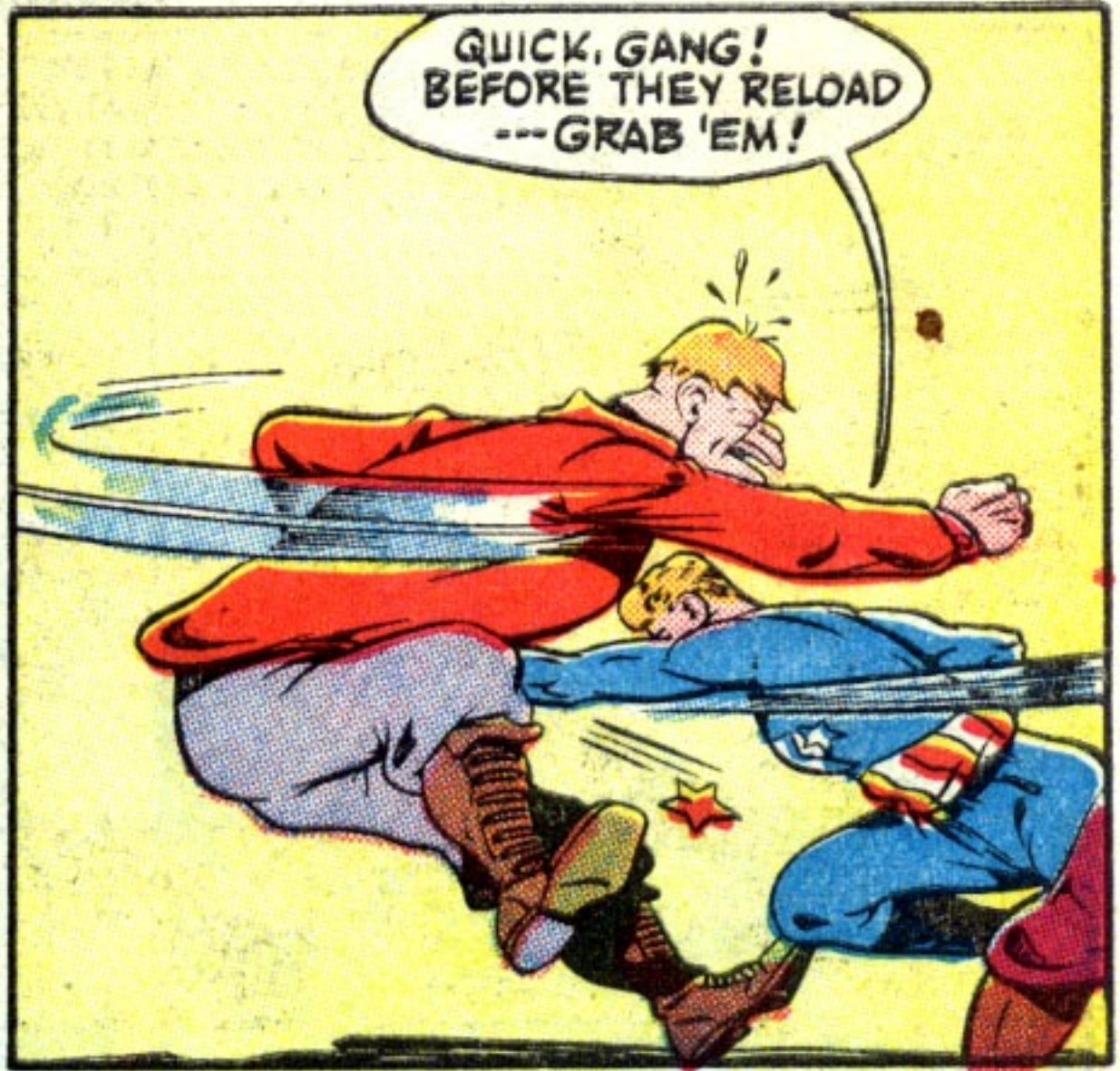


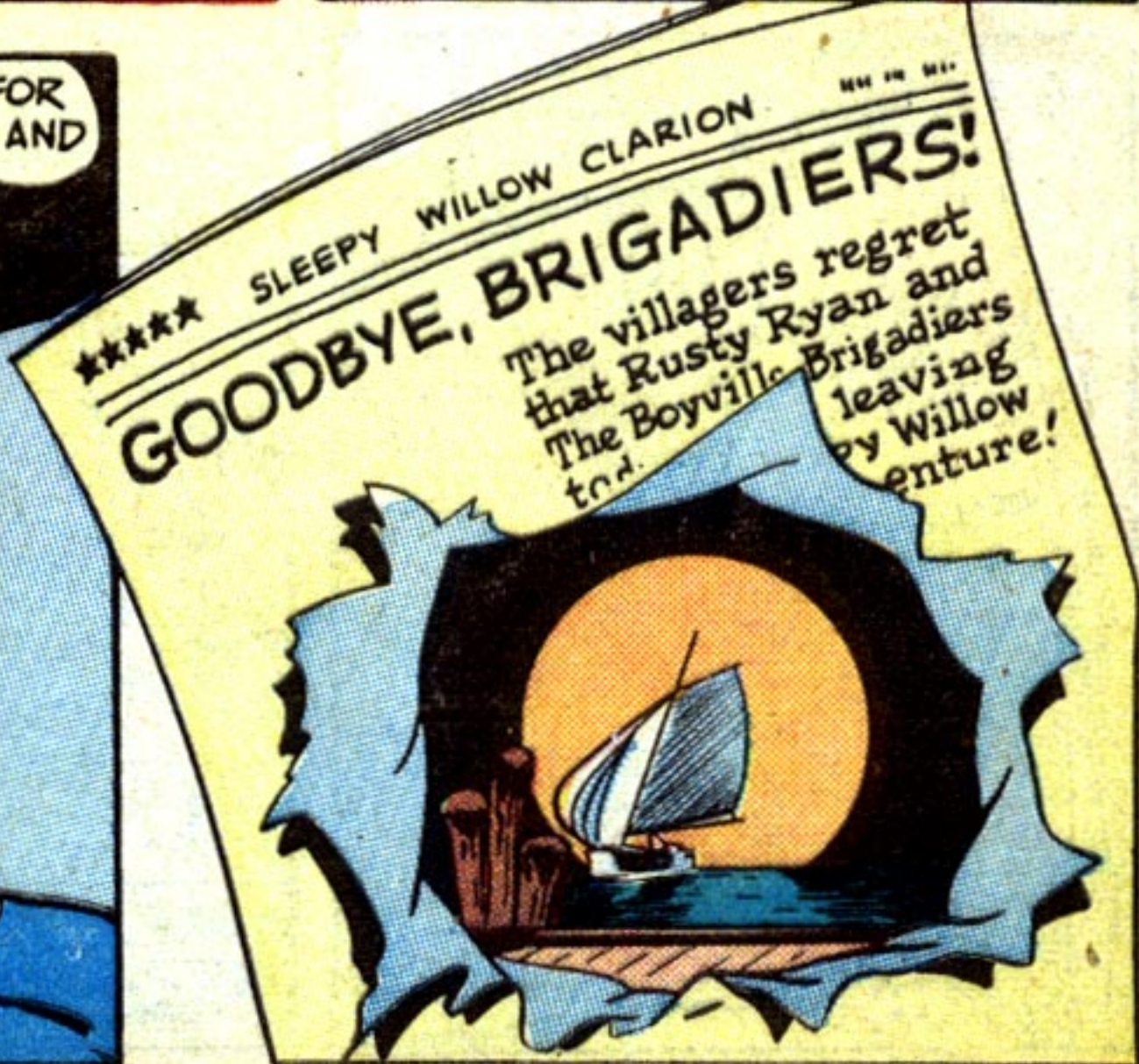
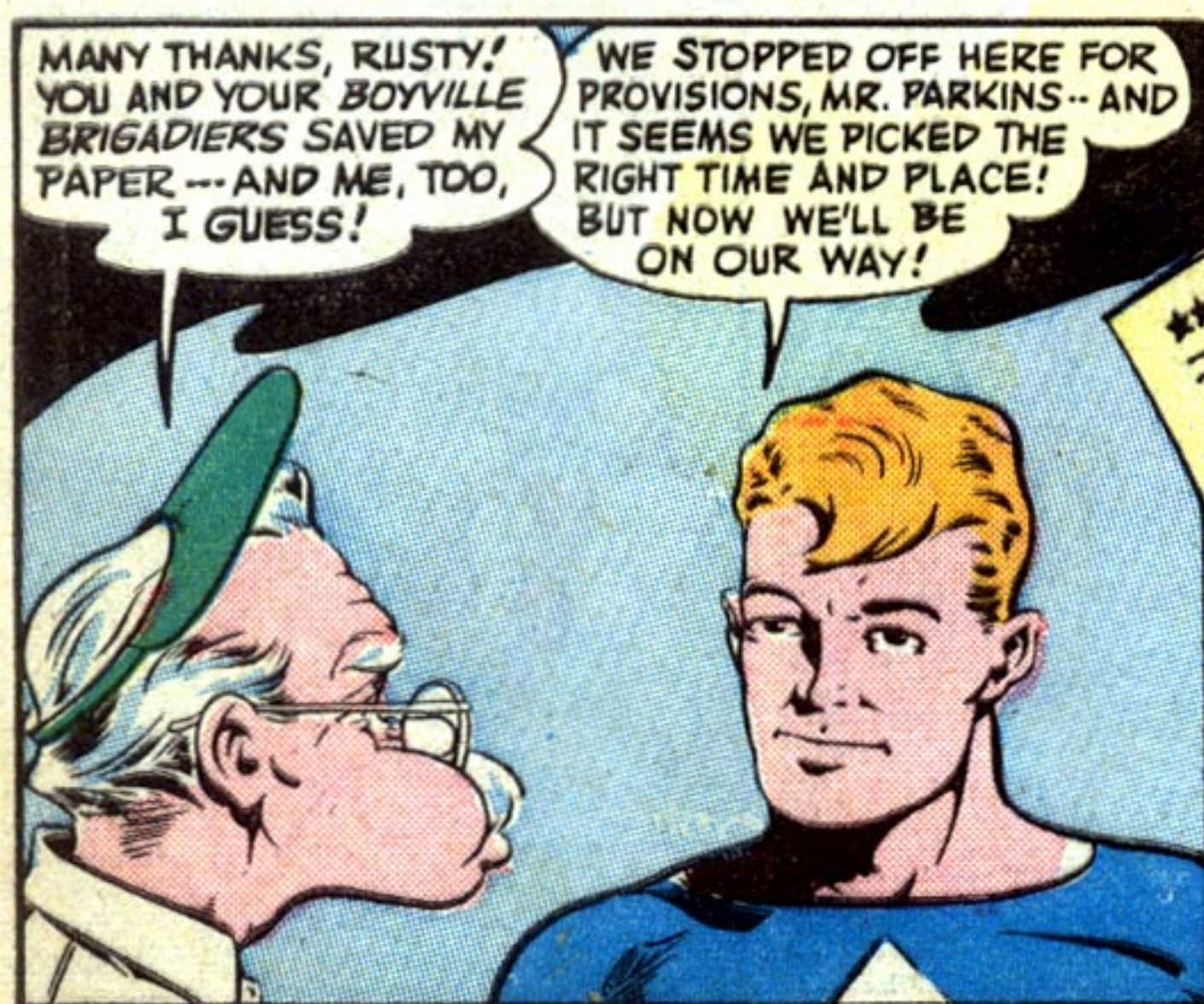
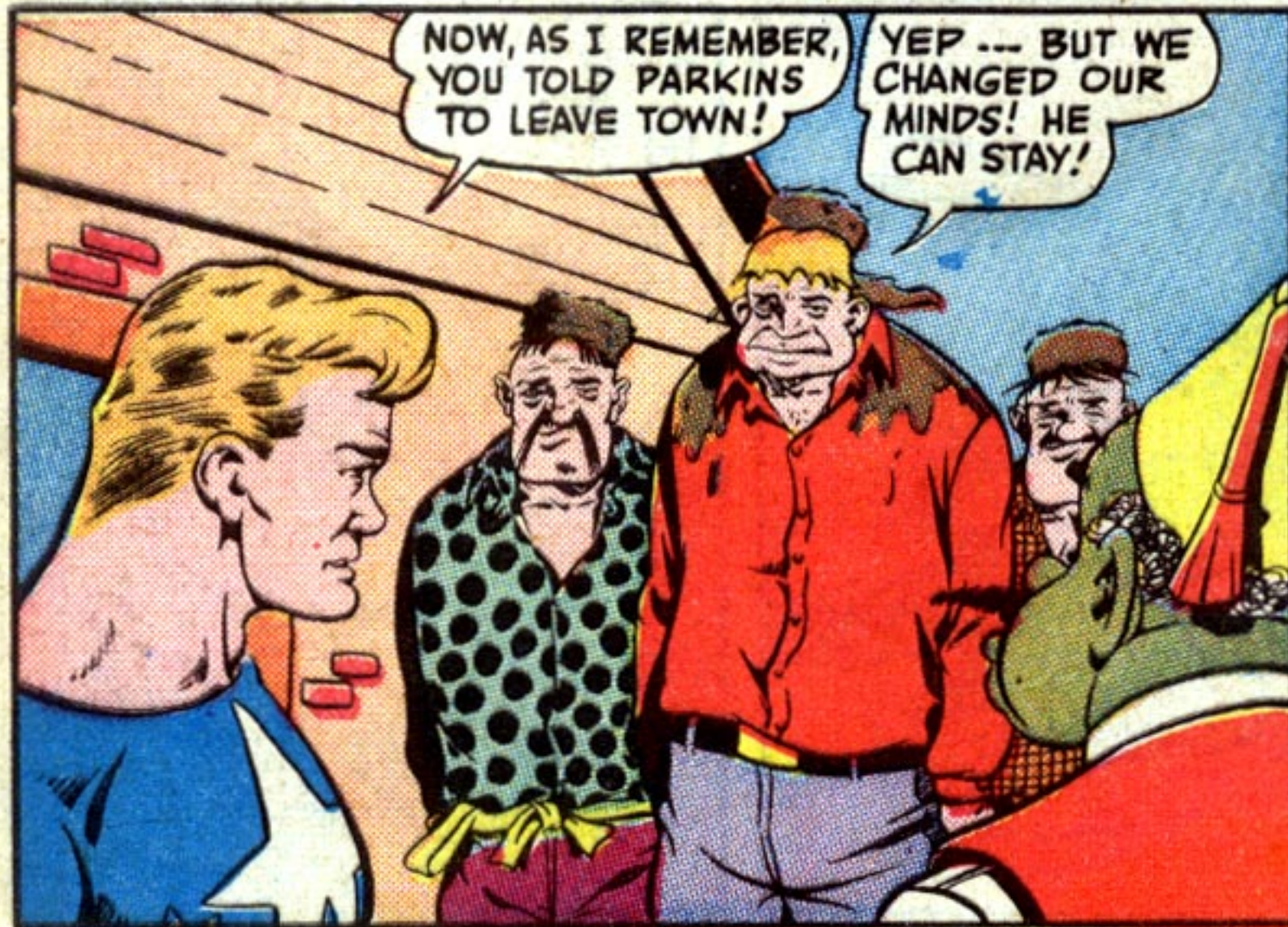














ANNOUNCING!

THE NEW **Bendix** COASTER BRAKE

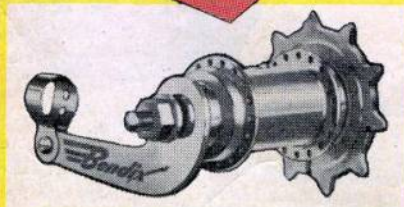


*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Made by the Foremost Builder of Automotive and Aviation Brakes

Here is the coaster brake you have always wanted. It is made by the famous Bendix Aviation Corporation, builders of aviation, radio, marine, radar and electronic products as well as brakes for automobiles, buses, trucks and airplanes. The new Bendix* Coaster Brake is entirely new in design. It *stops quicker* and with less pedal pressure. It *coasts longer*—You are away out in front with a Bendix Coaster Brake. And it is easy to take apart and put together again for there are fewer parts.

Be sure to tell your bicycle dealer that you want your new bike equipped with the most modern of all coaster brakes—the new Bendix Coaster Brake.



Only the New Bendix Coaster Brake Offers All These Features

Stops quicker—coasts longer ★ Long life—trouble-free performance ★ Light weight—easier pedaling ★ Simplicity of design—fewer parts ★ Easy to put together and take apart ★ Self-aligning brake shoes ★ Sealed against dirt and water ★ More efficient braking—requires less pedal pressure and travel ★ Every brake factory tested ★ Made by Bendix—Foremost manufacturer of aviation and automotive brakes.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

ELMIRA, NEW YORK



What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, peopless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to LIVE!



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-6, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-6, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-6
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City Zone No.
(if any) State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.